WEEK
ENDING
OCT. 17, 1931

5c

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

LARGEST
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OF ANY
MAGAZINE

Leslie
Thrasher

## FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW *By* H.G. WELLS

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GRANGER
GRANGER ROUGH CUT PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER ROUGH CUT PIPE TOBACCO

*The truth...facts*

1. Made by Wellman's Method—an 1870 Tobacco Secret
2. Cut for Pipes Only
3. Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4. Sweet to the End—No Soggy Heel

*Fill the bowl pinch by pinch; pack it tight.*

# "They dared me to try it

***. . . and now I can't smoke anything else!"***

Once on Granger, always on Granger—that's what they *all* say! They like it because it's *pipe* tobacco—*cut* for pipes and *only* for pipes. They like the way the big shaggy flakes burn—slow, cool and smooth; longer-lasting and clean to the last dry ash.

And Granger's as sweet a tobacco as you ever laid a match to. Mellowed by our own Wellman's Method—the flavor brought out to its fullest by this old-time tobacco secret. We invite you, gentlemen, to try Granger. And to match it against them all—regardless!

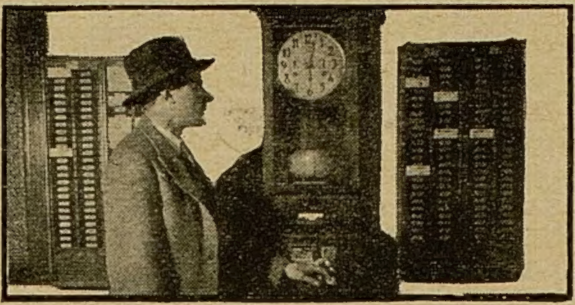
# GRANGER ROUGH CUT

# ...Raised His Pay $4800* After Reading This Amazing Book Which Is Now *FREE!*

* Based on the combined experiences of F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn., A. C. Wallahan, Huron, So. Dak., L. Van Houten, Grand Rapids, Mich. and many others.

## Caught in a Rut

I wonder I put up with it as long as I did! Every day was filled with nothing but deadly routine and monotonous detail. No freedom or independence. No chance to get out and meet people, travel, nor have interesting experiences. I was just like a cog in a big machine with poor prospects of ever being anything more.



## Long, Tiresome Hours

Every hour of the day I was under somebody's supervision. The TIME-CLOCK constantly laid in wait for me—a monument to unfulfilled hopes and dying ambition. Four times a day, promptly on the dot, it hurled its silent challenge at my self-respect, reminding me how unimportant I was and how little I really COUNTED in the business and social world!

## Low Pay

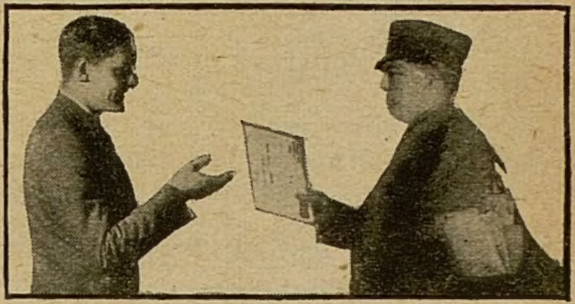
Paid just enough to keep going—but never enough to enjoy any of the GOOD things of life every man DESERVES for his family and himself. Always economizing and pinching pennies. Always wondering what I would do if I were laid off or lost my job. Always uncertain and apprehensive of the future.

## Desperate

Happened to get a look at the payroll one day and was astonished to see what big salaries went to the sales force. Found that salesman Brown made $200 a week—and Jenkins $275! Would have given my right arm to make money that fast, but never dreamed I had any "gift" for salesmanship.

## A Ray of Light

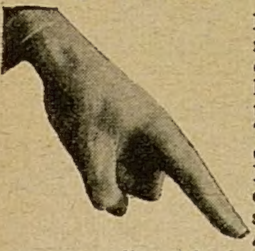
Stumbled across an article on salesmanship in a magazine that evening. Was surprised to discover that salesmen were made and not "born" as I had foolishly believed. Read about a former cowpuncher, Wm. Shore of California, making $525 in one week after learning the ins-and-outs of scientific salesmanship. Decided that if HE could do it, so could I!



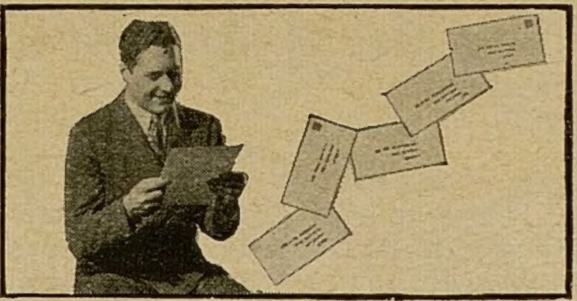
## The Turning Point

My first step was to write for a certain little book which a famous business genius has called "THE MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PRINTED." It wasn't a very *big* book, but it certainly opened my eyes to things I had never *dreamed* of—and proved the turning point of my entire career!

## What I Discovered

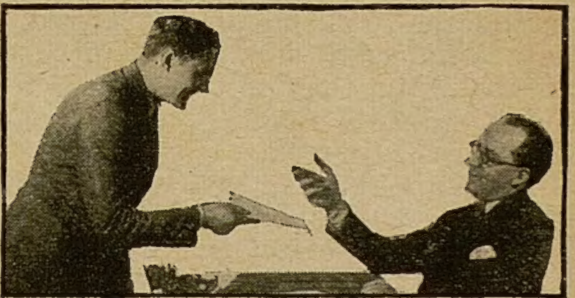


Between the pages of this remarkable volume, I discovered hundreds of little known facts and secrets that revealed the REAL TRUTH about the science of selling! It wasn't a bit as I had imagined. I found out that it was governed by simple rules and laws that almost ANY man can master as easily as he learned the alphabet. I even learned how to go about getting into this "highest paid of all professions." I found out exactly how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco was enabled to quit his $8 a week job as a restaurant-worker and start making $125 a week as a salesman; and how C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, jumped from $15 a week to $7500 a year—these and *hundreds* of others! It certainly *was* a revelation!



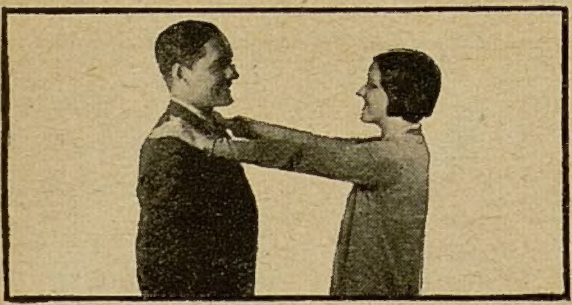
## Free Employment Service

Furthermore, I discovered that the National Salesmen's Training Association, which published the book, also operates a most effective employment service! Last year they received requests from all over the U. S. and Canada for salesmen trained by their method. This service is FREE to both members and employers and thousands have secured positions this way!



## Making Good At Last!

It didn't take me long to cast my lot with N. S. T. A.—and after a few weeks I had mastered "The Key to Master Salesmanship" during spare time without losing a day or a dollar from my old job. When I was ready, the Employment Manager found me a dozen good openings to choose from—and I selected one which paid me over $70 a week to start!



## Was It Worth It?

Today my salary is $4800 greater than ever before! No more punching time-clocks or worrying over dimes and quarters! NOW my services are in REAL DEMAND with bigger prospects for the future than I ever dared HOPE for back in those days when I was just another "name" on a pay-roll!

The Key to
MASTER-
SALESMANSHIP
The Highest Paid Profession in the World
National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago

## Get Your Copy Free

Right now this book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship," which showed these men how to get started on the road to success and independence, will be mailed as a gift to any ambitious man—absolutely free and without obligation. Why not see for yourself what amazing pay-raising secrets it contains? There is no better way to invest a 2c stamp!

## Mail It Today!

Simply fill out coupon below and mail to National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. R-234, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASS'N.,**
**Dept. R-234, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

Without obligation, send me a free copy of "The Key to Master Salesmanship," and full details of your Free Employment Service and other Special Earn While you Learn Features.

Name..........................................
Address.......................................
Town....................State...................
Age......Occupation............................

Oct. 17, 1931

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
>
> *—Abraham Lincoln.*

# TWO MIGHTY MEN—H. G. WELLS AND AL CAPONE

We have a contrast in this issue of Liberty that is startling.

H. G. Wells, one of our most renowned authors, freely and caustically criticizes our present civilization. According to his description we are just a lot of boobs. The superexecutives of our various governments are mostly nit-wits. Our civilization is headed toward certain oblivion. There are definite remedies that could easily be adopted that would turn us in the opposite direction, but we haven't sufficient intelligence to recognize them.

He says that we are now preparing for the air and gas war, and maintains that real educations are not even started yet, that catastrophe in the end will be an easy winner. The world of today, he says, is controlled by soldiers, patriots, and usurers, and we have entirely surrendered to suspicion and hatred.

It is indeed an unpleasant picture, and most people will maintain that Mr. Wells is a deep-dyed cynic, though he has a reputation for being a clear reasoner and a forceful writer.

We cannot believe that we are going to the "eternal bowwows" with such unerring accuracy. There must certainly be hope for us. We ought to have sufficient intelligence to work out the tremendous problems which we are now facing.

Democracy is facing some severe trials. Its principal fault lies in its rigid construction. When we find ourselves enmeshed in unpopular and useless laws, appalling difficulties surround their annulment. If our President and governors of states had dictatorial powers many of the present evils from which we are suffering could be abolished in a few days. Doubtless we would face various dangers in giving such powers to these officials, but we certainly seem to need something of the sort to remedy the evils that have developed in our democratic system.

And Al Capone, the king of the gang world!

If you are impressed with the idea that he has no philosophy, there is an awakening in store for you.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who interviewed this king of the underworld, pays him an amazing compliment. He made a composite picture in which he says that Capone is a Jack Dempsey, a Benito Mussolini, and a William Randolph Hearst all rolled into one. Apparently a mighty man with a wonderful brain. Capone caustically criticizes crooked bankers—compares them very unfavorably with the man who robs in order to feed his wife and babies. He never knew, so he says, until he got into his present racket, how many crooks there were masquerading in expensive clothes and speaking with an affected accent.

Graft, he says, is undermining this country far faster than war has ever done. That is a statement that ought to be emblazoned on the sky in letters a mile high. Graft is hell's most effective representative, and, as Al Capone says, we are turning down virtue, honor, and truth, and we are getting to be "smart Alecky." We like to get away with things.

But Capone shows he is a true philosopher when he says, "The home is our most important ally." After all this madness the world is going through subsides, we will realize the truth of this statement as a nation. Since the very birth of civilization the home has been exalted as an upbuilding, constructive power. Without it no nation can be great. When the home begins to crumble the very foundation of our national structure begins to decay.

Graft has made its inroads on every phase of American life. Capone says we are going to have a hard winter. Last winter he fed 350,000 people a day in Chicago, he says this winter he expects to feed more.

Capone seems to have scant respect for politicians, and the lawmakers of our cities are put in the same class. The honest lawmakers of any city, so he says, can be counted on your fingers. "I could count them on the fingers of one hand in Chicago," is his final shot.

In the days of the Western pioneer outlaws were plentiful, and one of the most effective methods adopted in ridding a community of these pests was to appoint the chief of the most prominent gang of outlaws to the official position of sheriff. He knew the game thoroughly and these communities were soon rid of that type of criminal.

Why not use Al Capone in a similar capacity? If the government would give him the job of cleaning up the bootleggers it would probably take him a few days to do an effective job.

Al Capone says that prohibition is doomed, and he points with pride to the fact that only about thirty-five per cent of his business is in the bootlegging field.

But read these two articles and compare the opinions of H. G. Wells the celebrated author, and Al Capone the gangster. You will find much constructive thought in the opinions of each of these outstanding individuals, and you will be amazed at the clear, constructive reasoning of this notorious gangster.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

# Tooth Paste for Two at the price of one!

## *—and results as amazing as the price!*

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
25¢

Few people are innocent enough, hese days, to believe that two can ve as cheaply as one. But many a uple has found that even if the d theory is not true of any other xpenses, it is true of tooth paste.

From 50¢ dentifrices, they have switched over to Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢ a tube. This makes their *combined* bill just what *each* of them paid before!

Most people use a tube a month. Saving 25¢ twelve times, means $3 a year, for each person in the family. This often adds up to quite a sizable and welcome economy.

Naturally, however, it would be foolish to save money at the cost of inferior tooth-cleansing. That would only result in dentists' bills many times the yearly cost of any tooth paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans, whitens, and polishes as well as any brand made. It contains a special element which does the work excellently, with half the effort—yet is absolutely safe for your tooth enamel. And the lively, clean taste it leaves in your mouth reminds you of Listerine itself.

We could never offer you this high quality at so low a price except for two facts. Our manufacturing methods are perfectly efficient. And vast production is made possible by the continued demand of millions of men and women. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

### A pair of golf hose for you!

By using Listerine Tooth Paste rather than a 50¢ dentifrice, you save $3 a year. That would buy Listerine Tooth Paste for another member of your family for an entire year—or any number of things, such as a pair of golf hose.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
**Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes**

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE · 25¢

# What Will This World Be Like Fifty Years FROM NOW?

## A Startling Prophecy

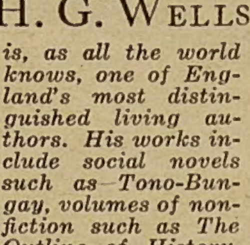
By H. G. WELLS

*Pictures by* CARL GODWIN

*(Reading time: 11 minutes 15 seconds.)*

WHAT, I have been asked, will our world be like in fifty years' time? The question is as attractive as it is absurd. Myriads of unpredictable things may occur to thrust events in this direction or that. It is a much more difficult question to answer now than it would have been fifty years ago, because it is plain we are living in less steadfast times. Fifty years ago the world was divided among firmly established and stable governments sustained by powerful traditions; the system of mechanical developments which formed the substance of Progress went on steadfastly; it was easy to foretell automobile, airplane, the abolition of distance, the concentration at the center of great cities, and the diffusion of suburbs. Radio was already working in the laboratories. Its appearance on the street was only a question of time. The recovery of the United States was plainly going on—the growth of a mighty Great Power on the new railway net between Atlantic and Pacific, and the industrialization of the North and East. The dividing up and struggle for Africa was obviously coming. The Franco-German *revanche* or a counterattack was as manifest a certainty. There was nothing to stop the merry game of armament, and so the War in the Air also was inevitable.

Prophecy was indeed an easy game in those days. A writer had to be blind to the obvious if he did not score a fairly high percentage of hits.



H. G. WELLS

*is, as all the world knows, one of England's most distinguished living authors. His works include social novels such as Tono-Bungay, volumes of non-fiction such as The Outline of History, scientific romances, and short stories. He is now sixty-six.*

But things are not like that today. Instead of progress there is crisis everywhere. There is no government, not even the American, which has now the manifest fixity of the " Great Powers " of the 1880s. There is a growing skepticism whether any existing government is as necessary as it ought to be. All contemporary governments have been outgrown—physically and mentally—by the needs of mankind. The abolition of distance, foretold fifty years ago, is achieved. That has made all the governments in the world misfits. Seventy-odd sovereign governments, all acting independently and competitively, all jammed together by that abolition of distance, are trying to carry on the affairs of our race, which now, under the new conditions, would be far more conveniently and successfully dealt with as one world business. Human life has become a world-wide thing, but governments remain cramped and partial things.

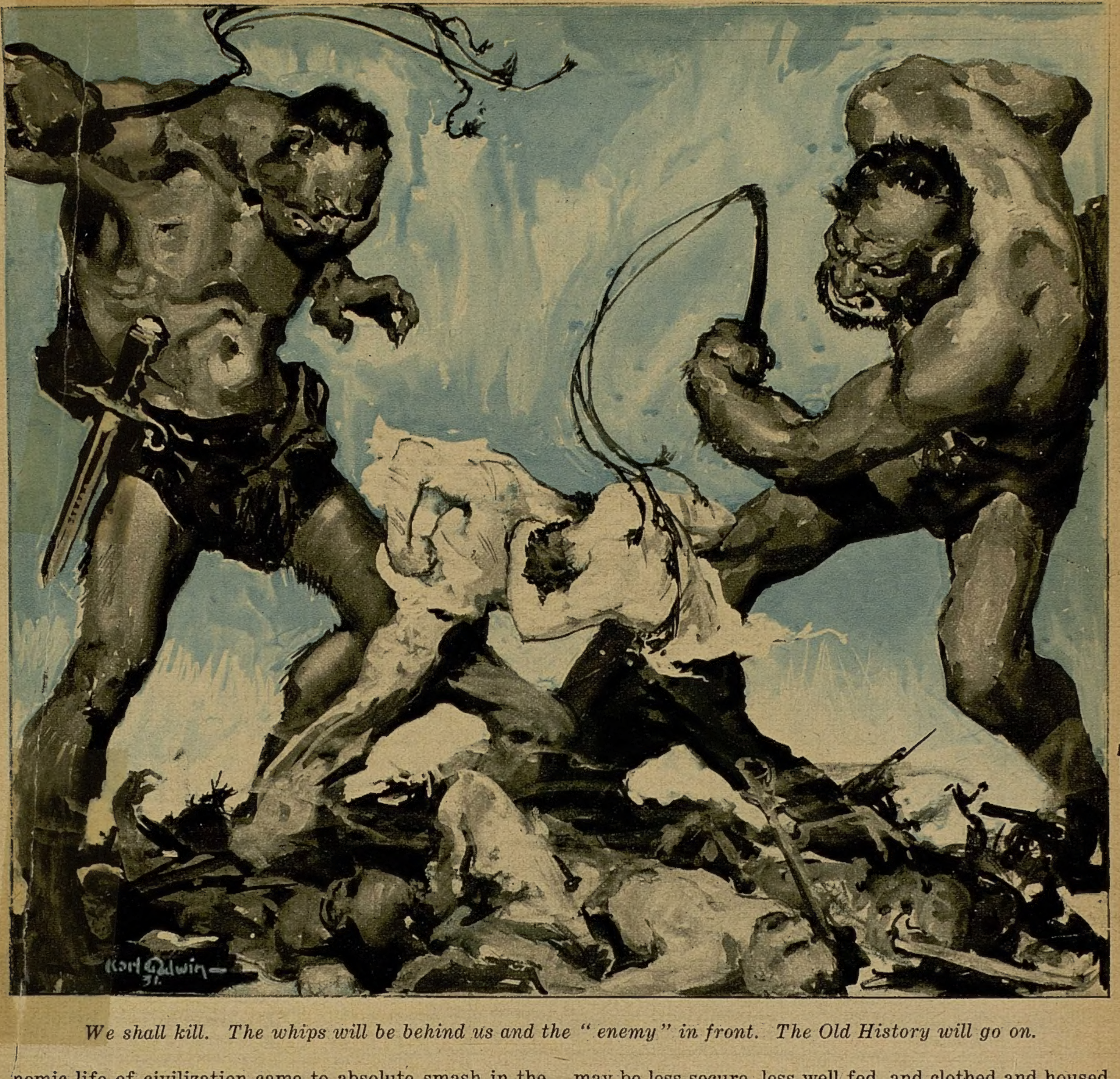
More and more people are coming to realize this. Yet none of us know clearly how to change over to a more comprehensive and securer way of running the world.

While we puzzle over the riddle, armaments go on, and the old—and now utterly stupid—tradition of malevolence between sovereign governments and their "peoples " is maintained. International politics still consist largely of idiotic attempts on the part of these seventy-odd governments amid which our affairs are entangled to get the better of their rivals, to maintain a flaming prosperity within their borders while restricting and injuring the welfare of all other peoples.

The old game goes on because the world lacks the mental energy to call it off. So we are all drifting through needless and wasteful economic war toward actual military war. Some years ago I wrote that the salvaging of civilization was a race between education and catastrophe. Nowadays I am forced to add a qualification. Catastrophe indeed travels briskly; tariffs strangle trade; gold—the life blood of trade—is being hoarded against some fresh day of reckoning; armaments increase; the friction between states intensifies. The new air war is being prepared. The new gas war is being prepared. But education has not even started yet. There is no race. It looks like a walk-over for catastrophe.

In the schools of Britain, America, France, Germany, Italy, Japan today the school-teachers are still doing the fundamental work of mental armament. There are few exceptions. And the hundreds of millions of " modern democracy " show as much ability to protect their minds from subjugation and arrest the advancing disaster, which will enslave, torture, mutilate, and destroy the greater proportion of them, as a trainload of hogs bound for Chicago.

Most people realize that there has been a profound industrial depression, but few realize how near the eco-



*We shall kill. The whips will be behind us and the " enemy" in front. The Old History will go on.*

nomic life of civilization came to absolute smash in the secret eventful days that preceded President Hoover's announcement of a year's holiday for war-debt payments. And that announcement, hailed everywhere as an immense relief, made nothing more than a temporary alleviation, a breathing space, in the march of events. It touched nothing of the essential forces—the blind suspicions and rivalries between nations, the strangulation of enterprise by debts and the gold standard, and the failure to develop methods of mass consumption to balance mass production—that are carrying us all to disaster.

GLADLY would the prophet prophesy pleasant things. But his duty is to tell what he sees. He sees a world still firmly controlled by soldiers, patriots, usurers, and financial adventurers; a world surrendered to suspicion and hatred, losing what is left of its private liberties very rapidly, blundering toward bitter class conflicts, and preparing for new wars.

The economic machine is stalling in every country in the world. The decline is going on under our eyes. Production is diminishing, trade is declining; presently we shall find even our present educational and hygiene services too costly for our existing methods of payment. Few people realize yet how flimsy are the liberties and securities, the plenty and the leisure, we still enjoy. But it [illegible] pleasant in fifty years' time men may be less secure, less well fed, and clothed and housed less comfortably than they are today, and that in that retrogressive age it may already have become as difficult and dangerous to travel from San Francisco to London or Paris as it was to go from London to Moscow in the thirteenth century.

The prophet must say what he sees. To me—to put it plainly—it is as if I was watching a dark curtain fall steadily, fold after fold, across the bright spectacle of hope with which the century dawned. I do not see any adequate effort to prevent its fall. Efforts are being made, but they are limited and insufficient. The way toward a great world state of power, freedom, and general happiness is still plainly open to mankind. We have been brought to the very borders of the Promised Land of Progress. And the amount of visible human determination to cross those borders and escape from the age-long sequences of quarreling, futility, insufficiency, wars, and wasted generations that fill the bloodstained pages of history, is—contemptible.

No one is justified in accepting defeat until defeat is altogether complete. The present lassitude, the present oafish drift of *Homo sapiens* toward fresh disasters, could be challenged and arrested by an adequate renascence of human courage and creativeness.

There is no inevitability in the approaching catastrophe. I confess I see no signs whatever of any such awak-

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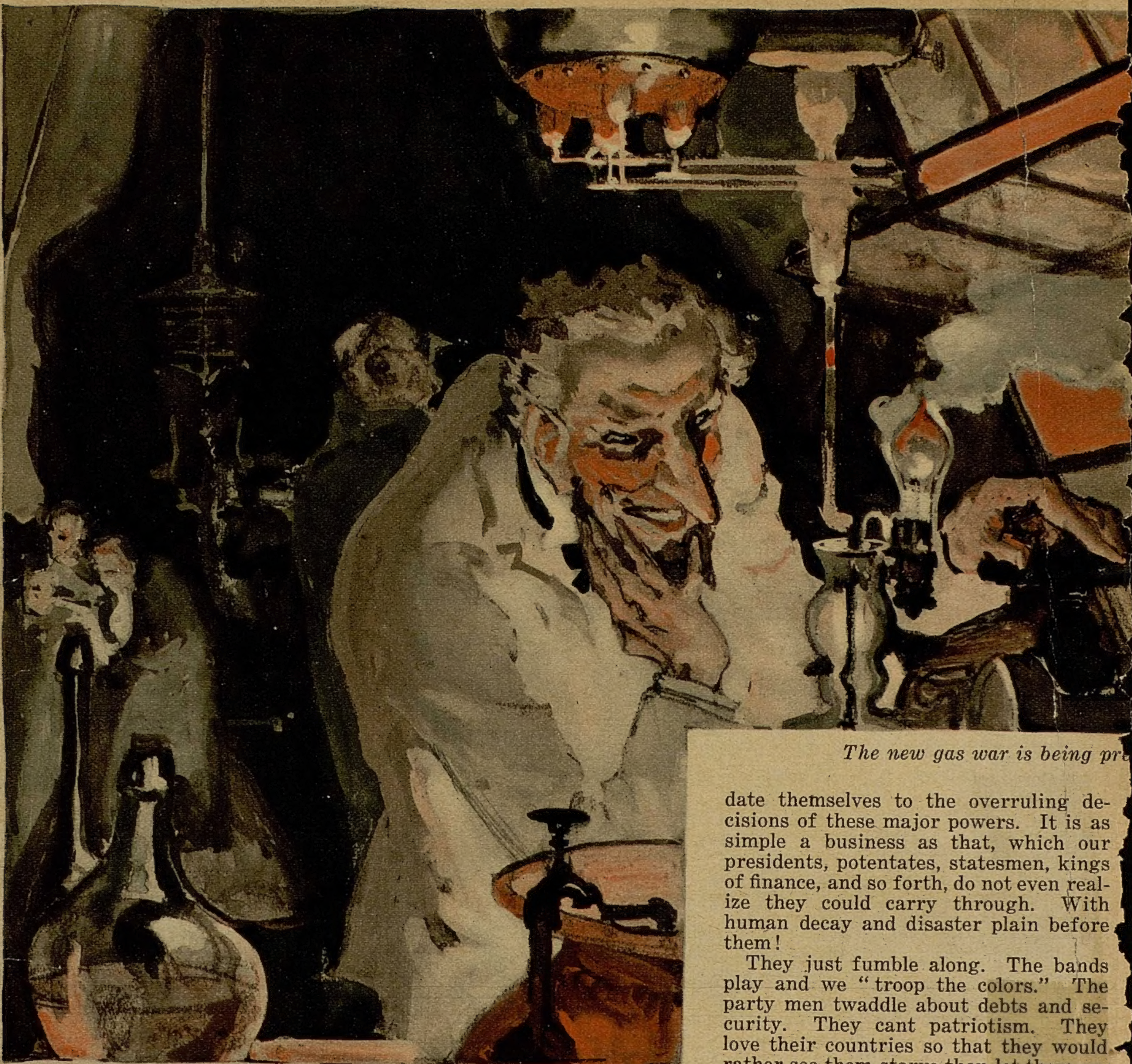


*The new gas war is being pr*

WHAT WILL THIS WORLD BE LIKE FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW?
Continued from page seven

ening as might save us, but who can tell what may be happening among the young, among the intelligent and willful, outside one's range? It would need nothing superhuman to avert the decline. We are not being beaten in an honorable struggle; we are loitering and rotting down to disaster. A few thousand resolute spirits, the tithe of a tithe of the misdirected heroism that went to waste in the Great War, a few hundred million dollars for a world campaign for the new order, might still turn the destinies of mankind right round toward a new life for our race.

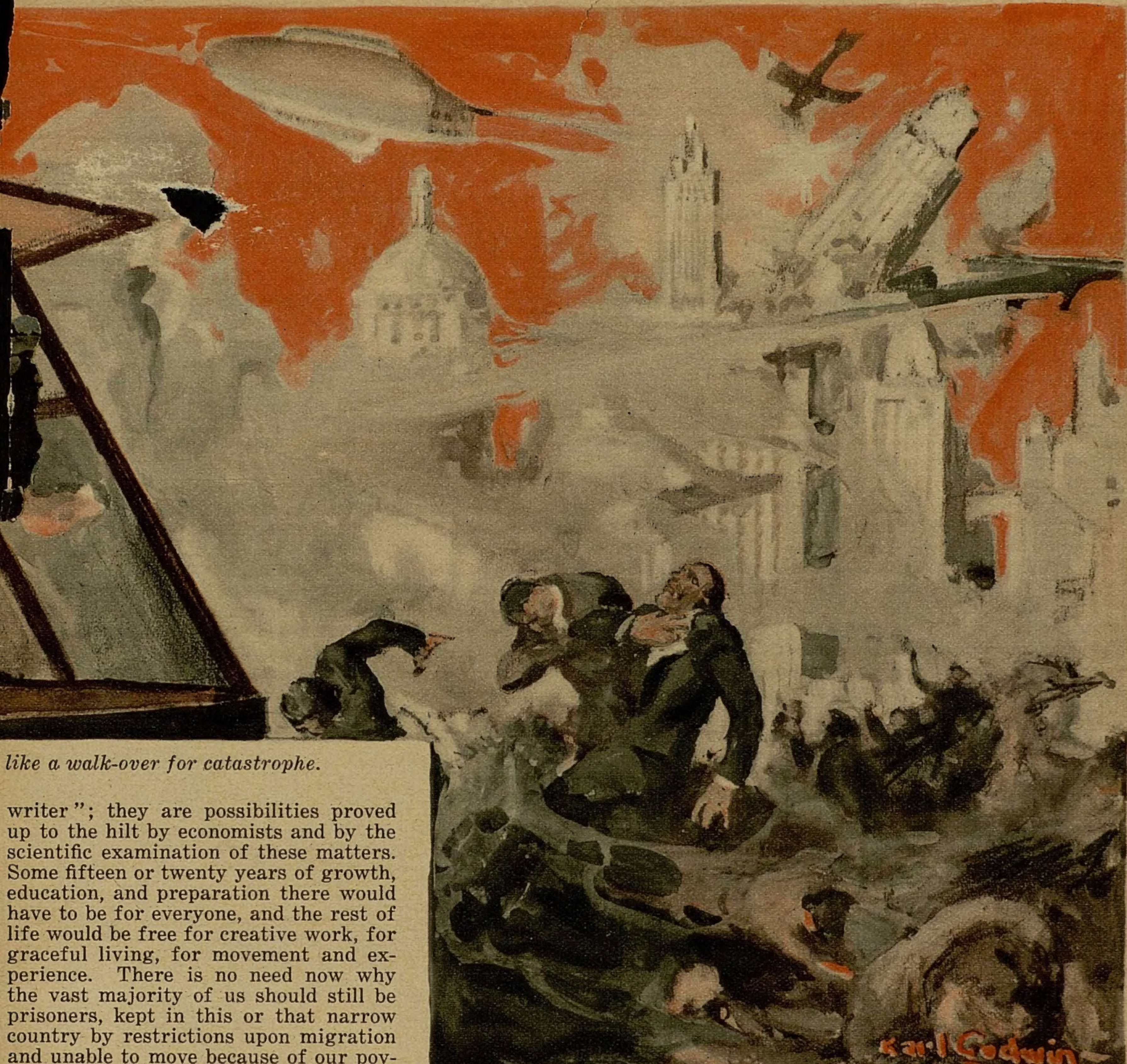
Professor Einstein has said that it needs only two per cent of the populations of Europe and America to say plainly that they will resist any war that may be contrived for them, to put an end to the foolery of militarism forever. I agree. I would go further and say two per cent in the five leading countries in the world. And to that I would add something even more obvious. It needs only that the governments of the United States, Britain, France, Germany, and Russia should get together in order to set up an effective control of currency, credit, production, and distribution; that is to say, an effective "dictatorship of prosperity" for the whole world. The other sixty-odd states would have to join in or accommodate themselves to the overruling decisions of these major powers. It is as simple a business as that, which our presidents, potentates, statesmen, kings of finance, and so forth, do not even realize they could carry through. With human decay and disaster plain before them!

They just fumble along. The bands play and we "troop the colors." The party men twaddle about debts and security. They cant patriotism. They love their countries so that they would rather see them starve than let them co-operate with nasty foreigners. They do their best to reassure the world—and do, it seems, succeed in reassuring the world—that this skimped, anxious, dangerous life we lead is the best that can be done for us. These rulers and leaders and statesmen of ours get in front of the cameras at every possible opportunity to put their fatuous selves on record, while Death, the Ultimate Creditor, and Collapse, the Final Stabilizer, add up their inexorable accounts.

But given that wave of sanity, that sudden miraculous resolve to stop this foolery, and what sort of world might we not have before another half century has passed?

EVERYONE alive might be by then a citizen of the whole world. All of us would then be free to go where we would about this fascinating and sometimes so lovely planet, which would have become our own. For most of our lives we should be released from toil. All the necessities of the human population—food, abundant transport, clean, fresh, and beautiful housing and furniture, adequate health services, education, social security—could be supplied now under modern conditions by something between twelve and twenty years of not too arduous work on the part of everyone. The town, the countryside would be undergoing constant revision and improvement: the world city would be constantly more gracious and pleasant; the world garden constantly more beautiful. The layout of industry could be as exciting as a game.

These are not the assertions [illegible] tive


Karl Godwin '31.

*like a walk-over for catastrophe.*

writer"; they are possibilities proved up to the hilt by economists and by the scientific examination of these matters. Some fifteen or twenty years of growth, education, and preparation there would have to be for everyone, and the rest of life would be free for creative work, for graceful living, for movement and experience. There is no need now why the vast majority of us should still be prisoners, kept in this or that narrow country by restrictions upon migration and unable to move because of our poverty and in subjection to this or that form of drudgery that could have been rationalized out of existence years ago. There is no need why any human being now should be underclad or ill-clad, badly housed or sickly. The whole world could be run as one concern and yield a universal well-being.

AND it is no good mincing matters when it comes to saying why we have not this universal well-being at the present time. Most of our rulers and directors are, to put it plainly, narrow-minded, self-centered, mentally indolent, pompous, and pretentious creatures of the past; and we others are fools enough to tolerate their mismanagement. These ruling and controlling people have got enough for themselves, they stick to the controls like barnacles, they live in relative comfort and immense dignity, chiefly engaged in the defense of their own conceit, and the mass of us lacks the spirit, will, and understanding to call them to account.

A thousand million human beings are leading lives of want, limitation, humiliation, and toil; scores of millions are in immediate danger of the futile tortures of war, and these dull, self-protective folk in control of things do nothing of what they might do and pose for our respect and admiration with infinite self-complacency.

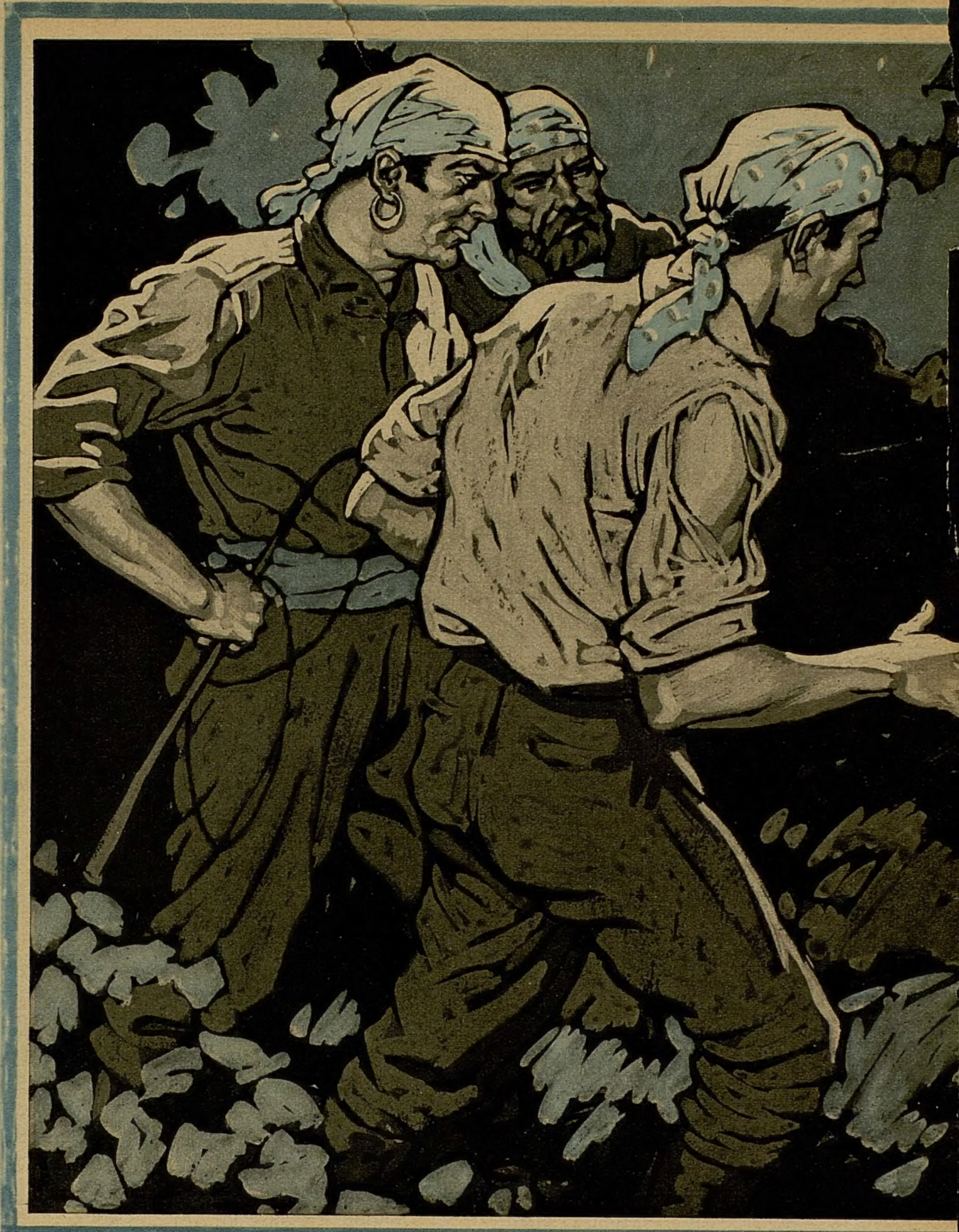
But in another fifty years after that renascence—if, after all, it should occur—things will be different. For an ignorant world we shall have a soundly educated world, aware of its origins, capable of measuring and realizing its possibilities, and controlling its destinies.

Every human being born into that world of plenty will learn from the beginning of the varied loveliness of the life before it, and of the expanding drama of human achievement in which it has to play its part. Its distinctive gifts will be developed. It will be taught another history than that of kings and conquerors and armies. It will do its fair and definite share in the productive or other necessary service of mankind, and for the rest it will be released to accomplish whatever possibilities it has of innovation, happiness, and interesting living.

That wide fine life is within reach of mankind; it is there for the taking. But mankind is not taking it. The curtain is falling. When the Promised Land is cut off forever, *Homo sapiens* will be readily convinced there never was a Promised Land. The last thing we human beings will produce is concerted effort; only under the spur of greed or panic do we produce that. We shake our heads sagely at the "dreamers." As long as possible we will go on living the close, ignoble lives of thieves, bullies, and drudges to which we are accustomed. We will snuffle our satisfaction that we are not in any "fantastic Utopia." And when presently the rifles are put into our hands again, we shall kill. The whips will be behind us and the "enemy" in front. The Old History will go on because we had not the vigor to accept the new.

THE END

*Pictures by*
B. Latham
Kidder



# To the Valian

## A Story

### By KONR

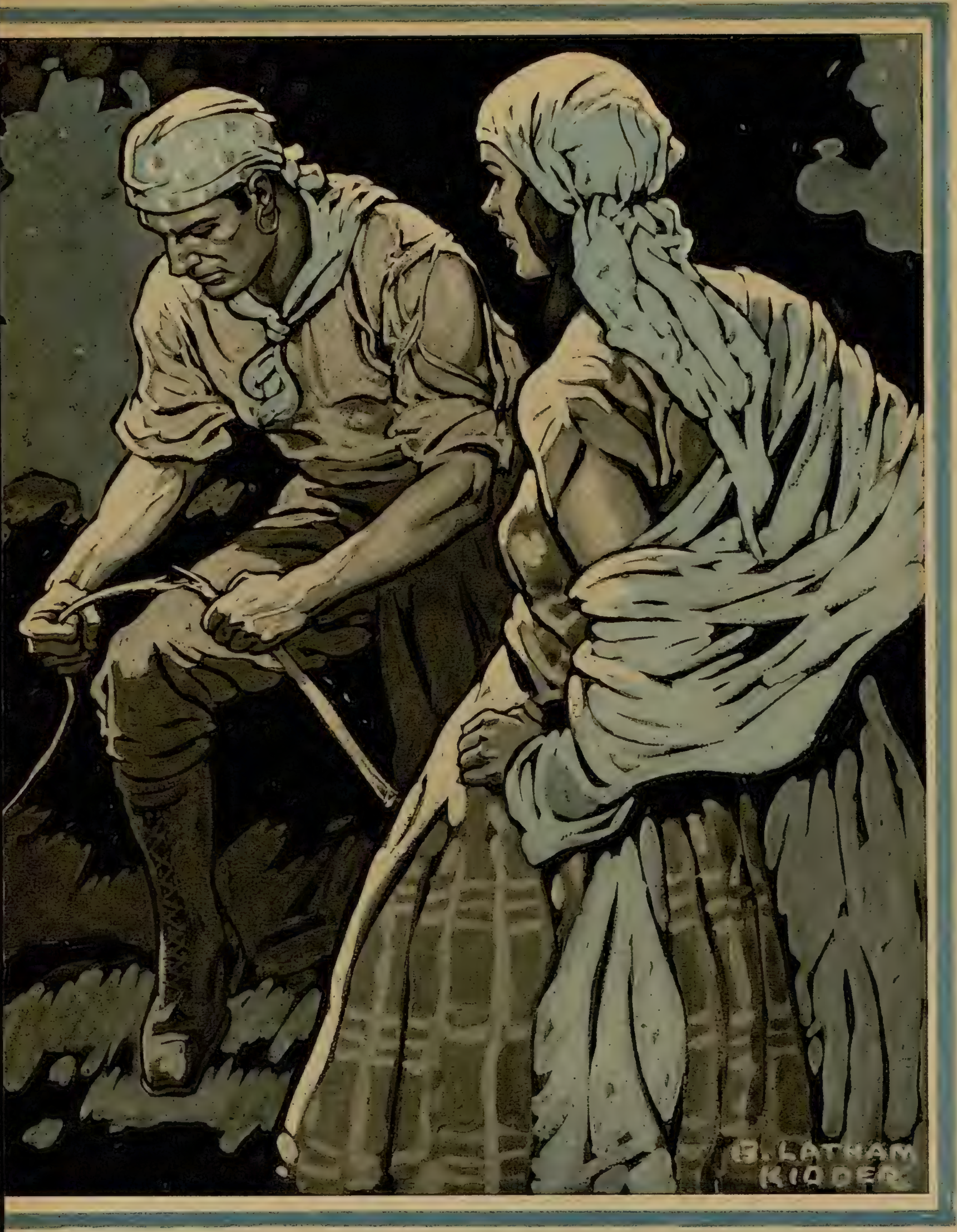
*(Reading time: 26 min. 35 sec.)*

A TRIBE of dust-covered, straggle-haired gypsies camped that evening on the flat plateau of one of the most inaccessible Hollywood hills. The tents once unloaded from the muddy, ragged, paintless old automobiles, the weary travelers ran to the edge of the mountain top to watch the grandiose spectacle unfolding itself before their wonderstricken eyes.

Blinking and scintillating myriads of clusters of light, the twin cities of Los Angeles and Hollywood spread out quivering wings that fluttered and rose and fell over the valley and sprinkled the earth and the air with showers of sparks that spread like a swarm of glittering bees winging away from their burning hives.

They had traveled strange roads that summer, Radu's gypsies, from Chicago to the Pacific coast, to meet one-eyed Dinu's tribe there, and had come upon their traces, following the *patterans*, those age-old road signs by which gypsies indicate to their kind the paths they are taking and converse with one another, unseen and unheard by the white people, the *gorgios*, they hate.

"We will meet in the hills over the Pacific, Dinu, thirty moons from now, and celebrate the wedding of our children there," Radu had said when he and Dinu had parted three years before. And they were now at the beginning of the thirtieth moon, and Dinu was certainly somewhere in the neighborhood. They had picked up his last *patteran* of two sticks laid crosswise off Santa Monica, at the gates of



*STAN broke the age-old symbol of chieftainship over his knees.*

# he PRIZE

## olt of Youth

### RCOVICI

the home of a celebrated movie actress. A thousand people had passed by that *patteran* without seeing what the sharp eyes of the gypsies had seen. To them it meant "We are well. Don't go much farther. We shall find you."

There were some twenty people in the tribe: Radu the chief, a stalwart, broad-shouldered, dark-faced, bearded, middle-aged, quiet giant; his twenty-year-old son, Stan, almost as tall as his father, and as strong and as silent as he; the *daia*, the chief's old mother, a garrulous, toothless, hairless old witch who never ceased talking; Fanica, the chief's daughter, a dark-eyed, round-faced, brown-skinned, mischievous sprite of about eighteen; and four other family groups issued from Alu the One-Armed, Radu's brother, whose three sons had married bronzed Mexican gypsy women who enlivened the tribe with their songs and their dances to the accompaniment of castanets. When old Alu was well disposed he referred to them as "my women." When he was in bad humor he spoke of them as the curse of his three sons.

With the attitude of a god satisfied with his creation, Radu the chief, after one look at the spectacle in the valley, turned around to his people and, stroking his gray beard, said:

"*Mishto* [It is good]."

That single word indicated that they were going to stay there and wait for Dinu and his tribe to find them. They were weary of travel and anxious to rest. The dust of the road and the fumes of their old asthmatic cars had scorched their brown skins and singed their eyes. They

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TO THE VALIANT, THE PRIZE
Continued from page eleven]

would rest there for a while. Dinu would come. There would be gayety and song. They were eager for a change from the daily grind. The young mothers hung the kettles on the tripods while the youngsters ran to find firewood and water for the evening meal. Radu, the *barossan,* had said "*Mishto,*" hadn't he? They would stay there for a while.

They had spent a whole winter in the slums of Chicago and had been anxious to be on the road again. While resting in valleys, on the edges of rivers, and on tops of mountains, they had played and sung after their evening meals. No one had bothered them. The people of towns and villages had been kind to them. A month after they had left Chicago they had had more money than when they had set out on their journey. More money and better cars. Even Radu, who seldom smiled and never laughed, had been happy and had looked on with pleasure at their frolics, glad to be in the open again after a winter between squalid, humid walls in an old warehouse under the rumbling trains of the Loop.

They had been happy and light-hearted for a while, and then suddenly something had happened. They had camped one night in the Arizona desert. They had had a good meal, the Mexican women had danced, and old Alu had told stories at which they had all laughed, when the chief had startled his tribe by speaking harshly to his son Stan:

"Move away so that my eyes don't meet yours!"

Stan, rising to his feet, had turned his back on the camp, and had stepped away from the fire. Something had happened between father and son. But what? No one knew. It was a secret between Radu and his son.

Beginning with that dark night, Radu's gypsies had traveled in silence; their gayety had disappeared. Camping for the night was no longer an occasion for merriment but was merely a respite from the arduous fatigues of the travels of the day. There were no strings on the fiddles. The castanets had stopped clapping. The shaggy dogs howled the whole night long. Children cried. Women's breasts, yesterday so round and full, went dry. From Arizona on, they had sat around camp fires and eaten their food, not gayly and ravenously as gypsies do, but like sad sheep grazing on naked, barren hills at the end of the summer. And because they were no longer happy, business on the road turned bad; and because they were sullen, people, *gorgios,* were unkind to them and drove them from their doors and sicked the dogs on them. Women no longer stretched out their hands to have their fortunes told, but pointed long fingers at them. "Begone! Begone!"

NOT another word passed between father and son; and yet the whole tribe, from infants to grandmothers, knew that some unseen thunder was gathering itself for a final explosion. Stan still pitched his tent next to that of his father when they camped, but he did not pitch it as close as he was wont to do until that fateful night in the desert. Every night the distance between the two tents had grown wider. When they camped in the Hollywood hills the distance was big enough for another tent to be pitched between the two. It was *curva sorta,* a bad omen.

After the evening meal, while waiting for Dinu's tribe, some of the gypsy men and women descended the tortuous path toward the town, drawn irresistibly, like moths to light, by the glitter and quiver in the valley. And because his father faced the lights of the city, Stan sat down in the scorched yellowish grass with his back toward the scintillating cells of fire. After a while Fanica, the chief's only daughter, balancing herself jauntily on her hips, walked over from her grandmother's tent to that of her brother, stretched herself down full length beside him, and folding her hands under her head and looking up at the sky, she said wistfully, as if speaking to nobody in particular:

"*Mishto.* Did you hear him say *Mishto?* He has to approve of everything! As if *Deblo* [God] were a workman and he, Barossan Radu, the foreman."

"You will marry Burno, Dinu's son?" Stan questioned, without looking at his sister.

"I will not," Fanica answered airily. "I have hated him now for three years—since father promised me to him. I will marry a man that comes to stay with us."

Stan turned around to look at his sister, wanting to understand her without the use of words. He knew that it was not tribe love that had urged her to speak as she had done. She chafed under her father's rule, and many a time when she had gone away by herself from the camp he had feared she would not come back again.

"Where is there such a man, *miri pen* [dear sister]?" he questioned, to know whether she had already made her choice.

"There is one somewhere," Fanica answered. "And if he doesn't yet fully know how strong he is, I will awaken his strength in him." And jumping up, as if she had said too much, she, too, sought out the path that led downward to the city, and left her brother to follow her with his eyes until she had disappeared from his view.

IT was a long time now that they had both revolted silently against their father's harsh rule. Fanica now wanted to marry only such a man as would stand up against Radu; someone who would not be afraid of him; someone who would not tremble at the sight of the long-handled whip, the sign of chieftainship which had been in Radu's family for a thousand years, and on which every one of the holders had carved his own *patteran.* Where would she find one like that? Who was he? It would have to be a man—one in ten thousand!

Stan knew his father well, and knew that he wasn't to be taken lightly; he would fight to the last drop of his blood to keep that whip. At his father's death the whip, the scepter of rulership, would come into his son's hand; but that wasn't the way Stan wanted to become the head of his tribe. His people would always remember how his father had lorded over him and humiliated him. If he were to become chief at all it would have to be while his father was yet alive; not by inheritance but by conquest would he come into possession of the whip.

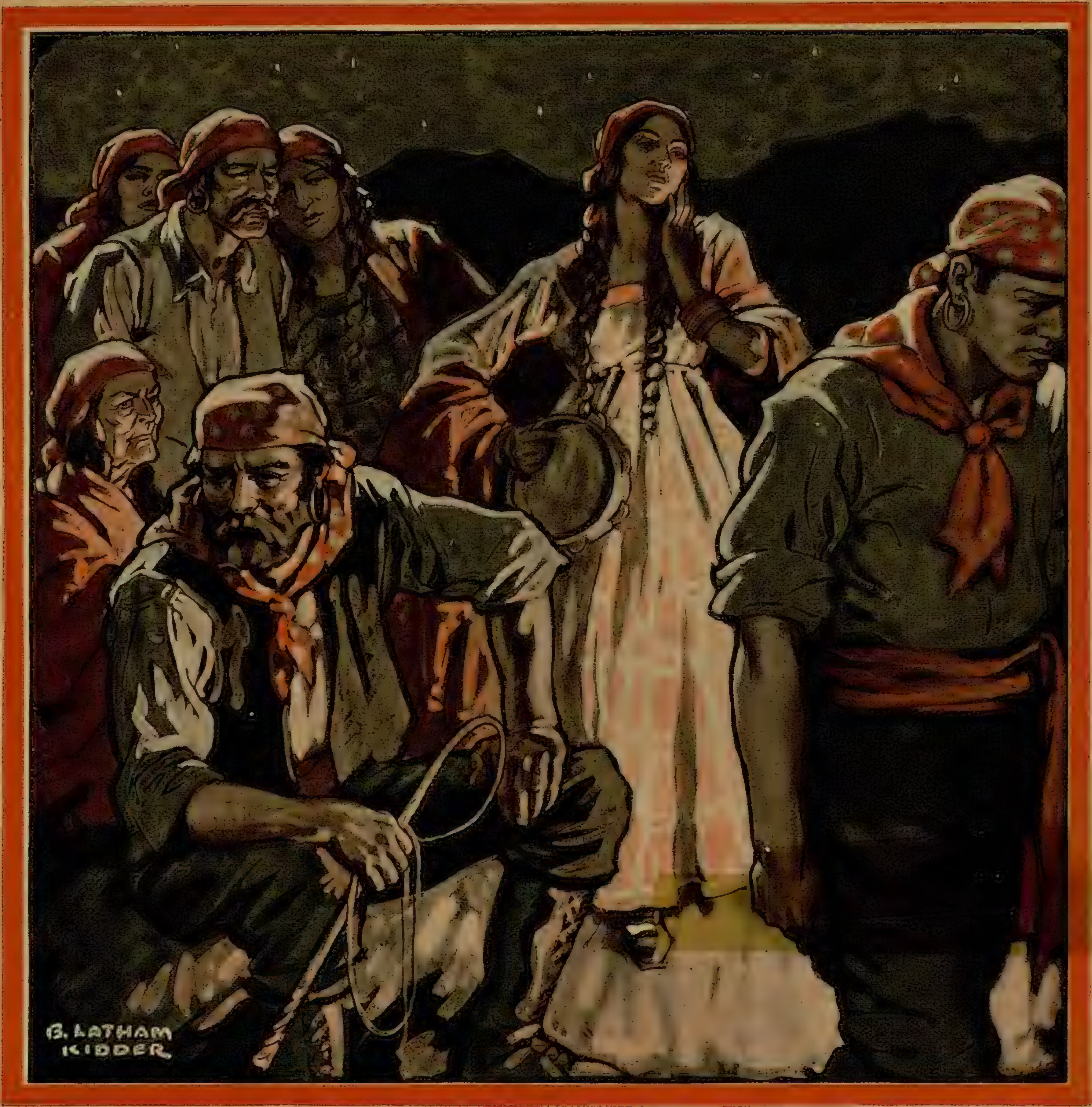
As he sat there before his tent, Stan thought of that moment in the Arizona desert when he and his father had become aware of the enmity between them. They had met a friendly gypsy tribe during the day. The two caravans had stopped to chat for a brief while, for they were going in opposite directions. The other gypsies had hardly climbed out of their cars to greet their kind, when the eyes of both father and son had fallen upon a dark *chai* with sparkling eyes and glittering white teeth that had smiled at them.

"Let's camp here for a while and talk to the *prala,*" Stan had suggested to his father even as he vaulted himself out of the car.

Without even offering an excuse, Radu had ordered that they drive off, refusing to give them a moment to exchange a few more words with the other gypsies. From then on they had ceased to be father and son, and were *haitans,* enemies! That had happened two moons ago. They were still *haitans* and never would be anything else to each other.

Suddenly Stan was awakened from his reverie by a crunching noise made by cars chugging and coughing themselves up to the mountain top. The asthmatic hissing of the old engines mingled with the cries and the clamor of gypsies who had met their kind. It was Dinu's tribe come to keep the appointment made thirty moons before, and to celebrate the wedding of Fanica and Burno.

Stan thought of what Fanica had said a moment before. If she really intended to carry out her threat, there would be trouble. He knew how his sister felt about it. If she egged Burno on to dispute her father's whip, he, Stan, would kill him as he would any stranger who attempted to dispute its authority! He was the son of a *barossan.* He would be *barossan* himself one day. The



*Stan, rising to his feet, had turned his back on the camp, and had stepped away from the fire.*

whip was his for the waiting or the taking. It was for him to choose. Fanica had better look out or there would be trouble.

The dilapidated old cars, snorting and boiling, were loaded to capacity with a troupe of gaudily dressed, lustily kerchiefed men and women who clambered out one over the other before the cars had come to a standstill, and were racing toward Barossan Radu, who was stroking his beard in majestic fashion as he approached to greet them.

"*Sarassan* [welcome], *prala. Tchta mishto.* [It is good here.] Welcome!" he called, shaking hands all around.

Dinu, the other chief, riding alone in a car, chugged up, the last one, and the self-styled host of the Hollywood hills went over to take possession of him without another word to the others.

"*Sarassan.* Look, Dinu. Look down there in the valley. *Mishto,* eh?"

"*Mishto, mishto,*" Dinu answered, patting Radu's shoulder admiringly.

Dinu's was a larger tribe than Radu's. It was composed of forty lusty and noisy gypsies who swarmed all over their hosts' camp before the men had even pitched their tents. Happy to see each other again, the women of both tribes clustered together, talking and gesticulating, hugging, kissing, taking other women's children to their open breasts in sign of friendship, laughing, crying, and singing at the same time; for there had been weddings and births and deaths since they had last met in Detroit, where the pact had been made between the two chiefs to meet at a given place.

The men were holding each other at arm's length and crying:

"My, how strong you have grown since I have last seen you!"

"You, Stephan, will never grow older."

"And as for you, Martu, you look like hewn out of a rock!"

"There is the *daia.* Look at her! She will yet bury us all. She is in league with *Necuratu* [the devil] to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TO THE VALIANT, THE PRIZE
Continued from page thirteen

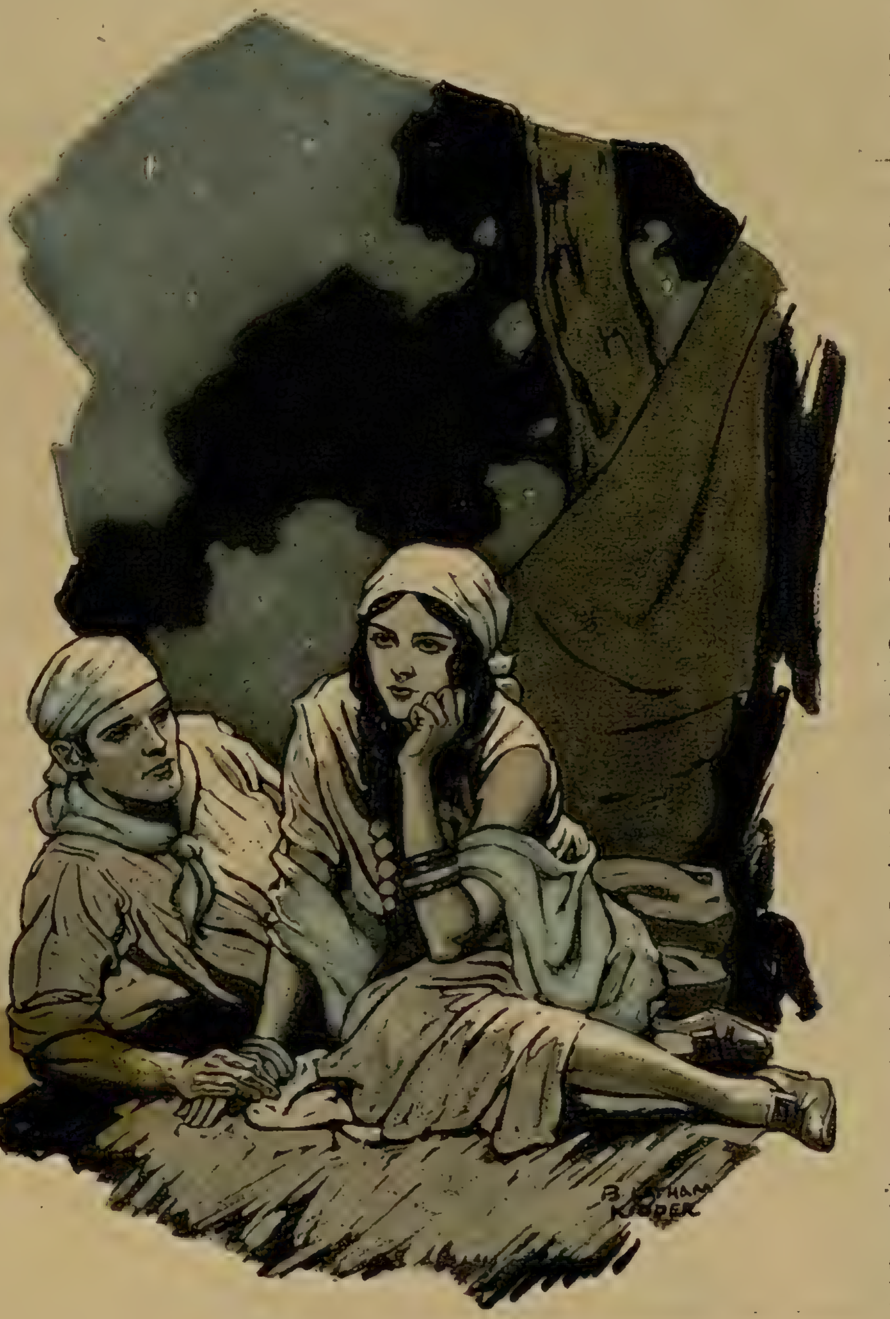
keep her alive forever! She grows younger every day. *Sarassan, daia!*"

"Don't press me so to your heart; you'll break my old bones."

"Listen to her. She is harder than the heart of an oak. Listen to her, will you, *prala?*"

Radu was directing how they should dispose their tents. He commanded as if he owned the hill, as if he had piled up the hill with his own hands. Yet he was there only because a certain person, the actress down the hill at whose gate he had picked up Dinu's *patteran,* didn't know he was there, and was subject to be driven off the following day, if not the following hour. The kettles were immediately hung back on the tripods; for there is no gypsy reunion without food, and there lives no gypsy who could not eat whenever food is put out before him.

While the meat was being cooked and the men were pitching their tents and backing up their cars in a row, Dinu and Radu sat down at the fire side by side, with Stan a little to the right. Soon the other men clustered about them. The women had their own camp fire, as was always done when tribes met again after a long separation.



*"When you are my wife, father won't talk to you the way he talked to you a while ago."*

BAROSSAN DINU was a little man. He had only one squinting shrewd eye. The sight of the other had been lost years ago. But he saw everything at one glance with that lone eye of his. His thick lips were parted in a cynical smile under his thick gray mustache as he spoke to Radu.

"*Mishto, mishto.* You picked up my *patteran* down below."

While smoking his pipe he looked at Radu and at Stan. He didn't have to be told that something had happened between the two men. From time to time he looked at the other fire at which sat the women, and turned to look at his son Burno, as if wondering whether he was making a good bargain in marrying him off to Fanica. He was a fine son, Burno. Strong. Willing. A good trader. What kind of grandchildren would Fanica give him? With the abruptness characteristic of gypsies, even while the smoke of the fire was rising and mingling with the steam that forced its way from under the cover of the brass kettles, he called across the fire:

"Hey, you *chai* there! Radu's daughter—whatever name they call you. Have a look at my son Burno. He will be the father of your children."

The gypsies greeted his words with a loud shout of joy.

"There will be a wedding tonight. Hi, hi, ho!"

Before Fanica had recovered from the coarseness with which Dinu had addressed her, he added, amid the noise: "No cackling! I can't hear you. Come over here and speak up!"

"If that's the manner you use in talking to your people, it's well and good for your people," Fanica called out at the top of her voice. "But here my father orders, and not you!"

The gypsies were all silent again, though the echo of their shouts still reverberated from hill to hill, "Hi, ho . . . tonight."

"Well spoken," Dinu replied, in an attempt to repair his tactlessness in assuming a prerogative he did not have. That *chai* there was as spirited as a well bred colt. His son Burno would know how to deal with her.

Fanica half turned her back on Dinu and faced the camp fire. There were sharper words yet on her tongue, but the man was her father's guest. She looked at her brother, who had inched himself closer to his own father. Stan returned her glance with an approving squint. "Well done, sister." Burno smiled the smile of a horseman who anticipates with pleasure the taming of a spirited animal.

AND then they all began to sing, and, singing, the men and the women crossed to one another's fire to tell tales, to joke, to flatter, to steal kisses, and to talk of olden days—the youngsters of Chicago and Detroit, of New York and San Francisco, for most of them were born this side of the Atlantic in the bayous of Louisiana, in the Berkshires, on the shores of Lake Huron, and in cellars of tenements in New York and Chicago; while the older men talked of their travels in Hungary and Mexico and the wild horses they had ridden in the sands of Arabia and in the green marshes between the Danube and the Black Sea.

Fanica, noticing that Burno hadn't moved from his place to mingle with the others but was looking fixedly at her, understood that he wanted to talk to her without being overheard. Rising from beside a group of *chais* who were being teased by boys from Dinu's tribe, she stepped aside and sat down behind a clump of bushes. A moment later Burno was beside her and the two of them sat silently, each waiting for the other to open the conversation. Finally the young gypsy said:

"When you are my wife, Fanica, father won't talk to you the way he talked to you a while ago."

Thrilled by the young man's words and the tone of his voice, Fanica looked at him appraisingly and noticed for the first time his wide shoulders and big beautiful eyes. She wondered whether she would have chosen him as her husband if her father had not already promised her years before to his father. And she wondered whether he would have chosen her if he had been free to choose. She had hated him now close on to three years. Yet—he was handsome and strong.

"When I will be your wife? *Your* wife? Even if I do marry—and I won't marry you—I shall never be your wife, but your father's son's wife!"

All her revolt against paternal rule was packed into those few words.

"*Chai,*" Burno said, taking her hand, "you don't know me."

"No, not yet," she replied, withdrawing her hand from his grip.

"*Chai,*" he repeated, "I have waited three years for this night. You were but a sapling when I last saw you. I wondered what you had grown into."

"But what would you have done if I had not grown to your liking?" Fanica questioned defiantly. "What? Tell me. What would you have done?" she repeated again and again, as if there were no answer to her question.

Before he had answered her query the gypsies, quitting the camp fire, rushed up to where they sat, threw themselves upon him and dragged him into their midst.

"Let Burno sing! Let Burno sing!" they cried. "Burno, Burno, sing!"

Scratching his head and standing in the center of a circle of dark heads and laughing eyes, he asked:

"What shall I sing?"

And as he looked at the eager brown faces illuminated by the flames at his feet, he noticed that his father already looked with a proprietary air upon Fanica; as if she really belonged to him through his son. Fanica was right. He had never thought of that. Yes, what would he have done if she had not grown to his liking?

FANICA had awakened Burno's pride and had also stirred in him half-dormant thoughts he had refused to think out. Though his father's rule wasn't as despotic as that of Radu, still, his father was the possessor of the whip. The chief ruled. It had been so for thousands of years. The outside world thought them happy and free, but they were always within the reach of that whip. It had no end. Any one chief's whip reached to the ends of the world.

"What shall I sing?" he asked, shaking his head. "There doesn't seem to be any song in me tonight."

"Yes, there is," Dinu, his father, answered. "There's one song in you tonight. The night is yet young, and for aught I know, Burno, it may be your wedding night."

Burno had never noticed how unpleasant his father's voice could be. It rasped and screeched and grinched like the sound made by a wet bow upon greased violin strings.

"What wedding night? To whom will I be wedded?" Burno questioned, as if he had never heard of that before.

"To that *chai* there," his father replied, pointing laughingly with his whip toward Fanica.

"If you like her so well," Burno retorted, "then why not marry her yourself!"

"Burno!" Dinu yelled, rising to face his son.

Radu and Stan too had risen to their feet. The manifold crimes Burno had committed in one moment! He had insulted his own father in the presence of the *prala.* He had in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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TO THE VALIANT, THE PRIZE
Continued from page fifteen

sulted Radu. He had insulted Stan. He had insulted the authority vested in the whip that had ruled a thousand years! Stan looked at Fanica, expecting to see her crumble in shame before them. But there was a strange light in her eyes. She smiled enigmatically when Stan looked at her, asking her with his eyes whether he should slay the insulter right there and then or wait yet another moment.

After a brief silence Radu turned around to Dinu and asked sarcastically:

"Is that how you brought your son up?"

Burno turned around and took the cudgels up for his father.

*NEXT WEEK—*

**The first article in a three-sided debate on the dry issue**

## Did Prohibition Increase Crime?

By

**Ella A. Boole**

**President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union**

also
**stories and articles by**
**George P. Brooks**
**George M. Cohan**
**Ferrin Fraser**
**Lawson Robertson**
**Louis Adamic**
**Robert Benchley**

"Hey, you there!" he called to his host. "Speak for your own house. I was talking to my father and not to you!"

Quick as lightning Stan sprang upon Burno. They locked arms. They were both strong and young and had powerful arms and wide shoulders. The two camps watched with bated breath the outcome of the struggle between the two sons of their chiefs. Only a few minutes ago they had all been happy. Their chiefs had sat side by side in amity. The women and the men of the tribes had mingled together in one wide circle and had expected to celebrate a wedding. Three years they had wandered to be at that wedding. Instead of that, the *curva sorta*, the wayward fate, had decided otherwise. Instinctively the two tribes separated while the two young men were tugging at each other.

Fanica stood apart, all by herself. What was happening there concerned her in a particular manner and had a different meaning than it had for anybody else. The two men fought for her. Each of them opposed his father's rule, yet each of them was against the infringement of that rule by a stranger. They were sons of chiefs!

The two men sparred for a while, testing one another out, until Stan, who was more expert at wrestling than Burno, got his antagonist's neck under the pit of his right arm. Burno arched his body and, spreading his legs wide apart, gripped the soil with his toes. Stan wrenched and wrenched but could not budge him.

THE gypsies, forgetting what had caused the fight, were now watching with eagerness the display of skill and strength of the young men, were laying bets on the outcome, and were crying encouragement to one and the other.

"Hold on, Burno!"

"Twist his neck, Stan! Throw him over your shoulder!"

"Don't let him slip out; you've got him, Stan! I've bet my car on you!"

"Grab his leg, Burno! I have a hundred dollars on you!"

Fanica looked on. She was proud of her brother. And yet her heart went out to Burno who was fighting that battle for her. It had all begun because of her. If only Burno's legs would not give way! Stan's grip seemed to become stronger every moment. Fanica had one look at Burno's tortured face. He was being strangled. He gasped for breath.

They were now standing perfectly still, like two bucks whose horns had locked their heads. With a mighty tear and twist Burno freed himself of Stan's hold and threw himself on his antagonist. Fanica's heart leaped to her mouth. No, she didn't want to see Stan thrown. She was torn between the pride in her own family and the pride to come. Stan withstood the shock and was again standing free on his feet, ready to lock arms with his opponent.

During a moment's lull in the struggle Dinu said to Radu:

"Mighty son you have. If I had a daughter of marriageable age, he would be the man I would choose for her, regardless of the outcome of this battle."

"And a mighty son you have," Radu answered back under his breath, even while the two young men locked arms again. "But as for marrying my daughter—"

The battle went on for another few moments, when Fanica suddenly sprang between the two youths and, prying them apart, faced the crowd and the two chiefs as she queried in a shrill voice: "What are these two fighting for?"

In the silence that followed she added: "You don't know, do you? And they themselves don't know. But I know! Burno doesn't want to marry me because his father wants him to marry me. And I don't want to marry Burno because my father wants me to marry him. And whether Burno downs Stan or Stan downs Burno, my will remains unchanged! I will marry only the man I choose myself!"

"You will do what I tell you to do, *chai!*" her father cried out, reaching for his whip and stepping toward his daughter, even as the two young men behind him had already come to grips again.

"I will do what I want!" Fanica defied him.

RADU raised his whip high to strike his daughter down. But Burno, wrenching himself loose from the grip of his enemy, tore the whip out of Fanica's father's hand. Like a flash, Stan was on top of him. They had fought in silence until then, but now Stan howled like a wolf. His face was swollen with rage. The veins of his neck swelled. His eyes bulged as his muscles strained to retrieve his father's whip from Burno's grip. Burno had thrown himself face downward and covered with his whole body the emblem of authority which he had wrenched from Radu's hand. Stan twisted his head and tore at his arms. Burno was clinging with every fiber of his being to the soil.

Yet he wasn't as strong as Stan was in his fury. Heaving with all his young strength and vigor, Stan turned the other man over on his back and, throwing himself upon his chest, coiled and twined his legs and arms about him. For a while they lay like this, legs and arms twisted and spread like a cross of human flesh come down upon the earth. With a savage shriek of exultation Stan jumped to his feet with the whip of his father in his hand.

Quick as a cat, Burno sprang to his feet. Radu reached out to take the whip from the hand of his son. But Stan shoved his father aside and said, looking at Burno:

"Neither you nor anybody else shall ever have this whip." And turning about he broke the age-old symbol of chieftainship over his knees. "There will be no whip any more!"

And as if Burno had suddenly realized the esoteric meaning of a mystery that had been enacted before him, he sprang forward to where stood his father, and jerking the whip out of the old chief Dinu's knotted hand, he broke it on his knee before the bewildered one-eyed old man had regained his senses.

And then all the gypsies understood what had happened, and why it had happened, and ranged themselves in a different alignment than gypsy camps had ever aligned themselves before: the young men and young women on one side, and the old men and old women on the other. It was no longer Dinu's tribe against Radu's. It was youth against old age. A new order against an old! Radu and Dinu had but to look at the determined faces of the youth of their tribes to know that they could not fight them. The weight of a thousand years had broken itself into dust over their crushed heads.

Then Fanica spoke: "That ends that. And those who want to go to the right will go to the right. And those who want to go to the left will go to the left. And we shall marry such men and women as we want to marry, and none such as our fathers have chosen for us. We shall be like the *gorgios*, the white people; as free to marry the mates we choose as the *gorgios* are!"

And, as if remembering something she had forgotten till then, she walked over to Burno and throwing her arms about his neck she added, looking at the people: "Hear, *prala!* For three years I have waited for this moment with dread because I didn't know that I might await it with joy. Kisses as fragrant as honeysuckle and the bloom of freshly mown hay had been poisoned for me. Now the poison has been taken out of them."

Burno's face spread out in a wide grin. Turning his back on the old men, as if they no longer existed, he said to the youth of both tribes:

"Hey, *chais!* And you *chavs!* A mighty song! . . . That we sing a mighty song! So, now—there will be a wedding here tonight. Sing, gypsies. Sing, *Calo!*"

And then they all burst out in loud song such as the woods of Hollywood had never heard before, such as the gypsies themselves had never sung before. It wasn't a wedding song. It was the song of a new youth. They sang and danced on one side of the camp while the older people grouped themselves in a corner to weep over what had happened to them.

Said Radu to Dinu: "Let's cross the ocean and go back to the Carpathian Mountains where we came from, where there is no new wind blowing new thoughts into the minds of newly born children."

"Let's go," Dinu agreed, rising to his feet.

"Let's go," and jumping in a car, they took the mountain road over which they had come as chiefs but were descending as beggars.

Toward dawn most of the youth lay tired on the soil around the huge fire about which Fanica's and Burno's wedding had been celebrated. Stan, too, had promised himself to a girl of Burno's tribe. And other young gypsies had done likewise, free for the first time to do as they pleased.

Fanica and Burno were sitting in front of their tent, holding hands, their faces very serious in their new happiness. They were free.

"What about our children—if there be no whip to hold them together to the clan?" Fanica questioned.

"It will be as it will be, Fanica. They will have to learn to live without the fear of a whip. Don't talk about that now, Fanica. I love you."

And she forgot everything as the wings of happiness raised her above the depths of doubt.

THE END

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# TWENTY QUESTIONS

**Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

1—What is duress?
2—What is a leitmotif?
3—In what state are the White Mountains?
4—What is the largest island in the Philippine group?
5—Who was Epicurus?
6—What is a bravo?
7—What is the source of "Why, then the world's mine oyster"?
8—Who was called the Little Giant?
9—What is zoöphobia?
10—What is the pericardium?
11—What is an alienist?
12—What is a congenital deformity?
13—What is Adam's ale?
14—What is sericulture?
15—What is a poltroon?
16—From what is catgut made?
17—Where does the monkey wrench get its name?
18—What is the literal meaning of myriad?
19—Who is the King of Italy?
20—What is the lowest commissioned rank in the United States army?

*(Answers will be found on page thirty-two)*

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Wide World photo

*A police picture of Public Enemy Number One—Alphonse Capone.*

# HOW *Al Capone* Would Run *This Country*

*Unashamed on the Eve of His Trial, the Master Gangster of America Gave This Incredible and Presumptuous Interview to*

## CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

*(Reading time: 15 minutes 45 seconds.)*

EDITOR'S NOTE: When Al Capone gave this interview to Mr. Vanderbilt, he was facing trial for evasion of the federal income tax law, with the prospect of several years in prison if he should be convicted. What was going on in the mind of this self-imposed dictator from the underworld? Was he sobered, deflated, as a man naturally would be in such circumstances? On the contrary, as Mr. Vanderbilt shows, he was coolly holding forth on the affairs of the nation, telling the President of the United States what to do and naming his possible successor, and—to crown the effrontery of it—denouncing grafters and swindlers. The interview is published as an astonishing and salutary object lesson in underworld mentality aggrandized by prohibition riches, sensational publicity, and the arrogance of a gangster, swollen with power."

"US fellas has gotta stick together."

We were seated, Al Capone and I, in a large spacious office in the southeast corner of the fourth floor of the Lexington Hotel at Twenty-second and Michigan, Chicago. It was after 4 P. M. The day was Thursday, August 27. And this was the year.

Below us, on the sidewalks, cops and plain-clothes men bristled. Their light artillery was very much in evidence. Gangster hangouts had been brushed clean time after time during the past twenty-four hours. Hotels and apartments had been entered and raided. Pat Roche wanted the king, and wanted him badly. And Pat was the state's attorney.

Someone had been kidnaped. His name was Lynch. He published a race-track tip sheet. Rumor had it his captors demanded "250 grand" for his release. Believing that Al Capone might know something about it, the Chicago police had asked the king to help them find him. His Majesty had graciously acquiesced; and it was not long before Lynch was found. Nor had he been obliged to pay a nickel's worth of ransom.

Al Capone does not tolerate some kinds of rackets, and kidnaping is one of them.

He leaned a bit farther back in his comfortable office chair and lit, for the seventeenth time, his chewed Tampa cigar. We had been talking for more than an hour.

"This is going to be a terrible winter," he went on. "Us fellas has gotta open our pocketbooks, and keep on keeping them open, if we want any of us to survive. We can't wait for Congress or Mr. Hoover or anyone else. We *must* help keep tummies filled and bodies warm.

"If we don't, it's all up with the way we've learned to live. Why, do you know, sir, America is on the verge of its greatest social upheaval? Bolshevism is knocking at our gates. We can't afford to let it in. We've got to organize ourselves against it, and put our shoulders together and hold fast. We need funds to fight famine."

Could I be hearing correctly? Was I in my right senses? Here, in front of me, in the bay of a window, behind a long, large teak desk, sat the most feared of all our racketeers. Much taller than I had imagined, and much broader; a fellow with a winchlike handshake, a banker's bay window, and the winning smile of all the Latin races. And yet, instead of the usual line of talk that emanates from gentry of his kind, he had been giving me a discourse the like of which it had never been my fortune to hear.

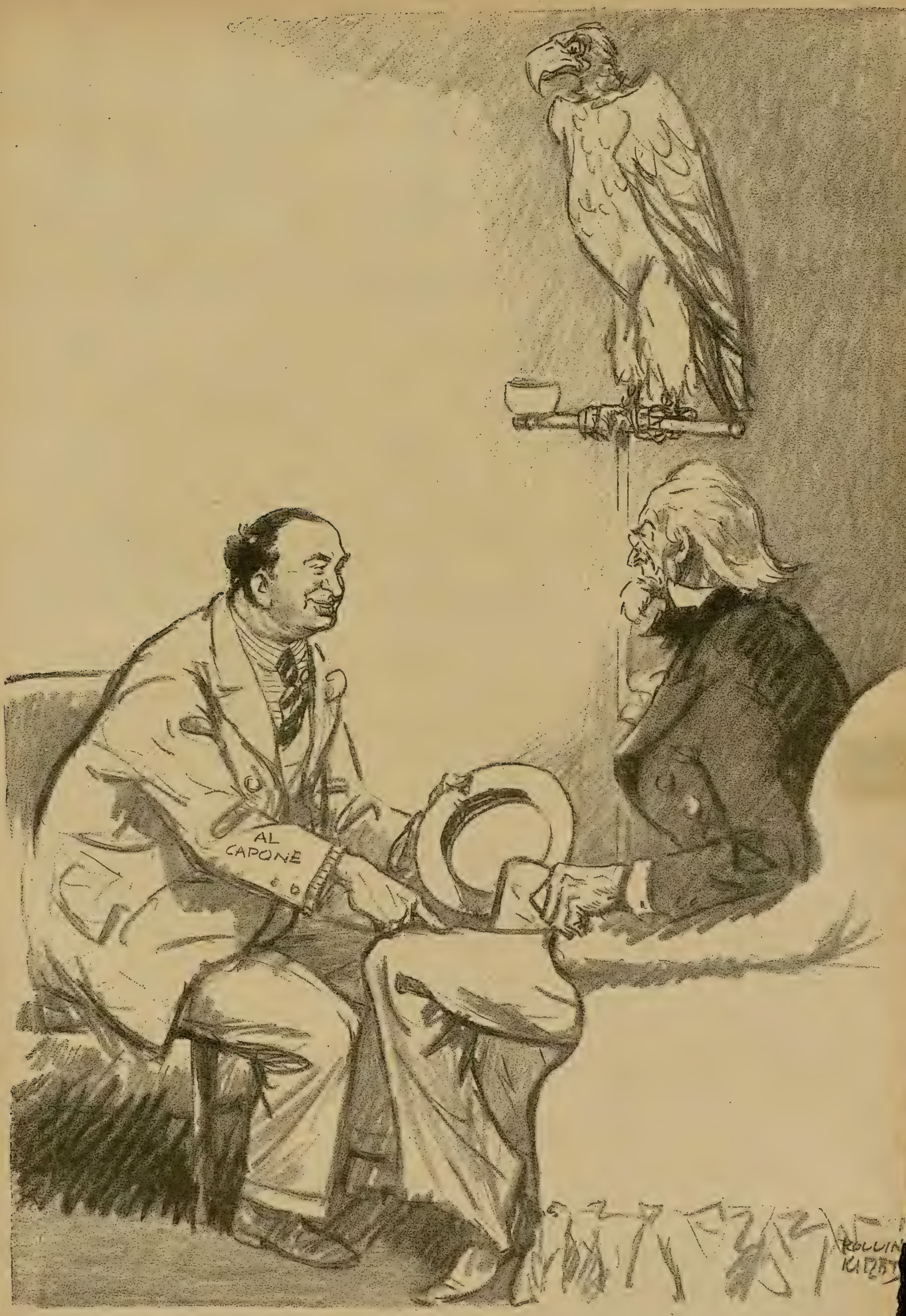
He went on:

"We must keep America whole, and safe, and unspoiled. If machines are going to take jobs away from the worker, then he will need to find something else to do. Perhaps he'll get back to the soil. But we must care for him during the period of change. We must keep him away from red literature, red ruses; we must see that his mind remains healthy. For, regardless of where he was born, he is now an American."

Boys were shouting extras in the streets below. Al "Brown," as he likes to call himself, got up from his chair and walked over to the south side of the room. He drew from a cabinet a pair of field glasses, raised them to his eyes, and read slowly from an afternoon sheet's headlines: "Pat Roche Confident He Will Soon Have Capone Under Arrest."

He smiled broadly at me. "Pat's a fine guy," said he quietly, "only he likes to see his name in print a bit too often."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]



The World's Most Impudent Criminal

Cartoon by ROLLIN

HOW AL CAPONE WOULD RUN THIS COUNTRY
Continued from page eighteen

And, thought I, "If Pat really was in earnest about arresting you he could do it in a jiffy."

He practically answered the thought: "I guess I'm like you, Mr. Vanderbilt: I get more blame from the crowd for things I never do than praise for the good I do.

"The news gang are forever riding me. Seems as if I'm responsible for every crime that takes place in this country. You'd think I had unlimited power and a swell pocketbook. Well, I guess I got the power all right; but the bank book suffers from these hard times as much as anyone else's.

"My pay roll is about as big as it ever was, but the profits have done their share of dwindling. Say, you'd be surprised if you knew some of the fellas I've got to take care of."

I could have answered that I wouldn't have been surprised at anything, but I held my peace. Al Capone is not the usual type of gangster who has risen to a high place. He is a capable organizer and politician.

At thirty-two he has about him the most perfectly oiled machine this country has ever seen. He is as powerful in Chicago as any Tammany boss ever was in New York. To do the many things he must do daily, he has a pay roll in excess of $200,000 a week.

t this writing the Capone machine has yet to meet a feat. Just how can a man of his youth hold together he kind of organization he has built up? I asked him. His reply came without hesitation:

"People respect nothing nowadays. Once we put virtue, honor, truth, and the law on a pedestal. Our children were brought up to respect things. The war ended. We have had nearly twelve years to straighten ourselves out, and look what a mess we've made of life!

"War legislators passed the Eighteenth Amendment. Today more people drink alcohol from speakeasies than passed through all the doors of all the saloons in America in five years before 1917. That's their answer to law respect. Yet most of those people are not bad. You don't classify them as criminals, though technically they are.

"The mass feeling that prohibition is responsible for a lot of our ills is growing. But the number of lawbreakers is increasing too. Sixteen years ago I came to Chicago with forty dollars in my pocket. Three years afterward I was married. My son is now twelve. I am still married and love my wife dearly. We had to make a living. I was younger then than I am now, and I thought I needed more. I didn't believe in prohibiting people from getting the things they wanted. I thought prohi- tion an unjust law and I still do.

"Somehow I just naturally drifted into the racket. And I guess I'm here to stay until the law is repealed."

"Then you believe it will be repealed?"

"Certainly," was his quick reply. "And when it is I'd e out of luck if I hadn't arranged to do business else- here. You see, Mr. Vanderbilt, prohibition forms less han thirty-five per cent of my income."

HIS next statement fell like a thunderbolt.

"I believe Mr. Hoover may make the text of his De- mber message to Congress a suggestion that the na- n's legislators raise the percentage of the alcoholic ntent of liquor. That will be his best card for renomi- ion. Besides, you know he has always called the stead Act 'a noble *experiment.*'

In time, though, people won't tolerate even that. y'll demand a return to normal drinking; and if they cise enough pressure they'll beat the Anti-Saloon gue and the industrialists who have waxed fat and thy at the expense of thirst.

he law will be repealed. There will be no further of secrecy. I will be spared an enormous pay roll. s long as the act remains in effect and there are left who will continue to break the law, then there be positions for persons such as I, who find it de- upon us to keep the channel open.

ople who respect nothing dread *fear.* It is upon herefore, that I have built up my organization. derstand me correctly, please. Those who work *with* me are afraid of nothing. Those who work *for* me are kept faithful, not so much because of their pay as because they know what might be done with them if they broke faith.

"The United States Government shakes a very wabbly stick at the lawbreaker, and tells him he'll go to prison if he beats the law. Lawbreakers laugh and get good lawyers. A few of the less well-to-do take the rap. But the public generally isn't any more afraid of a government prison sentence than I am of Pat Roche. Things people know about amuse them. They like to laugh over them and make jokes. When a speakeasy is raided, there are a few hysterical people, but the general mass are light-hearted. On the other hand, do you know of any of your friends who'd go into fits of merriment if they feared being taken for a ride?"

Did I? That was one question I could answer, and quickly.

ON the wall behind the king was a picture of Lincoln in a cheap frame. He seemed smiling benevolently down. A bronzed paperweight of the Lincoln Memorial statue of the Great Emancipator was on the royal desk. A copy of the Gettysburg Address adorned another portion of the wall. That Capone admired Lincoln more than any other American was easy to see.

I asked him how he felt about the 1932 elections.

"The Democrats will be swept in on a record vote," he declared. "The masses will think they'll get relief from the depression that way. I know very little about world finance; but I don't think the end of the depression is going to come like that. I think it will take longer. A series of circumstances will bring about a relief, if we don't let the Reds try to bring it about before.

"Owen Young has the best chance, in my own humble estimation. He's a swell guy, and they ought to let him get it. If not, then Roosevelt will; and I think Roosevelt has enough sense to make Young his Secretary of the Treasury. Roosevelt's a good fellow, but I'm afraid his health is pretty shaky, and a leader needs health."

Capone's naïveté was charming. He did nothing for effect; and I am sure he wasn't trying to show off for my benefit.

Four days before I had been sitting in my Nevada ranch house. My Sicilian secretary, Peter Marisca, had brought me a telegram that had been mislaid earlier in the day. It read: "Appointment arranged in Chicago Wednesday morning at 11. Call my office on arrival." It was signed by a well known Mid-Western attorney. I had just had time to pack some bags and catch a late night train east.

Reaching Chicago Wednesday, I read of the kidnaping of Publisher Lynch, and of the Chicago police's bid to Capone for his help. Nevertheless, I called the attorney who had sent me the wire. Capone was in consultation with his counsel and could not see anyone.

Late that evening I purchased an early copy of a morning paper. Headlines told of Lynch's return home, and of Pat Roche's order for Capone's arrest. It was intimated that the king knew entirely too much about the cause of Lynch's sudden kidnaping.

All hopes of seeing Capone fled instantly. I had developed a bad cold in my head, and I went to bed.

Early Thursday morning there was a telephone message: "Mr. Al Capone's secretary says it will be entirely all right for Mr. Vanderbilt to come to his office this afternoon at three."

Peter Marisca didn't deliver it because he thought someone was playing a practical joke! Yet he told it to me as an aside that day at luncheon at the Drake; and I nearly burned my throat with the mock turtle.

And so here I had come through cordons of police and government agents. Down in the lobby of the Lexington we had entered an elevator, in which a colored boy as glum as glue had taken us up.

In the hallway a well upholstered young chap had been waiting. He was dressed in the lightest green suit I think I have ever seen. And he lost no time in asking me whom I wanted.

"I have an appointment with 'Mr. Brown,'" I said.

"That guy with you?" He motioned to Pete. I replied that he was. We moved down the hall and into a private suite of rooms. Pete stayed outside to talk his native tongue with any number of other Sicilians.

During the interview I was brought back from my surmises by a question Capone put to me. "In your talks with big men throughout the world," he was saying, "what have they to offer as a solution for the present depression?"

"Frankly," said I, "I've heard so many solutions, I feel as if none of them really knew anything. I think they're stumped."

STATE OF NEW YORK }SS:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK}

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., being duly sworn, deposes and says: On Thursday, August 27th, 1931 at about three o'clock in the afternoon I interviewed Al Capone at the Lexington Hotel, 22nd and Michigan Boulevard in Chicago.

The interview had been arranged for me after considerable difficulty. I was instructed as to how to make my way to the Hotel and exactly as to how I would be escorted to a suite occupied by Mr. Capone on the fourth floor of that Hotel.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

I was accompanied by my secretary, Mr. Peter Marisca who was not, however, present at the interview but who subsequently was introduced to Mr. Capone.

The interview was granted to me on the express condition that I would discuss with Mr. Capone no matters affecting him personally but that I would, in the report of the interview, present his point of view on matters of general public interest.

We discussed prohibition, unemployment, the Red menace, the future of America and the world, morals, the upbringing of children and other quite philosophical subjects.

Mr. Capone knew that the purpose of this interview was the publication thereof in Liberty Magazine.

Sworn to before me this
9th day of September, 1931.
Ruth Reynolds

Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr

"Not stumped," said Al. "They can't all get together and stick to any one thought. They lack concentrated organization. Isn't it a peculiar thing that with one of the world's greatest organizers as our chief executive we lack organization more now than ever in our history?

"The world has been capitalized on paper. Every time a fellow had a new idea, they'd increase the capital stock—give themselves so much cash and their stockholders so much paper. The rich got richer; the stockholders speculated with the paper. Someone found out it paid to keep a rumor factory going. Someone else interested women in gambling on the big board. The world was wild.

"Amalgamations took place. The more clever a fellow was with turning paper recapitalizations into cash, the greater became his vice-presidential titles. Young men who ought, many of them, to be resting behind the bars of penitentiaries for stealing paper rose overnight in the world of prosperity. Our entire prospectus of living turned topsy-turvy.

"Crooked bankers who take people's hard-earned cash for stock they know is worthless would be far better clients at penal institutions than the poor little man who robs so that his wife and babies may live. Why, down in Florida, the year I lived there, a shady newspaper publisher's friend was running a bank. He had unloaded a lot of worthless securities upon unsuspecting people. One day his bank went flooey. I was just thanking the powers that be that he'd got what was coming to him when I learned of another business trick that would make safe-cracking look like miniature golf.

"THE crooked publisher and the banker were urging bankrupt depositors who were being paid thirty cents on the dollar to put their money in another friend's bank. Many did so; and just about sixty days later that bank collapsed like a house of cards too.

"Do you think those bankers went to jail? No, sir. They're among Florida's most representative citizens. They're just as bad as the crooked politicians! I ought to know about them. I've been feeding and clothing them long enough. I never knew until I got into this racket how many crooks there were dressed in expensive clothes and talking with affected accents.

"Why, when I was held the other day for evasion of federal taxes I nearly got myself into a fine pickle. Certain officials wished to make a bargain with me. If I'd plead guilty and go to jail for two and a half years they'd dismiss the charges they had against me. A pretty penny had to be paid, but I thought that that was better than the strain of a long-winded trial. A day or so before the bargain was to be struck, though, I learned that someone was going to go to the Appellate Court and that there'd be a fly in the ointment and they'd have me in Leavenworth for ten and a half years. So I decided I could be just as foxy, and we entered a plea of not guilty, and when the case comes up we'll see what we will see.

"A little while ago in one of the Chicago newspapers it said that a local millionaire manufacturer had been found to be some fifty-five thousand dollars in arrears with his personal-property tax. A day later it was printed that this had been printed in error, and that the situation had been satisfactorily cleaned up.

"If Mr. Hoover's government wants me to explain my federal taxes I shall be very glad to do so. I think I could enlighten him and several other officials a considerable bit, and any time they need any sensational matters to talk about I shall have them ready to give out.

"GRAFT," he continued, "is a byword in American life today. It is law where no other law is obeyed. It is undermining this country. The honest lawmakers of any city can be counted on your fingers. I could count Chicago's on one hand!

"Virtue, honor, truth, and the law have all vanished from our life. We are smart-Alecky. We like to be able to 'get away with' things. And if we can't make a living at some honest profession, we're going to make one anyway."

It was growing late. The setting sun's ruddy light enlivened the red-and-gold fancy plaster walls of his office. It intensified the dark-red window shades. The large moose's head on the wall; the stuffed fish and game; the short army rifle—all seemed resplendent in afternoon's final burst of glory. The big old-fashioned phonograph case should perhaps have opened of its own accord to play some triumphant march.

"The home is our most important ally," Capone observed. "After all this madness the world has been going through subsides, we'll realize that, as a nation, very strongly. The stronger we can keep our home lives, the stronger we can keep our nation.

"When enemies approach our shores we defend them. When enemies come into our homes we beat them off. Homebreakers should be undressed and tarred and feathered, as examples to the rest of their kind.

"There would be very little need for your home town, Reno, Mr. Vanderbilt, if more men protected their homes. When the prohibition law is repealed there'll be less desire for birth control. Without birth control America can become as stalwart as Italy. With an American Mussolini she could conquer the world."

The door opened quietly behind me. Peter and "Mr. Brown's" secretary were still in conversation. Al greeted Pete and they had a few words together in Sicilian.

"Remember, Mr. Vanderbilt, us fellas has gotta stick together this winter," he repeated. "Last winter I fed about three hundred and fifty thousand persons a day here in Chicago. This winter it's going to be worse. I think we both speak the same language; and I think we're both patriots. We don't want to see them tear down the foundations of this great land. We've got to battle to keep free. Good luck. I'm glad I met you."

The iron study door swung to. My most amazing interview was at an end.

THE END

*NEXT WEEK—*

**Liberty will publish the first of a series of articles by EDWARD DOHERTY on**

**The Twilight *of the* Gangster**

**—summing up the blackest epoch of murder and plunder in United States history**

# Adventure Lad

### By DALE COLLINS

*Pictures by*
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

*(Reading time: 26 minutes 45 seconds.)*

EVERYBODY knows and admires Lady Cynara Coddrington. She did more than all her sister explorers, flyers, and venturers put together to confirm the creed that woman is man's equal even in those fields regarded a few years ago as his exclusive property. Her feats aroused international interest. At the cost of four lives and the British taxpayer, was she not rescued by a gunboat from Chinese pirates? Did not the American nation pay handsomely for her to be snatched from the clutches of Mindanao head-hunters? Though two flying men perished in the quest, had she not the grit to survive in central Australia until picked up by the search parties? If France had not—

Enough! The questions are mere rhetoric. All the world wondered at what Lady Cynara, a woman alone, accomplished. Her high adventures—so dramatic, so stimulating to stay-at-homes—delighted the great public, which is essentially feminine by sex or tendency. Ladies whose wildest thrill was a fumbled grand slam reveled in her courage and endurance. Men on their way to offices experienced a pleasant tickle of emotion when they saw her pictures in the papers—usually wearing the trimmest of riding breeches and sleeveless shirts against a background of barbarians. She had the face of an angel and the figure of a boy from the Decameron; therefore her books did not have to be dully masculine and add to the store of human knowledge. Sufficient that she had been places and had photographs taken.

Regret was general when she reverted to the cities and acquired a husband, followed, in due course, by two sets of twins. If this regret was not shared by certain men in the steamy, sweaty lands—district officers and the like, held responsible for her on occasion—it merely showed that in the wilderness they had lost touch with the spirit of the times.

Her lapse into humdrum domesticity and motherhood has been so much deplored, her husband has been so criticized for transmuting gold into dross, that, in justice to all concerned, the time has come to explain the mystery of her absence from the publishers' lists and the dark lands, her lamentable concentration on the twins.

Littlejohn Jones, who shared her last adventure, might wish it himself.

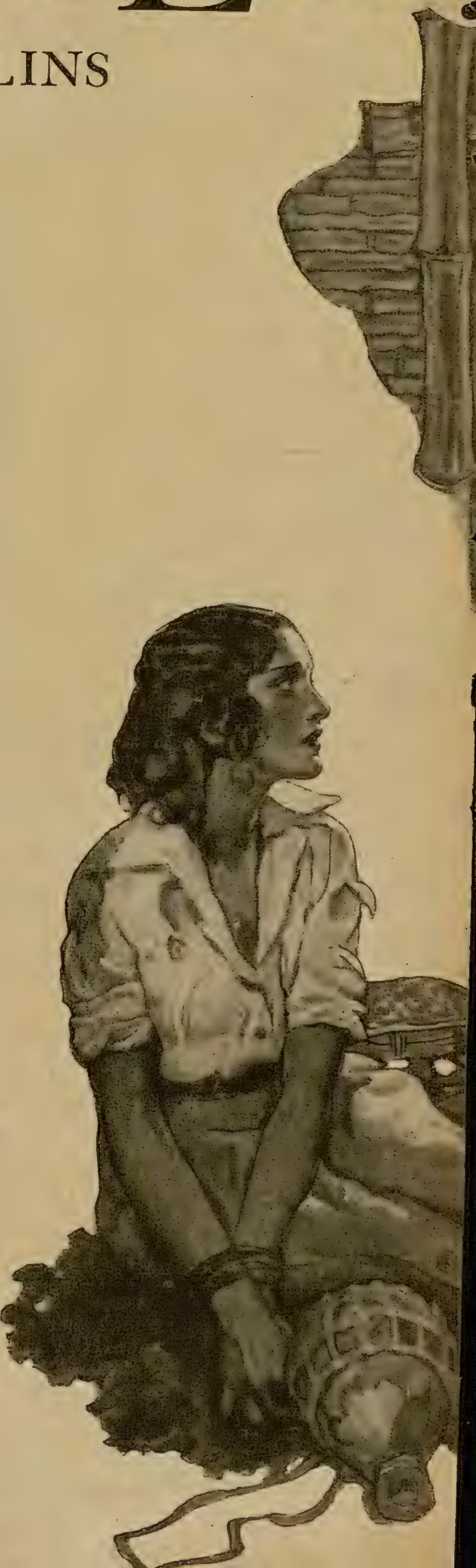
THERE isn't a wilder, weirder suburb of darkness than the upper reaches of the Sepik River, which runs through New Guinea's heart. In that locality skulls are still regarded as household ornaments and prisoners of war as dainties. A shroud of jungle hides the earth, and clouds rest on the mountain tops. The brown men dwell in the age of stone. Death goes armed with spear and poisoned arrow, breathing fever. In brief, the very place where Lady Cynara might be expected to turn up.

Paddles thrusting against the yellow current, the two canoes crept on between walls of vegetation smooth and shining as polished jade, until in the late afternoon they came to the house of Littlejohn Jones. The place was so absolutely isolated, so lost from the world, that it suggested a queer growth there on the river bank rather than a white man's habitation.

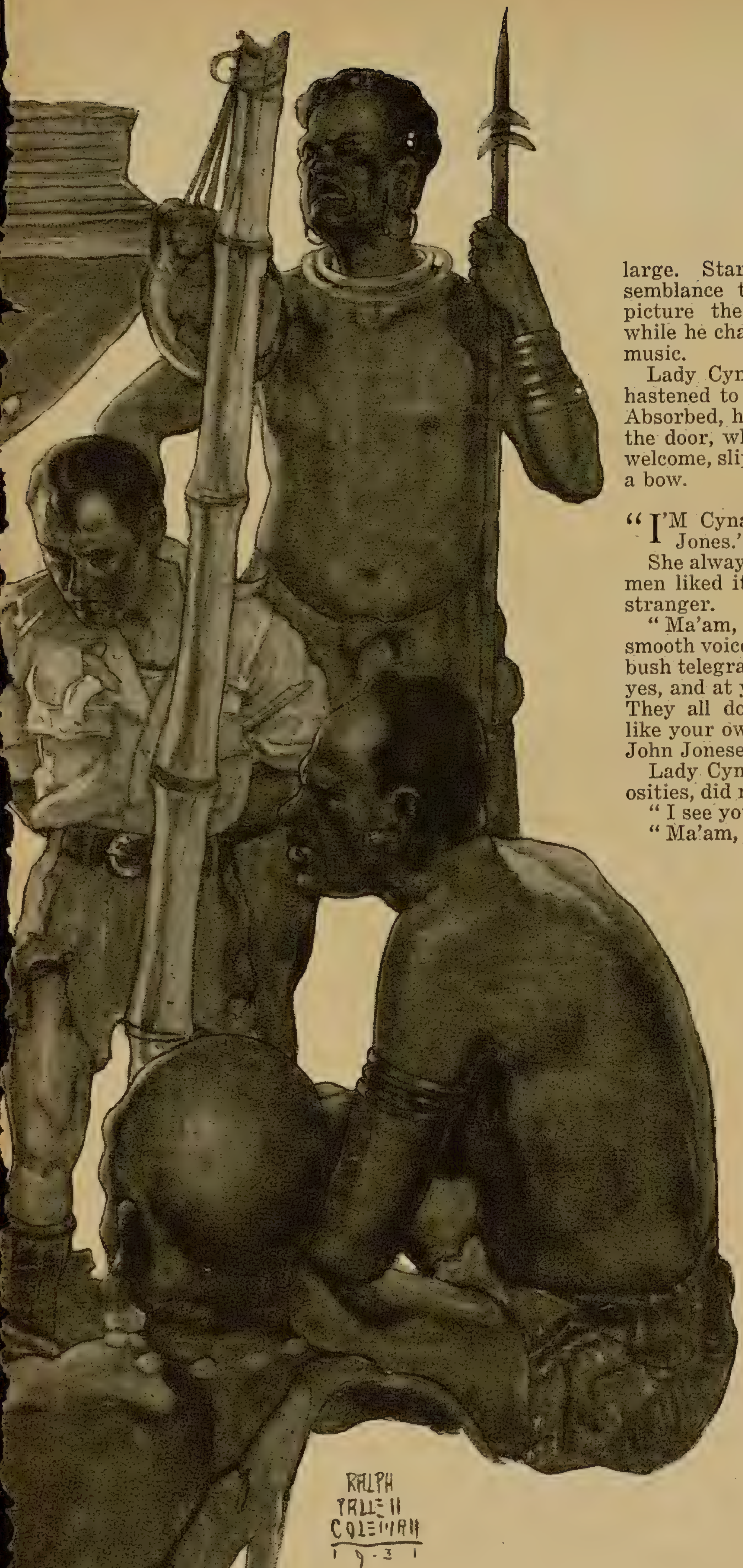
Lady Cynara fairly smacked her pretty lips at the sight, for such lodgings were as wine to a connoisseur of the primitive.

As soon as the canoe touched the mud, she sprang ashore and started up the path with the swagger which years of practice could not make quite masculine. The setting sun lit her thistledown of bobbed hair in an aureole, so that she looked more angelic than ever. She should have been photographed at that very moment, for even her somewhat rumpled and travel-stained condition became her, and her smile was beatific. This smile had been lit by a happy circumstance. It was droll and promising that in a home buried in the jungle someone should play a flute. One did not expect such a thing far up the Sepik, and the unexpected and bizarre were Lady Cynara's stock in trade.

Being the spoiled darling of the outlands, she did not announce herself, but stole quietly up the steps. The farther corner of the veranda was netted against mosquitoes—those Sepik mosquitoes!—and on the edge of the table within sat the musician. Though so short in stature as to be almost a dwarf, his hunched shoulders were broad and his head



# The Story of a Cured Celebrity



"LITTLEJOHN, not the fire! Anything but that. You can't let me go to the fire."

large. Startlingly, his face bore an extraordinary resemblance to Napoleon's. In all, he made a strange picture there with his feet not touching the floor while he charmed from his piccolo a cascade of plaintive music.

Lady Cynara gave a little gasp of gratification, and hastened to make this most desirable acquaintanceship. Absorbed, he remained unaware of her until she opened the door, when he sprang down with a flashing grin of welcome, slipped the piccolo into his pocket, and made her a bow.

"I'M Cynara Coddrington. You, I believe, are John Jones."

She always began in that direct, informal style. Lonely men liked it; most of them were diffident with a lovely stranger.

"Ma'am, I am charmed," he answered in a deep, smooth voice and with an old-fashioned air. "I heard by bush telegraph you might be expected. I am John Jones, yes, and at your service. But please call me Little John. They all do. You run it together—Littlejohn. It is, like your own, a title, a distinction. There are so many John Joneses."

Lady Cynara, an experienced collector of human curiosities, did not betray her delight.

"I see you know all about me," she smiled.

"Ma'am, even here newspapers come at times." He waved her to a chair. "Pray sit. Whisky is the only refreshment I can offer."

"And is precisely what I need."

"The perfect guest, ma'am."

"The perfect host, Littlejohn," said Lady Cynara, and meant it.

She forgot heat and weariness as she subsided into the cane chair. Her mind already busied itself putting this meeting into words ready for the typewriter.

Littlejohn clapped his hands, and gave orders to the boy who answered. Lady Cynara took a powder puff from her shirt pocket and attended to her face. Women audiences at her lectures always noted, and approved, that she remained essentially feminine.

"And how is trade, Littlejohn?"

"So-so, ma'am. Still, I prey fairly successfully on my brown brothers." He hoisted himself up on the table again.

From that elevation he gazed down at her with brown and penetrating eyes. They were the most disconcerting eyes she had ever encountered. They looked at you and through you at something behind. They smiled and twinkled and glowed, but not at you—rather, at your shadow. You wanted to turn your head to discover what was there. And the mouth, the nose, the jaw, the broad forehead with its black lock—these were uncannily Napoleon's. The peculiarity of her host, however, was much to Lady Cynara's taste. With all her arts she paid him grateful tribute for being different. She could not have been more charming to a king.

And while she chattered Littlejohn

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ADVENTURE LADY
Continued from page twenty-three

gazed down at her and through her, big head cocked awry, mouth twisted a little, so that he appeared quaintly sardonic.

The boy returned with a tray.

“ Ah,” she said, “ I need this. It's been a tough day. This afternoon a headless corpse floated by—ugh! ”

“ But, ma'am, surely a corpse means very little to you? ”

“ It wasn't pretty.”

“ Corpses,” he ruminated, “ seldom are. People should think of that before they kill.”

“ A sound idea! ” she agreed lightly, and then, “ Only one glass?—surely you're going to join me? ”

“ If you'll excuse me, ma'am—I am rather unconventional and reverse the usual rule. I do my drinking alone. When I have company I do not need to drink.” He bowed. “ It is a wonder to me the system is not more widely adopted.”

“ It sounds dangerous.”

“ You, ma'am, should know that all life is that.”

The sun had gone; the brief dusk ebbed and the night came down the ranges. The boy brought a lamp, and Lady Cynara shook out her hair, that the light might play pretty tricks with it. She did not need to be told that a story and a drama lay behind the presence of this strange little recluse on the Sepik. She wanted that story; she angled cunningly for it.

Now that the darkness had shut down, the scene was set for just such a tale as he might tell. Insects droned and frogs croaked; from the river came the grunting bark of a crocodile; lizards looked down from the netting with jeweled eyes; outside the pool of lamplight the primitive island brooded.

But he needed careful handling. He had a way of becoming remote and misty; just when she seemed to have him, he slipped between her fingers. She had learned already that he was a widower whose only son had died. She could gather nothing of the son, save that he had stood six feet two, straight as a sword. The wife remained no more than a word. The key to the tale lay elsewhere. Lady Cynara was optimistic. She knew her capabilities, and the evening was young.

“ And now, ma'am,” he said, when she had finished her second drink, “ I suppose you'll wish to bathe and change. The boys will have your room ready. I'll show you to it.”

“ Grand! ”

He held the door, and she passed into the pitchy gloom of the veranda, Littlejohn explaining that the lamps were not lit out there because they brought the mosquitoes.

“ Don't I know the brutes! ” laughed Lady Cynara ruefully.

As she spoke the thing happened.

THE warm and sticky night seized her with a hundred octopus arms which clawed and clung and strangled. The assault was so sudden and inexplicable that she seemed to have been flung into a battle with the powers of darkness. After her first scream something heavy and suffocating was thrust into her mouth, nauseating her. She thrashed and kicked and beat with clenched fists, but all to no purpose. Thongs licked round her wrists and forced them together before her, sending arrows of fire up her arms, and she had to surrender.

Vaguely she apprehended that Littlejohn was also fighting wildly in the pit somewhere close at hand. She heard the shuffle of feet, the hissing intake of breath, the thud of blows. But he would have no chance against these mysterious foes.

Who were they?

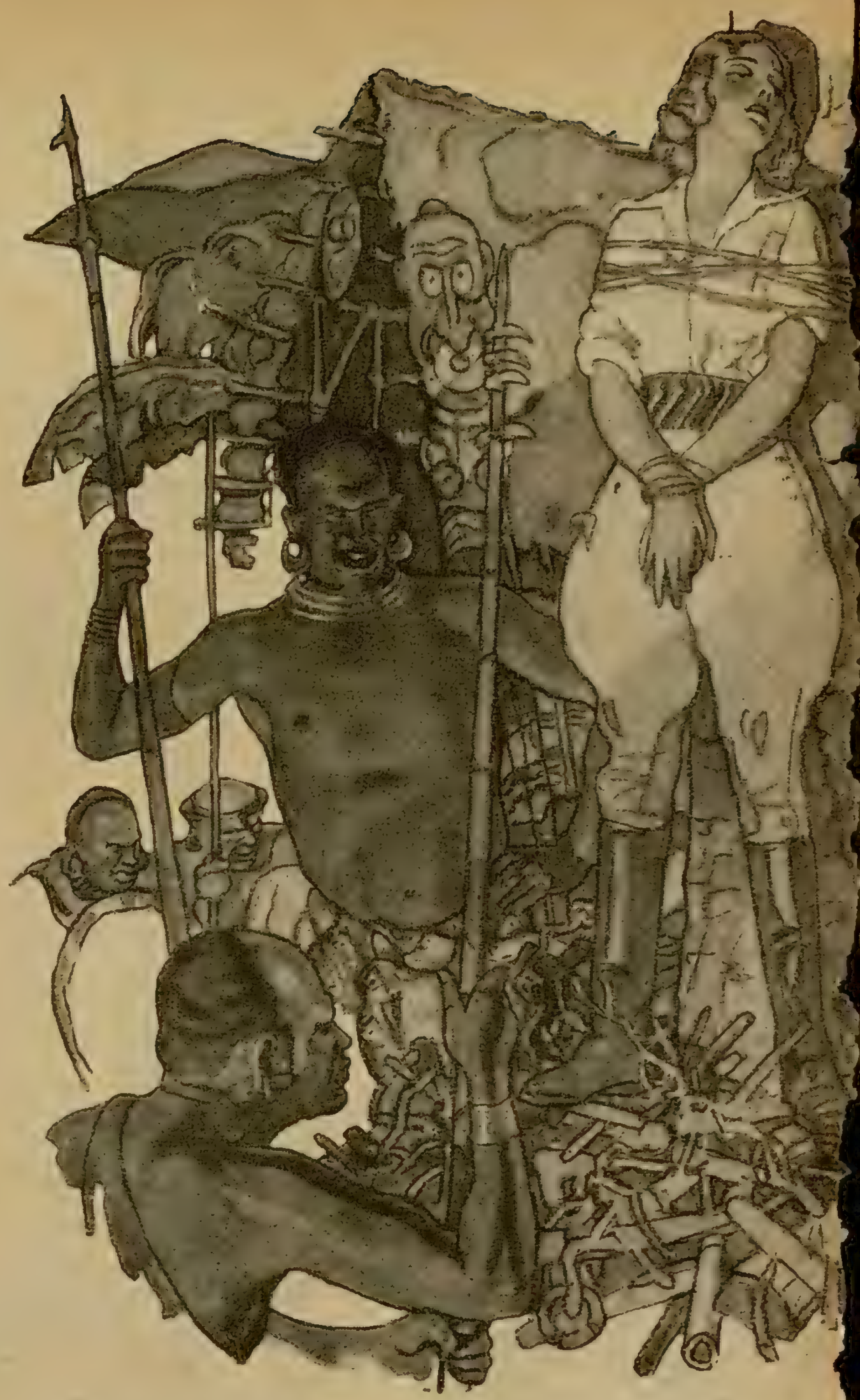
The familiar reek of hot brown bodies cleared her brain. Natives! And they dared to manhandle a white woman like this! An intolerable indignity!

“ You filthy beasts! How dare you? How dare you? ”

Thus she longed to lash them with her tongue, but the gag choked the words back into her throat.

Then, in dim but terrifying silhouette against the sky, Littlejohn was hustled by, bound and broken, in the midst of a surge of naked savages.

“ Littlejohn! ”



The scream became no more than a retching sound.

She started after him, desperately, blindly, and her guards crowded close about her, pressing her on. Down the veranda steps they plunged into the sea of night.

What had happened? Where were her canoe boys? Where were Littlejohn's people? If they had fled, would they have the sense to take word down the river? Whither was she being dragged? To what grim doom?

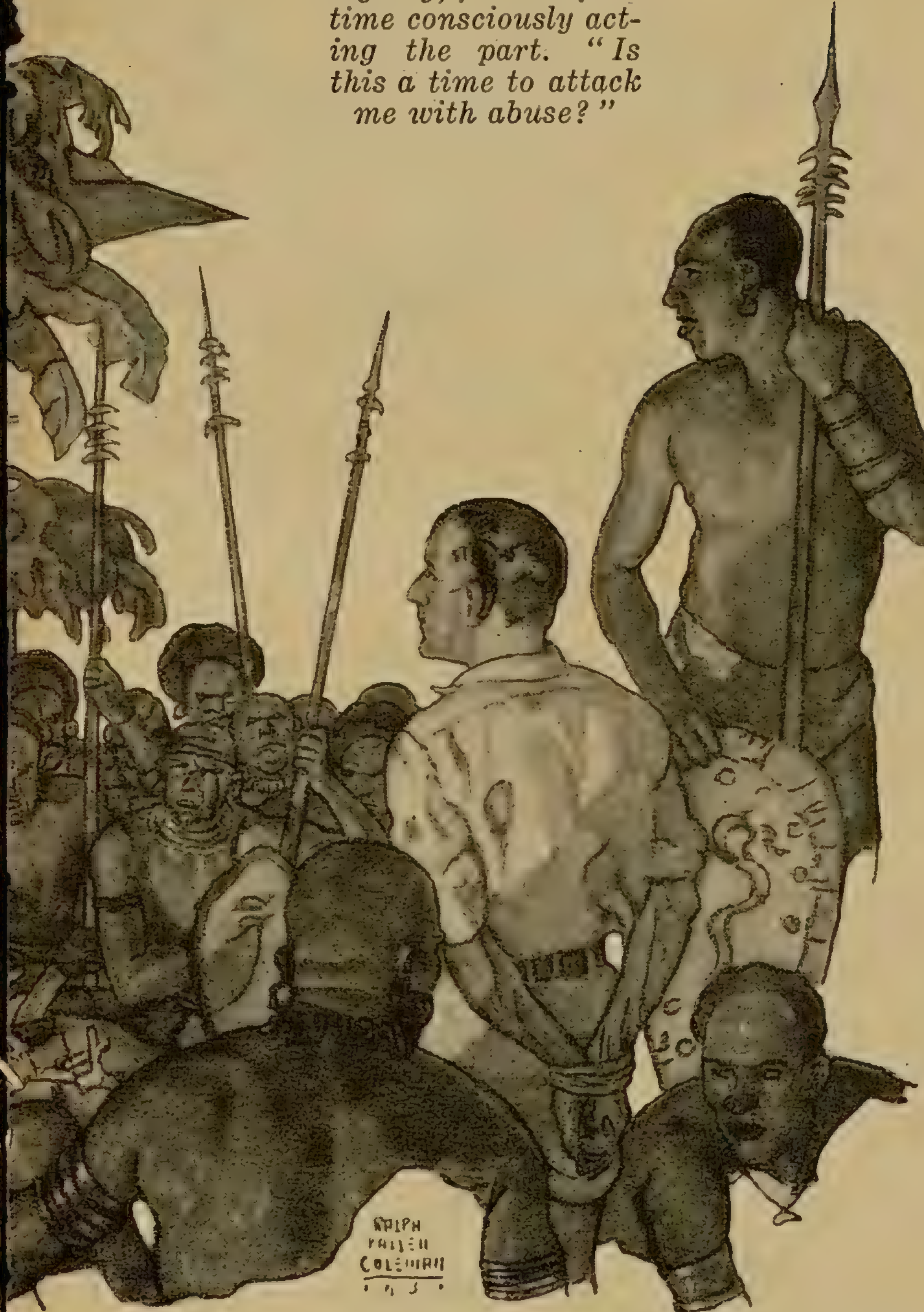
The questions rioted sparklike in her mind, unanswerable, tormentingly. For a space panic and fury blinded her to all else; but gradually her faculties returned and she began to take stock of the situation. These shadows forcing her through the night were natives. It had been her boast that she did not fear primitive peoples, and with cause, for she had always been rescued in time. This would prove no exception. She would be rescued. It would be her greatest adventure—on that she must concentrate. Her greatest adventure, culminating in a dramatic rescue! She set her teeth, biting on the gag until her gums bled, in a struggle to muster all her spirit.

And, indeed, Lady Cynara needed all her spirit in the nightmare hours that followed. Hemmed in by grim and silent shapes, she stumbled down a shaft of misery. Heavy, furtively clamorous jungle soured the tarry air with a breath of decay. The thongs cut her wrists. She tripped frequently, only to be jerked rudely up again. She wept from sheer fatigue.

When, at long last, they took out the gag, her tongue welcomed the relief and she was able to fill her pumping lungs; but she was too weak to cry out; too miserable. Useless! No one would hear in those ebony depths. Littlejohn, blundering on ahead somewhere, was as impotent as she.

Oh, God, how much farther?

*SHE drew herself up with weary dignity, for the first time consciously acting the part. "Is this a time to attack me with abuse?"*



A long, long way—a way so long that treading it she passed out of pain and weariness into a void where the legs moved like crazy automatons carrying the trunk of a corpse. No pause, no respite. Clothes soaked with dew sent a fever chill into her bones, yet flesh and muscle burned. She went on. She could not stop. On and on, the world without end. Lady Cynara did not see the dawn.

She reeled blindly through the staring village. They flung her on the earthen floor of a hut, where she lay, feeling her limp legs still marching. Then there was nothing save a gnawing pain which pursued her ruthlessly, down even into the depths of collapse.

OUTSIDE drums throbbed, and her body throbbed in unison. Insatiable vermin feasted on her. She thirsted, for all too short the one draft of foul water her captors had allowed her. They had tied her ankles together on either side of the center pole of the hut, and her hands were still bound, so that she could only writhe within a radius of a few feet. The floor gave off an evil odor, and its dust choked her when she stirred. Spiders climbed on the brown beehive beneath which she lay. In the doorway a naked guard rested on his spear, bronze body shining. Disks in the lobes made his ears appear tremendous; but Lady Cynara knew by bitter experience that those huge ears did not hear appeals or curses or groans of anguish.

"They'll save me," her dry lips babbled. "They'll come in time and save me."

Only that conviction enabled her to endure. It was an anodyne for her frayed nerves, a balm for her suffering flesh.

The guard's long shadow moved, and she turned on her side, wincing with the pain of the movement. Immediately her heart beat faster. Littlejohn was shuffling through the doorway. Though he was still bound and warriors walked on either hand and behind him, the mere sight of a white face brought renewal and refreshment. The misshapen man looked old and spent. His clothes were rags; his body bowed under the weight of his head. But his eyes still held their quality. They glowed and looked beyond. Without a word, he hobbled to her and stood staring down in a fashion enigmatic and aloof. It was as if he had fallen into a brooding reverie at the sight she presented. The natives grouped about him, men hewn from weathered wood.

"Littlejohn?" A thousand questions in her whisper of his name.

"Ma'am." He bowed stiffly, wearily, above her. "You chose a luckless hour for your visit to the Sepik, ma'am. We are in the hands of the Yamadi."

"But I understood that nowadays all the natives—"

"Save your breath, ma'am." He spoke on an unwonted note of sharpness, betraying that the ordeal had played havoc with him as it had with her. "Time is brief—they have only sent me to explain. Three sets of twins were born in this tribe the night before last. To us a coincidence; to them, ma'am, an omen and a sign of great import. It calls, according to their code, for the sacrifice of a stranger to the gods—a stranger of worth and importance. You understand, ma'am, it is not murder, from their point of view. It is a religious ceremony, ma'am—like evensong."

She caught her breath.

"THEY'RE—they're going to kill us, Littlejohn? That's what you're telling me?"

"One of us, ma'am. The gods prefer a willing offering. That is why they took us both. If one will die for the other"—he shrugged broad shoulders—"the gods will be the happier."

A surge of joy swept through Lady Cynara. Her faith stood justified. The color flooded back to her cheeks, the brightness to her eyes. She did not speak—there was no need. Lying in the dust, she gazed up at Littlejohn Jones, tears of admiration, of gratitude, of infinite relief brimming in her eyes. A sigh sweet as incense rose to him.

But Littlejohn Jones continued to meditate on Lady Cynara and on something in the earth beneath her.

"Littlejohn!" A mere breath, but so eloquent.

In solemn and ironic denial he wagged his Napoleonic head from side to side.

"You jump to conclusions, ma'am," he said evenly. "You flatter me, you flatter yourself. You have a fine conceit, ma'am. You think I am going to lay down my life for you, but you are sadly mistaken. Why should I be so quixotic, so foolish?"

Her baby-blue eyes dilated in incredulous horror.

"But I am a woman!"

"Then you should not be here, ma'am. The upper Sepik is no place for your sex. You have put yourself needlessly into the position of a man. You must pardon me, ma'am, if I treat you as one."

Lady Cynara saw him no longer as a character for her book; he had become a figure of doom.

"But," she moaned in protest—"but—"

"There is no 'but,' ma'am."

"You'd stand by and see a woman of your own race murdered?"

"Not if she were a mother, perhaps, or even a wife. But you, ma'am, are only a masquerader in trousers. Your life is quite superfluous. What purpose will be served by your journey up the Sepik? You are not here from a sense of duty, to do a job, ma'am, but simply because you hanker for thrills, sensations, and publicity. I cannot see why I should be sacrificed to those ends. Other men in other lands have died for your selfish foolhardiness. You must forgive Littlejohn Jones, ma'am, if he declines the honor."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ADVENTURE LADY
Continued from page twenty-five

His Old World bow became another stinging taunt.

"You fiend! You ghoul!" wept Lady Cynara.

She broke into hysterical, bitter laughter which came cracked and thin from her parched throat.

Littlejohn turned to the savage on his right and spoke briefly in the dialect.

"Tell me," whispered Lady Cynara when he had done, "how will they decide between us?"

"That is their business, ma'am. Personally, if the selection were mine, I would choose you for the gratification of the gods. I am somewhat grotesque; you are a very beautiful piece of humanity. From one point of view it seems a shame that you should be wasted, but, on the other hand, it is only just that there should be compensations for being Littlejohn."

His lips twisted.

"How will it be done?" Each word lagged on her reluctant tongue.

"The fire. A great fire. I have just seen them building it, ma'am. Tomorrow night—"

"Fire? No, no, no, not fire!"

Overwhelmed, distraught, she crouched at his feet, beating the ground with her hands. Then, abruptly, she wrenched herself into a sitting position, wild supplication in her face.

"Littlejohn, not the fire! Anything but that. You can't let me go to the fire. It isn't human. You couldn't be such a devil. Life doesn't mean so very much to you, but I adore it, Littlejohn. Listen to me. I'll do anything for you—I'll love you, Littlejohn—I'll worship you every day I live. Save me! Men always have protected women. It's natural, inevitable—it's been so since time began."

His steady scrutiny probed through her into the dust.

"This man," he said, "does not die for you, ma'am."

Impatient at the delay, his warders jostled him roughly, and he turned about and shuffled out of the hut, head drooping, shoulders hunched.

"Littlejohn! Oh, my dear! Don't go! Don't leave me!"

She tried to crawl after him.

The bare backs of the guards passed through the doorway.

Night came—an eternity of night without the peace of death. It is not good to dwell on that night, nor on the scorched, mad day that followed. To have survived that day and night was in itself a feat to place Lady Cynara among the heroic figures. She was in hell, with hell fire still to come. And that which kept her sane was simply the deep-rooted, unshakable conviction that Littlejohn would save her in the end, or, failing him, some miracle of fortune. A great faith, this of Lady Cynara's. It had prevailed so often.

She was given water and unsavory messes of food, but she was told nothing.

DALE COLLINS

*the author of this story, is an Australian whose home is in England, though he spends most of his time on sailing boats and in the South Seas. He is the author of Ordeal, The Haven, and several other novels.*

WHEN next night fell, they came for her, cut the thongs about her ankles, and raised her up.

"You've chosen him—not me! Not me!"

She clung to their bare shoulders in entreaty and for support. She knelt to them, holding up her hands in prayer and that the bonds might be struck off. But the religious men of the Yamadi regarded her with the blankness of brutes, and dragged her to her feet again. Then they marched her out of the living tomb of the hut back into the world. Yet not the world—for this place was the setting of a dream. Great hills, purple and cold, rose up toward the glittering stars. On every hand the empty miles of jungle shut out sanity and law and hope.

Torches and camp fires flung fickle light and shade on the huts, which were ranged about a big open space, so that it seemed a circle of crouching mammoths stood guard. All the tribe of the Yamadi waited in massed and solemn array to witness the sacrifice for the triple twins. They sat on their haunches in rows, gayly adorned for the festival, the men in front, the young women next, the ancients peering from the background. On either flank the drummers squatted, hammering their hollowed logs with ecstatic persistence in a rhythm like the beating of the earth's heart. The waves of sound marched through the sluggish air. All this Lady Cynara took in vaguely, as a cloudy impression shifting and changing behind the vital center of the universe where there arose—before three gigantic carved totem poles and a peaked long house—a pile of branches, dried bush and logs, ready for the torch. The bare trunk of a tree raised its white column through the heart of that awing mound.

At the foot of the pyre stood a small figure with broad shoulders. His attitude suggested deep thought; he meditated, heedless of the Yamadi.

Lady Cynara focused her smarting eyes on that figure, striving to read whether he had heard the verdict and what the verdict might be. His immobility foiled her, but, indomitable hope starting up again, she hurried unsteadily to him. She waited, quivering.

"I am sorry," said Littlejohn. "They have done the natural thing—ma'am, they have chosen you."

He looked behind her, not at the guards but at that other something he always saw.

"No! No! No!" she said firmly, denying a ridiculous assertion.

"Yes, ma'am. They are taking me to the river. We are farther downstream than my home. There'll be a canoe for me. They'll paddle me to within twenty miles of the district officer's place, and from there I shall go on alone. I shall do what I can, but it would be vain, ma'am, to deny that it will be too late to save you."

HE might have been outlining an everyday journey, and Lady Cynara listened with no more than polite attention. For so much had happened that this final blow—this ultimate stroke—found her incapable of feeling.

"Yes," she said; "you are fortunate."

"Ma'am, I am."

Without thought, on a mechanical impulse, she put her hands on his.

"Littlejohn, isn't there *anything* you can do?"

"Ma'am, there is nothing. I cannot fight five hundred armed men with my hands tied and a piccolo for weapon."

"True, Littlejohn," she admitted soberly.

There was nothing more to be said. Once too often had she gone in quest of adventure. Fatalistic acceptance had usurped hope at last. Littlejohn had ceased to be a man of flesh and blood who might buy her life with his own. Numb beyond caring, she did not even think of the fire now.

They took her elbows.

"Good-by, Littlejohn," she said.

"Ma'am, good-by." He bowed.

The drums beat faster. When she began to climb she swayed as if caught suddenly by a great wind, but she did not falter. The mass shifted uneasily. She went carefully, lest she should fall or be torn by a jagged branch. The drums echoed in the vacuum of her being.

"Ma'am!"

Instinct heard a reprieve in that call. Something that had fled came back into her—a flutter, a stir of life. She turned about and looked down. Littlejohn stood below, foreshortened, more squat than ever. What did he want with her?

"Ma'am," he said in his mellow tones, "you are at present a worthless, useless woman. You are, ma'am, a pest and a menace. You have cost good men their lives."

She drew herself up with weary dignity, for the first time consciously acting the part.

"Is this a time to attack me with abuse?"

"Ma'am, that is what you are and what you have been. But there is much more in you. You have a brave spirit, ma'am, and a beautiful body. You could do useful work in this world. I am a poor figure of a man to whom, as you have pointed out, life now means very little. I have not even a son to live for. I will make a bargain with you, ma'am. Go back into your world and do your woman's task. Forswear this folly of aping what you are not. Go back, ma'am, marry a man, bear him sons. Bear him twins, ma'am, to make up for the time you have wasted and the lives you have destroyed for your vanity's sake."

As ever, he looked through her.

In an instant, as though he had freed her from some dark enchantment, Lady Cynara resumed her ego, thrilled and pulsed with blessed life. She had been saved again at the eleventh hour as she had known she would be.

In broken sentences she thanked and blessed him.

" Swear it, ma'am."

She swore his oath.

He stepped forward and addressed the lethargic onlookers. They listened, chewing betel nut.

He ceased, and Lady Cynara descended to him. Silent, side by side, they awaited the result of the council.

An elder stepped forward and spoke briefly.

" Ma'am," said Littlejohn with a bitter smile, " they accept the willing sacrifice. Go now."

Lady Cynara wept, then, like a lost child.

" Littlejohn, may I kiss you *au revoir?*"

He drew up his small body and gazed at her, mysteries in his eyes.

" Ma'am," said he, " keep your kisses for the man you have promised to find. They are wasted on me. But wait." He spoke to his guards, who untied his wrists.

Then he took out a pocketbook and scribbled on several pages with a steady hand. Ripping them out, he placed them in an envelope from the back of the book, and sealed the flap.

" This is for Thompson, the district officer," he explained. " It will tell him all he needs to know. He will deal with the Yamadi. Do not trouble about your goods at my house. They are pillaged long since. Leave New Guinea, as you have sworn, and remember the rest of your oath. And now, ma'am, I bid you farewell."

On that word, without another glance, he started his ascent, the executioners on either hand. Sick and faint, she gazed after him. He reached the top and stood quietly while they lashed his body to the tree.

" See to it, ma'am, that I am the last man who dies for you," he boomed. " And go! "

THE brown paws closed again on her arms, and she was led across the clearing. And, all at once, to her ears came sweetly the laughing, lilting notes of the piccolo.

Lady Cynara turned about, the tears salty on her lips.

High on his death hill stood Littlejohn Jones, his great head bent affectionately over the shining piccolo, his body lashed closely to the tree's stark column. Men advanced toward the pyre bearing flaring torches like flowers of hell.

Her knees gave way, but her guards swung her round and marched her off. Her feet kept time to Men of Harlech, played shrilly, defiantly, by Littlejohn Jones. Before they plunged into the full depth of the jungle, a great red glare burst over them, lighting every twig and leaf in fierce relief.

And the piccolo fell silent. . . .

On the veranda of his store Littlejohn Jones took his ease after the labor of distributing the many gifts of trade goods. A whisky stood at his elbow, and despite his solitariness he spoke aloud, in the manner of lonely men.

" Very bad for prestige, David," he said. " Very bad. I wonder will Thompson play up to my note? Afraid not —he's an official. I shall have to get out of the country, I suppose, but my job's done. I knew she'd come to the Sepik sooner or later. A woman like her had to. I quite understand you didn't approve, David. Yes, you're as mad as a hornet with me. But I didn't do it just in revenge for you, David. It was for the sake of the other lads like you, David, who might have had to suffer some time or other just as you did, that I staged the little charade. A good lesson for her, David, and good may come of it. Don't be angry with me, boy."

Littlejohn Jones, of course, was addressing his son, whose six feet two of body straight as a sword lies buried in the dust of central Australia.

David was one of the flying men who perished in the search for Lady Cynara. The loss sent Littlejohn Jones quite queer. But he would be gratified if he knew about the twins.

THE END

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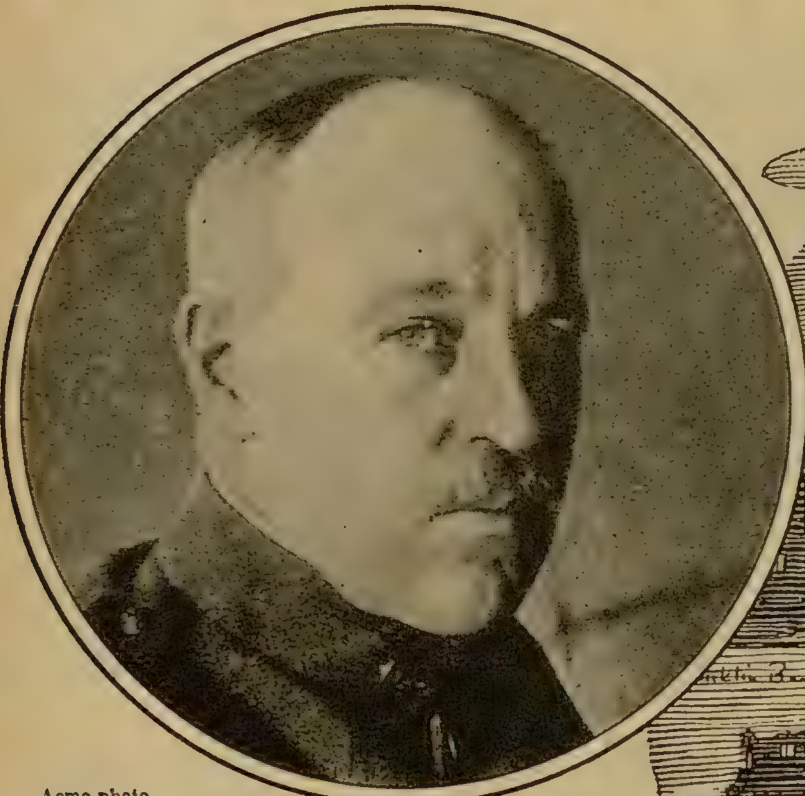
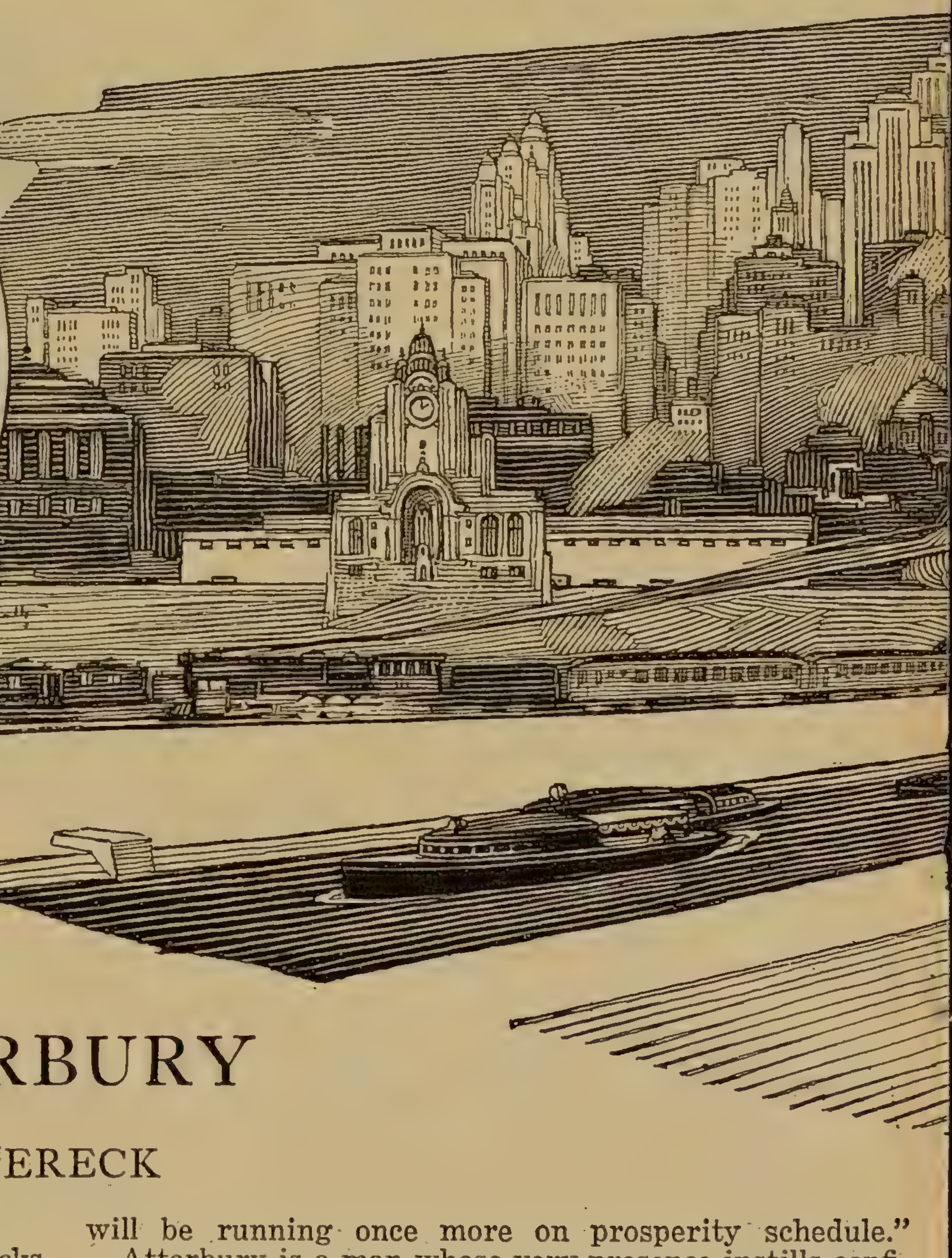
# *How to Get the* BUSINESS *BACK on the TRACK*



Acme photo

*General W. W. Atterbury on his colossal wartime traffic job.*



## *An Interview with* GEN. W. W. ATTERBURY

### *By* GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

*(Reading time: 15 minutes 10 seconds.)*

THE bottom had fallen out of the market. Stocks were dropping from the basement into the cellar. Wall Street was shivering in its boots. The pulse of Big Business indicated acute palpitations of the heart. It was on a day such as this that I faced the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad in his office. Tall, ruddy, with iron-gray hair and blue-gray eyes, General Atterbury was seated at his desk calmly enjoying a midmorning lunch of a glass of milk and some crackers.

"General," I said somewhat excitedly, mindful of the plunge which my own investments had taken in the last few days, "what shall we do in this economic cataclysm that seems to engulf us all?"

General Atterbury put down his glass of milk.

"If you were a railroad man and a storm swept away your bridges and devastated your roadbed, what would you do? You would put your emergency crews on the job and restore traffic as quickly as possible."

Leaning back in his chair, he eyed me quizzically.

"The train of business," he went on to say, "is disabled. But the damage is not beyond repair. The locomotive is still intact, the roadbed is sound, the passengers are scared but not hurt. We may not be able to run on time, but we'll keep the train moving. Before long it will be running once more on prosperity schedule."

Atterbury is a man whose very presence instills confidence. When in July of 1917 Pershing asked for "the ablest railroad man in the United States," Newton D. Baker, then Secretary of War, commandeered the services of William Wallace Atterbury. He set sail for Europe in August; on October 5 he was commissioned brigadier general of the United States army, and three days later this was confirmed by the Senate.

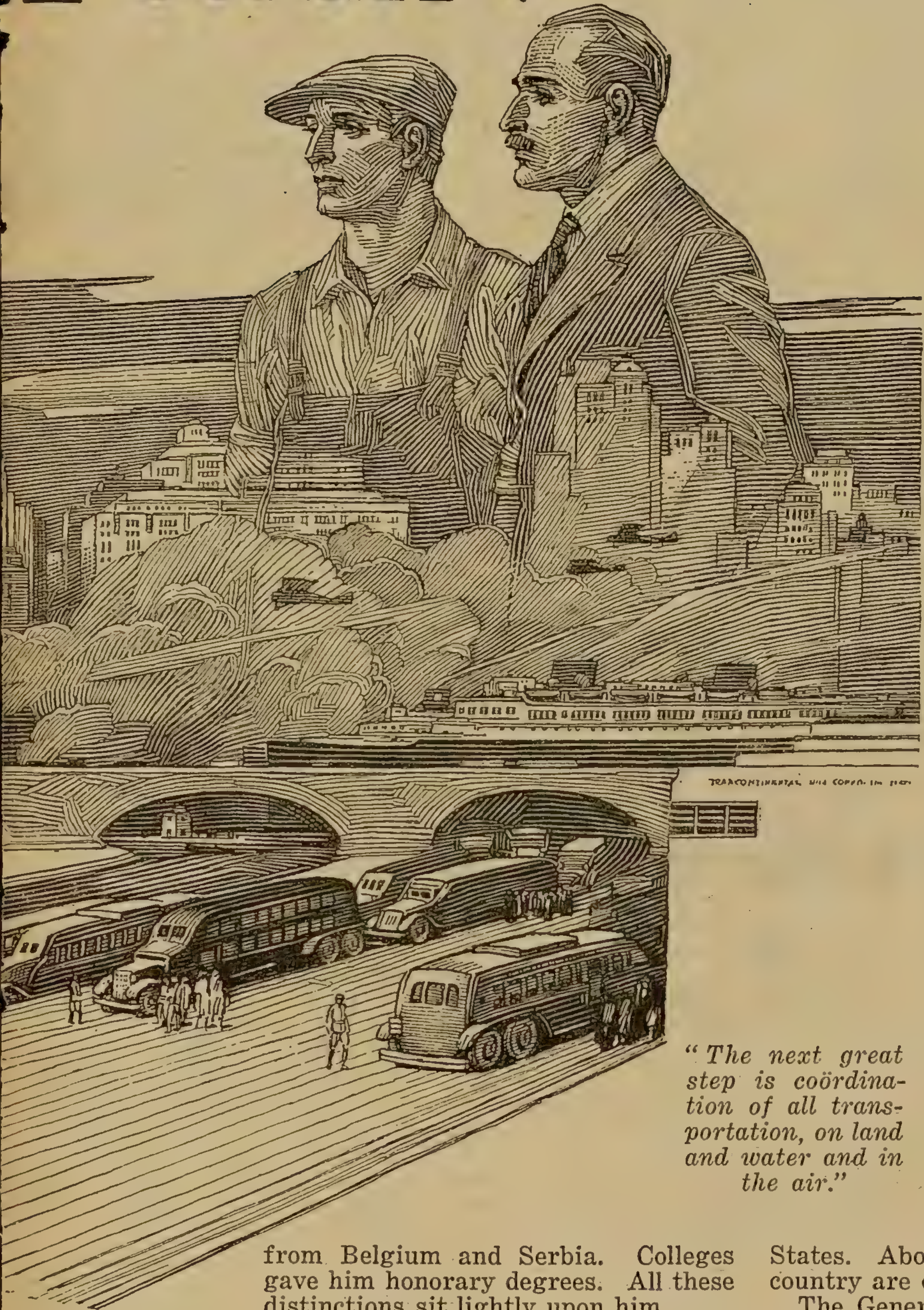
In his war memoirs General Pershing pays unstinted tribute to Atterbury's personality. He extols his force, his grasp of difficulties, and his willingness. Atterbury successfully overcame the worst traffic jam in history. The rapidity with which he unloaded men and material stunned friend and foe alike. Ludendorff's worst headache was General Atterbury.

Atterbury is of Huguenot stock. One of his ancestors, Elias Boudinot, was at one time president of the Continental Congress. In 1916 General Atterbury was elected, without a single dissenting vote, president of the American Railway Association. The United States bestowed upon him the Distinguished Service Medal; France made him a Commander of the Legion of Honor; Great Britain, Companion of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath. Decorations dropped into his buttonhole

# TRAIN

## *A Great Railroad Executive Reviews His Career, Looks Ahead, and Gives Some Practical Advice*

*Picture by*
Franklin Booth



*"The next great step is coördination of all transportation, on land and water and in the air."*

from Belgium and Serbia. Colleges gave him honorary degrees. All these distinctions sit lightly upon him.

General Atterbury prefers playing golf to talking about himself. He keeps himself in trim as if he were still a soldier, and he works just as hard. When I asked him to give me his recipe for success, he simply said: "Work hard, play when you play, and don't worry."

The General is intensely interested in asking questions of his interviewers, getting the other fellow's point of view. He subjected me to a veritable hurricane of questions before I succeeded once more in entrapping him in the cage of my interrogation.

"DO you work as hard today as you did in the beginning of your career?"

"I work as hard today as I did some forty-five years ago, but it is of course a different kind of work."

The General referred to the time when, after receiving his degree in 1886 from Yale, he doffed his cap and gown and donned overalls in a machine shop of the Pennsylvania. I looked at the General's hands, long, well groomed, aristocratic. In my mind's eye I saw a rich man's son starting ostensibly at the bottom, but actually promoted, after a few months in the workshops, to an executive job, without ever going through the hardships of a real workman. I did not voice this suspicion, but something in my manner must have communicated my thought.

"Is it really true that when you started work you had largely to support yourself," I asked, remembering a story which I had attributed to the ingenuity of a public relations counsel, "and used the same bunk as a night watchman"?

General Atterbury smiled quaintly.

"Yes. We doubled up. That was in Altoona. It was an ideal arrangement. We had a little room near the shop where he slept in the daytime and I slept at night."

"How much did you earn the first year?"

"Probably as much as I was worth—seven cents an hour."

"But," I said, "being a college man, I presume you advanced quickly?"

THE General chuckled reminiscently. "The second year I got a raise of two cents per hour!"

"And then?"

"The third year I earned eleven cents. The fourth year my remuneration rose to fourteen cents an hour. I paid the rent for my room and all my expenses by working thirteen to fourteen hours a day. And maybe it is because I worked with my own hands at the rate of seven cents an hour that I am so much interested in the point of view of the hundred and sixty thousand employees who work for the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Pennsylvania is one of the largest employers of labor in the United States. About one-tenth of all railroad workers in the country are on its pay roll."

The General likes to whistle. It has been said that he whistles at times even at directors' meetings.

"Is a college education a help or a hindrance in business, General?"

"That depends entirely on the man. It is a help if he does not permit it to clutter up his mind or to inculcate a superiority complex. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing in some cases. It is a mighty weapon in others."

"To what do you attribute your own rapid rise? I understand that you were appointed chief of operations before you were thirty-eight, over the heads of men who had grown gray in the service."

"I tried to attend to my job and to know all about it; at the same time I kept my eyes open to see what was going on all about me."

"Does not the increasing complexity of civilization compel a man to keep only his own job in mind?"

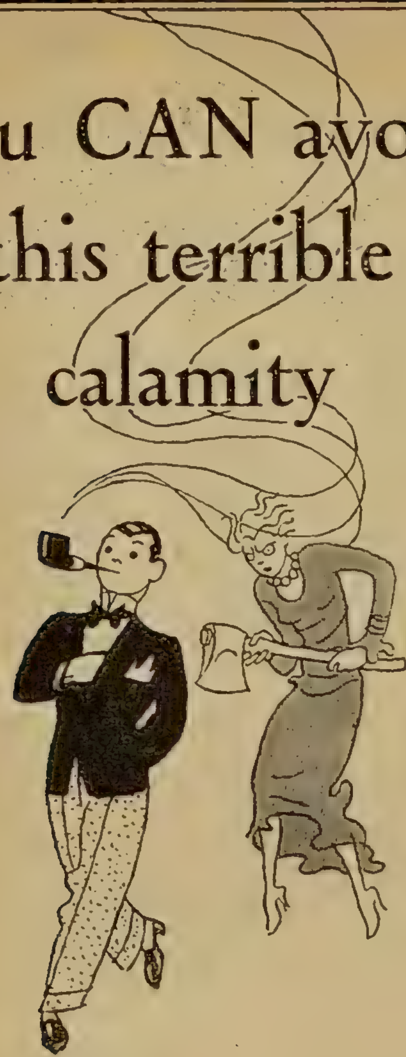
"Among the blind the one-eyed man is king. The specialist may be king among the sightless. I prefer a man who keeps both eyes open."

"But in mechanical work rigid attention to detail is the paramount virtue!"

"Attention to detail," Atterbury replied, "is essential, but it is not enough—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You CAN avoid this terrible calamity



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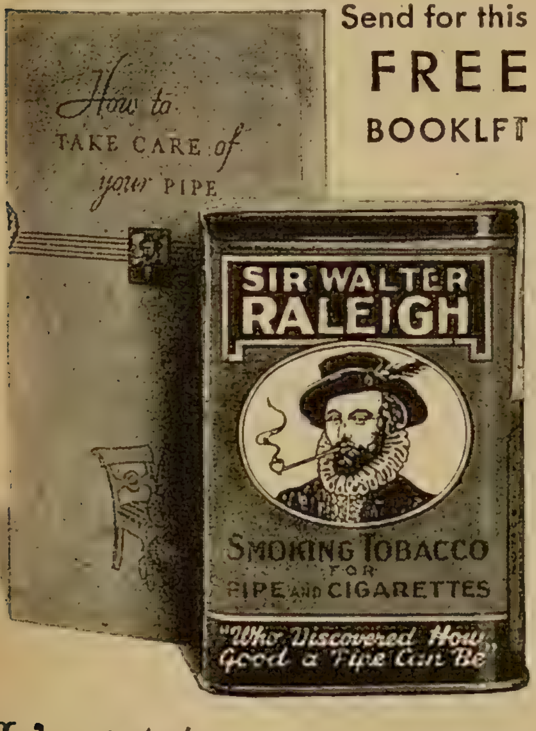
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## HOW TO GET THE BUSINESS TRAIN BACK ON THE TRACK

Continued from page twenty-nine

At this moment we were disturbed by the announcement that the president of another great railroad was waiting for General Atterbury. He excused himself and disappeared into an adjoining office. After a few minutes he reappeared and resumed the conversation.

"If," he said softly, "mere attention to mechanical details made the efficient worker, robots would be better than men. No human brain can vie with the precision of a machine. The worker is superior to the robot because, unlike the robot, he can solve unexpected problems by utilizing his brain."

"But," I rejoined, "our mechanical civilization reduces men to robots. What chance has the average young man for advancement? It was easier to rise from the ranks two or three decades ago."

General Atterbury shook his head.

"There are many times the opportunities today that existed years ago. Businesses in need of executives have increased six hundred per cent in the last twenty years."

"It seems to me," I retorted, "that the depression through which we are passing keeps many young men from getting any job at all."

"The misadventure of this particular period is, after all, only a temporary affliction. It may be more serious than we first realized, but in any case we shall discover a remedy. The remedy may be medical, or it may require the services of a surgeon; but I have no doubt that we shall regain our stride.

"It is an ill wind that blows good to no one. The ill wind of depression sweeps away incompetence and makes more room at the top. There will be plenty of room for ambitious young men before we have liquidated the trouble.

"Big business is always on the lookout for efficiency, and the rewards for efficiency are greater than ever. But modern business demands of a man the best he can give."

THE General smiled.

"It is with a job as it is with love. To have and to hold are two different things. Dame Fortune is a woman. It is not sufficient to win her. We must continue to woo her."

"How do you explain the magnitude of the present crisis?"

"How do you explain an earthquake?" The General shrugged his shoulders.

"Isn't that passing the buck to—God?" I asked.

The General's eyes twinkled.

"Science," he retorted, "can explain the convulsions of the earth. It should also be possible to explain economic earthquakes. But we need delicate instruments for observation and infinite patience to establish their cause."

"What is the primary cause of the present trouble?"

General Atterbury looked at me quizzically.

"There is no single cause, in my opinion. The causes are many and complex. We cannot even analyze them without an adequate and impartial survey."

"Do you mean a survey by professional analysts?" I replied skeptically. "Most experts have failed us completely. Of the great forecasting agencies, only one was right fifty-five per cent of the time. Most economic forecasters managed to guess wrong two out of three times."

"I WOULD not," the General replied, "put my trust in theorists."

"On whom would you rely?"

"Possibly a council of business men coöperating with the United States government."

"What sort of men?"

"Railroad men who can see beyond the tracks of their own roads; manufacturers who can see beyond their own factories; bankers whose eyes are not riveted to the ticker; business men who think in terms of the next generation, not in terms of the next weekly pay roll. I have in mind a body, without specific political affiliations, that commands the respect of the nation.

"Have you ever," the General continued, "considered the system of the royal commissions appointed by the British Parliament to study questions of public moment? Both the public at large and the Parliamentarians are schooled to reserve their judgment until such men have spoken. Their judgment may not be infallible, but at least it forestalls much hasty and ill-advised action."

"Along what lines would such a committee proceed?"

"Maybe they would discover that taxes are too high and that we are paying off our national debt and our war debt too rapidly.

"There is no reason why the present generation should bear the entire financial burden saddled upon us for improvements which will benefit our children even more than ourselves.

"It may be that we have been too extravagant in installment buying. Men are justified in mortgaging their future for anything that adds permanently to their well-being and to their happiness, but they should think twice before spending their unearned money for perishable delights that cease to exist before they foot the bill.

"Maybe we shall discover that business is over-regulated. Somebody, I think Wilde, once said that the best government for the artist is no government at all. I am not competent to speak about artists, but I know that the best government for business and public alike is the least avoidable interference of government with business and the natural operation of economic laws. Probably the council will advise us to throw upon the rubbish pile survivals of another economic era, such as the Sherman Act, which in many instances prevents American business from stretching its limbs."

"Remember," I interjected, "there was a time when Big Business said, 'The public be damned.'"

Atterbury nodded. "That was a bygone age," he said. "An age that thinks in billions need not be afraid of mere bigness."

"Democracy has always been jealous of monopolies."

"There is no harm in a well regulated monopoly. Modern business had acquired a social conscience even before the World War. The World War," the General added, "taught us another lesson. It impressed upon us the rights of labor. But rights imply duties as well. Neither capital nor labor can disregard with impunity the public welfare.

"There is a legal fiction that in certain agreements the state enters as an invisible partner. It seems to me that this is true of every pact and every agreement affecting the public welfare.

"We must learn to think not only in terms of the public but in terms of the world at large. In the world today economics overshadows politics. We must find ways and means of protecting our industries without crippling our customers, and of developing methods of disposing of the world's agricultural and industrial surpluses, and of mitigating the perils resulting from the maldistribution of gold.

"FOR one thing, America no less than Europe must somehow face the problem of Russia. We certainly cannot solve it by burying our heads in the sands of prejudice. Bolshevism, for better or for worse, is a force that can be felt throughout the world like the throbbing of a powerful engine. We must deal with that force constructively."

"Would you recognize Russia?"

"Frankly, I don't know what our attitude should be. But one thing I am sure of: I would sit down with them and talk it out and see if there is any common ground on which we could meet and each retain his self-respect.

"I have no doubt that we shall muddle through our trouble. But that is not enough. We must find a compass to guide our steps and blue prints to guide our hands. We must, above all, learn to march in step with other nations and other men."

"IT seems to me," I said, "that you expect almost too much of human nature. There will always be selfish interests and personal and national grievances which divert our thoughts and cloud our vision."

"Maybe. But as the individual matures and as nations mature, they learn that hatred is never a paying investment. I always"—he smiled reminiscently—"remember a teacher who literally kicked me out of school when I was a lad. I promised myself some day when I was grown up to come back and to give that pedagogue a sound thrashing.

"I was a strapping fellow, six feet tall and weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, when I returned to wreak my vengeance. But when I sought out my assailant I discovered a shriveled little man whom I could knock over almost with a push. He was not the ogre that I had pictured and perhaps I had greatly provoked him.

"I saw the incident in its true perspective and smiled.

"It does not pay anybody to carry a chip on his shoulder. In personal as well as in industrial disputes I have always advocated friendly discussion around a table.

"Strikes, like wars, are unnecessary. Capital must grant to labor the utmost that it can give in justice to itself and their mutual obligations to the public.

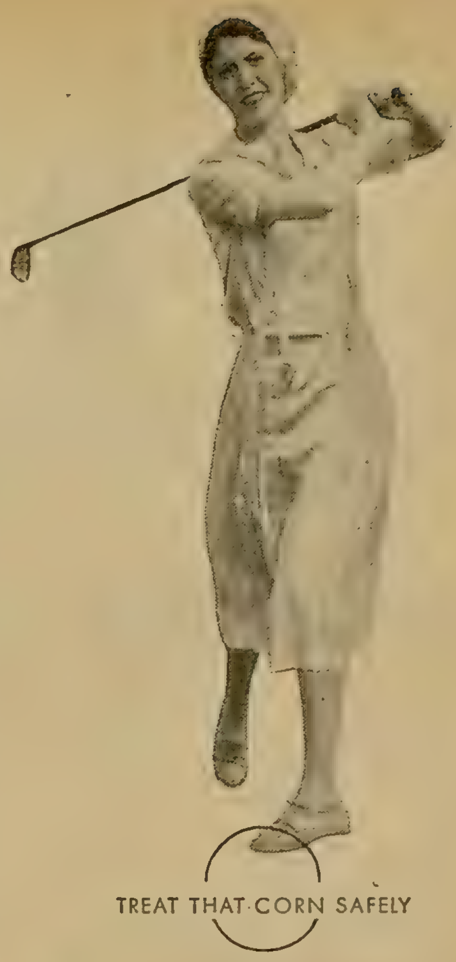
"Capital must take labor into its confidence. Labor must realize that it cannot flourish unless capital prospers also.

"Both labor and capital are entitled to steady employment and substantial wages, and a voice in the rules and regulations under which

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Acme-P. & A. photo

*"Work hard, play when you play, and don't worry." General and Mrs. Atterbury; a recent photograph.*



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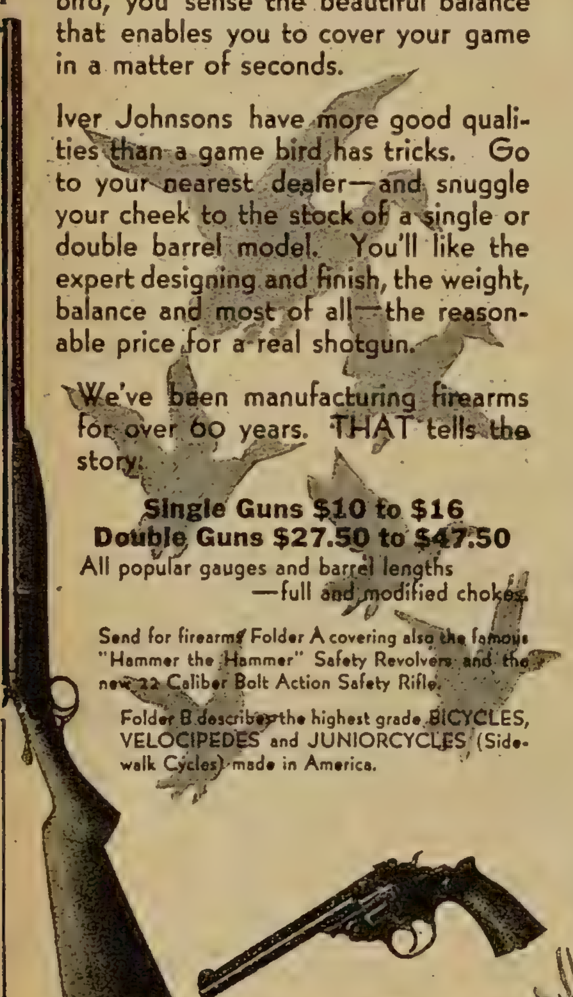

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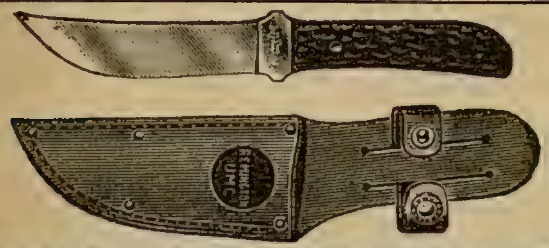

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HOW TO GET THE BUSINESS TRAIN BACK ON THE TRACK
Continued from page thirty-one

they work. No one disputes that the laborer is worthy of his hire. But many do not realize that capital cannot be hired without adequate wages.

"The wealth of a country circulates through its system of transportation. The American people have invested eighteen billion dollars in railroad securities. Even the man who has only ten dollars in the savings bank has a stake in the well-being of the railroads. Some of his money is invested in railroad bonds! Railroad men work not only for themselves but for the insurance companies and savings banks.

"In order to function properly the railroads always need new capital. And we can't get new money unless we can guarantee an adequate return for every dollar invested in railroads and railroad equipment.

"AT present the railroads suffer with the country at large from the business depression. But some of their troubles are man-made. They can be swept away by a stroke of the pen. I refer to obsolete and unscientific prejudices crystallized in our laws to insure competition. Efficiency is more important than enforced competition. The railroads can serve both themselves and the country best by sensible consolidation.

"The next great step in the evolution of the railroads is the coördination of all methods of transportation, on land and water and in the air.

"We are beginning to realize that the motor truck, the passenger bus, and the airplane should not be competitors but feeders of a unified system of transportation. But we still bar the railroads from the waterways by artificial impediments.

"I FORESEE larger cars, heavier locomotives propelled by electricity, hotels on wheels and rolling offices where men will be able to conduct business with every part of the world by radio and telephone. Progress is eternal. We have no reason for believing that the end is in sight.

"I am sixty-five; you are—"

"Forty-six."

"I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet," Atterbury continued, "but before you are as old as I you will witness that the railroads of America, like the country itself, are capable of developments that will take your breath away.

"The age of transportation has only begun."

THE END

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*We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.*

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 17

1—Restraint of liberty; also, pressure; compulsion.

2—A recurring phrase or theme in an opera.

3—New Hampshire.

4—Luzon.

5—A philosopher of ancient Greece.

6—A daring villain; a bandit.

7—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1, Scene 1.

8—Stephen A. Douglas.

9—Morbid fear of animals.

10—The membranous sac which incloses the heart.

11—A specialist in diseases of the mind.

12—One which has existed since birth.

13—Water.

14—The raising of silkworms.

15—An arrant coward.

16—The intestines of animals, especially of sheep.

17—From the name of its inventor, Charles Moncky.

18—Ten thousand.

19—Victor Emmanuel III.

20—Second lieutenant.

# *Viennese Idyl*

## *A Short Short Story*

*By*

### DIANA BOURBON

*who was born in New York, but brought up in London and Paris. After two years on the stage in New York she turned to writing. At one time she was editor of a woman's magazine in London.*

*(Reading time: 5 min. 40 sec.)*

ANASTASIA selected Thursday for her visit to the Wiener Wald. Every year when she came to Vienna she set aside one day for this secret pilgrimage back into her youth. It had always to be a week day, so that she could have the Wald—miles of it—to herself. On Sundays and holidays it was crowded with the Viennese—small shopkeepers having picnics, and children, and lovers. And lovers. . . .

Anastasia took the street car opposite the Rathaus, and got out at the end of the line. Then she walked. The car would have made it in a fraction of the time, and she'd have been comfortable all the way. But there had been no car in the days when she came here with Maximilian in the happy, hungry, poignant days so long ago.

This year Vienna was placarded with announcements of Maximilian's forthcoming series of concerts: WORLD-FAMOUS VIOLINIST'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN HIS NATIVE CITY FOR EIGHT YEARS. *She*, of course, was singing at the Opernhaus as usual—all of her great rôles. They were both rich and famous now; traveled; known to the whole world—except to each other.

Sitting on a grass tuft in the balmy spring air (it was always spring when her contract brought her to Vienna), she was remembering . . . how Maximilian's hair grew around his forehead, and into a point at the back of his neck; and how young he had been; and how he had laughed, and planned, and dreamed dreams. Dreams in which she had—always—a part.

She knew how it had happened. The clashing temperaments, the quarrels, and—Lisette. But clearly as she could relive the happiness they had known here on the green, wind-swept Wald, she could not recapture—even imagine—the fierceness of the emotion that had been capable of driving her away from Maximilian.

She stood up and ran her hands over her deep, firm breasts and slender hips. Miraculously, through the years, she had kept the figure while the voice grew. Maximilian had loved that little, slenderness of hers. . . .

Time to go down. Tonight she was not singing; but she must hear Lotte—and the opera began early.

Back in the fine, old-fashioned hotel on the Ringstrasse, she heard that she had missed a visit from Guttmann.

" I told him where you were, Anastasia Mihailovna," offered Nina. Anastasia nodded.

IT was three years since she had seen Guttmann, though they corresponded regularly. Always about Maximilian. Guttmann, too, dated back to the days of the Wiener Wald.

" Poor Guttmann! " murmured Anastasia. He might once, she was reflecting, have been a fine pianist on his own account . . . if he hadn't preferred to become Maximilian's shadow and accompanist. Strange, the passionate devotion that man could inspire in such diverse people. . . .

A little farther along the Ringstrasse, in a more modern, showy hostelry, he was even now putting it to the million-and-ninety-ninth test.

" Where were you? " he was shouting, striding up and down the room. " I wanted you. What do you mean by going out? You have no respect for my nerves. . . . You conspire against me—"

" I went to see Anastasia," offered Guttmann mildly. He was certainly not thinking what he was saying. Being in Vienna—probably—after so long, had gone to his head.

Maximilian stopped shouting abruptly. His eyes sparkled with curiosity. " What does she look like? " he asked, and cast a side glance at himself in the mirror.

" She was out," said Guttmann, still mechanically—still thoughtless. " I called on her day for the Wiener Wald. She goes there every year when she is in Vienna . . . where you used to, Maximilian. Remember? "

Maximilian sat down suddenly. " Anastasia," he repeated, " goes every year to the Wiener Wald where we used— But why? "

" She loved you," answered Guttmann simply. " She has always loved you."

" Loved me? " He swelled a little—visibly, like a park pigeon in the spring. " She has loved me all this time? You are sure? Yes? Then . . . Ludwig? " (It was a little difficult, this. Not so flattering an idea to a great man.) " That time when I was ill in Paris. . . . The doctor said—my friends—had banded together. . . . The contributors were to remain anonymous. . . . Was it—was it—"

" Anastasia? Yes," said Guttmann.

Maximilian bowed his head. After a while he raised it. " Such devotion, Ludwig," he said, " should be rewarded. It is—it is—stupendous. . . . I will see her."

HE found her in the restaurant of her hotel. And she was, characteristically, engaged in making a scene. It had to do with the *épinards* accompanying her *Wiener Schnitzel*. The *épinards*, it appeared, were insufficiently cooked, and moreover of an unappetizing shade of green.

The *maître d'hôtel*, the head wine waiter, the assistant manager, and four ordinary waiters passionately defended the greenness and succulence of the *épinards* in German, French, and Italian.

They shouted, they gesticulated, and just as a free fight for all seemed on the very point of breaking out, they separated smilingly for all points of the compass, the assistant manager bearing the offending vegetable chefward. Anastasia settled back victoriously into her chair.

And then she saw him. He was not at all put out by the little interlude he had just witnessed. Such things were the daily, hourly accompaniments of life to him. He advanced upon her smiling.

She saw a little, rather fat man whose vanity marched before him like an army blowing trumpets—and who had once been Maximilian. A wave of sorrow, and gladness, broke over her. . . .

She knew, suddenly, that she would never again make the pilgrimage to the Wiener Wald—and for that she was sorry. But she knew, too, and was glad, that now at last she had seen him again—face to face. And in this old Vienna! And she was indifferent to him. . . .

" Max! " she said softly, as he reached her table, stood there. " Max! " She gave him her left hand and pulled him down on to a seat beside her. Looked at him. " It's good to see you, Max," she said, " after all these years. . . ."

And suddenly she remembered, " That spinach! " she cried. " *Herr Oberkellner! Garçon!* For example! " She dropped into French, the language she habitually used to quarrel in.

Waiters, as at a magic signal, came running from all directions. As they ran they gesticulated, shouting in German, French, and Italian. Other diners looked round, interested. Maximilian sat, all but forgotten, on his chair.

THE END

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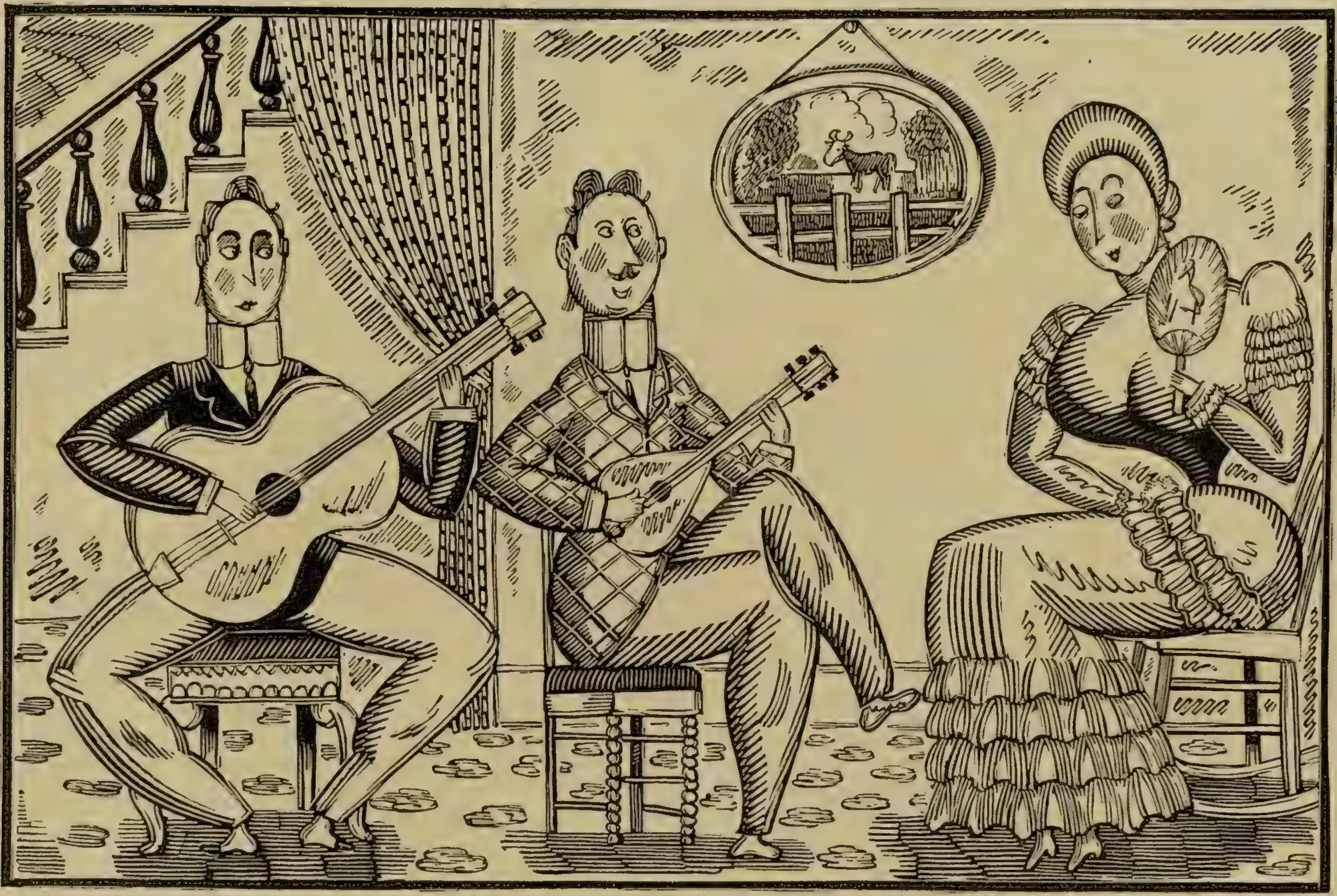
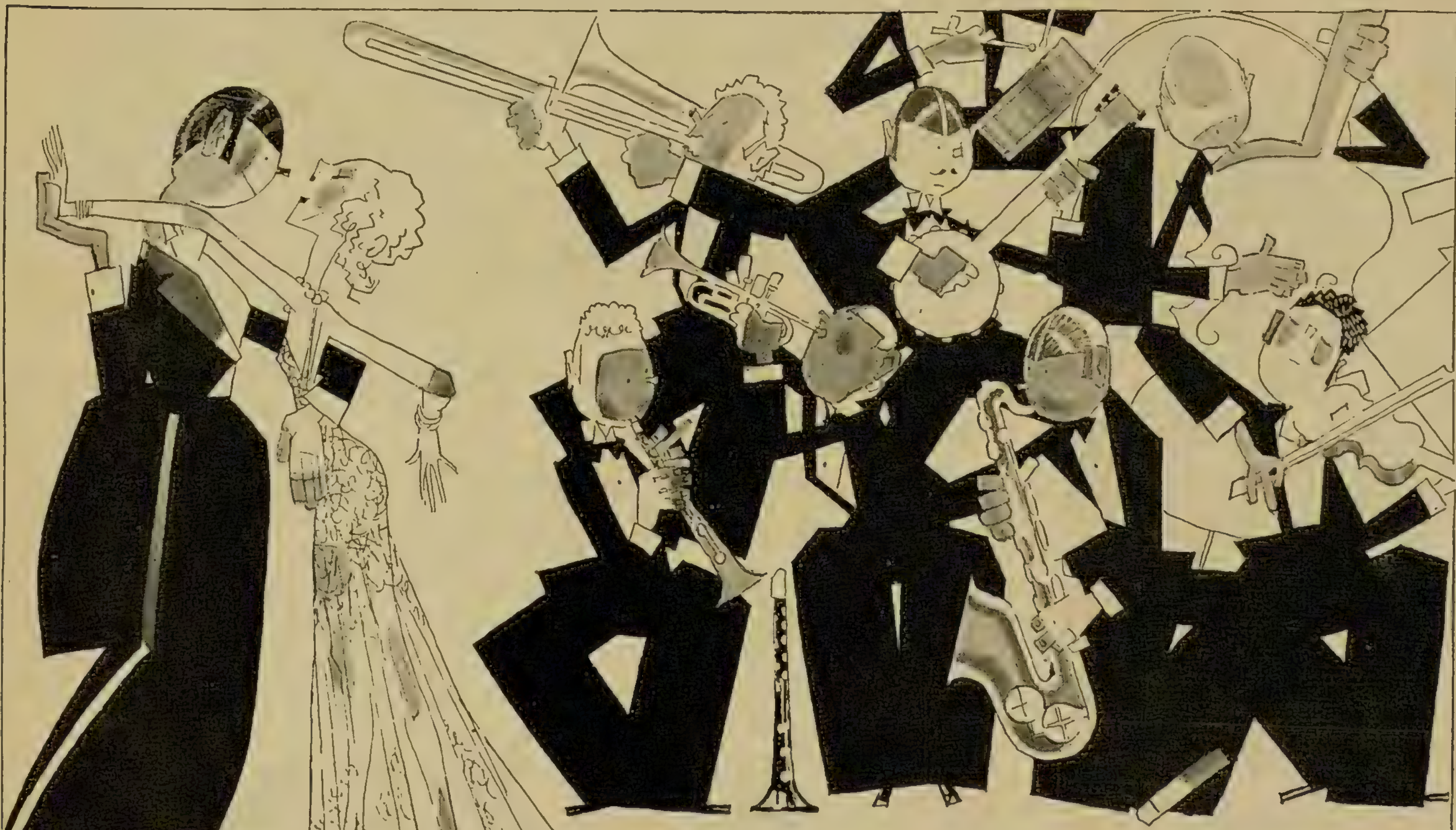
# CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



Music Hath Charms When a Girl Was Won with a Mandolin and Guitar



Music Hath Charms The Modern Girl Demands a Symphonic Dance Band

# Relativity

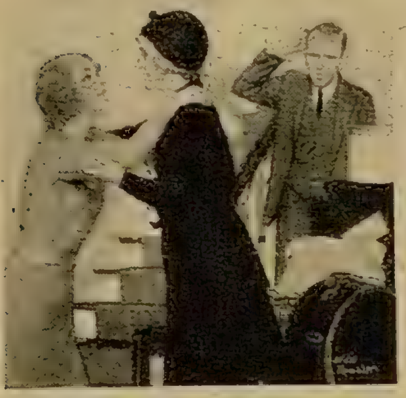
## A New For the Love o' Lil

RELATIVITY is something beyond most people's understanding. In human relationship, too, it's a deep, dark, and unsolved problem.

Some wise person once said that there are three great causes of wrecked marriages: first, money troubles; second, relatives; and third, friends.

Now, Sandy is the model husband as far as the second danger is concerned, for Sandy has no living relatives, and who could ask for anything more in a man?

Lil has had, in the pleasant dim background of correspondence, an aunt of considerable repute as a social gadabout. Aunt Ruby (a blithe widow of many years' standing) has traveled all over the world, sending postal cards and souvenirs that would make your mouth water, has seen everything, knows everything—and tells all she knows.


This week's cover picture.

When Sandy heard that Aunt Ruby was going to materialize, he politely hid his irritation. But her arrival with four valises, three hatboxes, and innumerable packages—to say nothing of her high-pitched, excitable manner—was something of a shock. For the visit might develop into a visitation.

But Sandy was due for a bigger shock, if only he had guessed. For, after all the kissings and greetings, Aunt Ruby displayed a rather enormous diamond in rather a magnificent setting on her rather worn but well groomed engagement finger. "I'm to be married this fall," she chirped coyly. "And the funniest part is that you know him! He'll be here in a few minutes. Can you hustle up some cocktails? He's going to take us all out to dinner."

"Oh, Aunt Ruby!" gasped Lil. "Who is he?"

But Aunt Ruby looked mysterious, and Sandy prepared to leave the room to keep himself from making a sarcastic remark.

"Well, I'll have to scramble up some *hors d'œuvres.*" Lil rose and sighed. Then she bent and kissed her aunt dutifully. "I do hope you'll be happy, auntie. I wish I'd been prepared before he came—"

"I wanted to surprise you." Aunt Ruby shook an impish finger. "You probably think he's old—and he is! You think he has a large family—and he has! And that he's bald and homely—and, my dears, he's anything but handsome! But, I fell for him—I'm crazy about him."

Sandy edged out of the room with mumbled agreements. Went to wipe his suddenly warm face and curse the strange fate that puts other people and their affairs right plumb in your life. By what right did this giddy, overdressed, affected old fool return from her travels to marry somebody they knew? And who, for Pete's sake, could that somebody be? He retreated upstairs, from where he heard Lil preparing refreshments. Heard a car drive up to the doorway, and heard the ringing of the bell. Heard his aunt-in-law's sirupy voice introducing . . . And then—

"Sandy. *Sandy!*" Lil's voice calling—with a peculiarly strange and wild note. Sandy whipped himself into presentable shape and hurried downstairs, prepared for the worst. A man stood looking into the fireplace, his back to the doorway.

"Sandy dear," Aunt Ruby was beaming, "I think you—"

But Sandy never heard the name. His wife's aunt's future husband turned, and there, face to face, grinning appreciatively, was—

Sandy's boss!

*(Next week's cover adventure: Some Classroom!)*

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L193

# *Tabloidia,* Dreyfus

## *Edward G. Robinson Gives Fine Performance in Screen Version of Five Star Final; Meighan Deserves Something Better*

*By*

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

*Edward G. Robi*

*(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)*

EDWARD G. ROBINSON—born Emanuel Goldenberg of Bucharest, Roumania—might have gone on playing gentle stage rôles if someone had not discovered menace in his face. They cast him for the tough racketeer of the Broadway stage play The Racket. Later he played the part on the stage in Hollywood—and the movies grabbed him.

Robinson hung up a real hit in the screen classic of hoodlum killing, Little Cæsar, and he seemed marked eternally for gangster rôles. But he was too wise an actor to let himself be a one-part player. He became a small-town gambler in Smart Money, and now, in Five Star Final, he is a snarling, hard-boiled managing editor of a tabloid.

Robinson came to this country with his parents when he was ten years old. He studied at City College, New York, and at Columbia.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

### ★ ★ ★ FIVE STAR FINAL

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Randall | Edward G. Robinson |
| Jenny Townsend | Marian Marsh |
| Nancy Voorhees Townsend | Frances Starr |
| Michael Townsend | H. B. Warner |
| Phillips Weeks | Anthony Bushnell |
| Hinchecliffe | Oscar Apfel |
| Kitty Carmody | Ona Munson |
| Miss Taylor | Alene MacMahon |
| Isopod | Boris Karloff |
| Ziggie Feinstein | George E. Stone |
| Mrs. Weeks | Evelyn Hall |
| Mr. Weeks | David Torrence |
| Miss Edwards | Gladys Lloyd |
| Brannegan | Robert Elliot |

Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.
Produced by Warner-First National.

This starts with the rumble of printing presses and the cries of newsboys and ends with the destruction of a family crushed beneath the headlines of tabloidia. Louis Weitzenkorn wrote Five Star Final as an exposé of yellow journalism.

As a stage play it was vigorous, hysterical, none too well written. As a screen drama it is still vigorous, hysterical, but it seems better knit and more coherent, perhaps because of the fine performance of cold, calm Edward Robinson as the cynical, bitter managing editor of a tabloid.

Goaded by his boss and his circulation manager, this editor rakes up a twenty-year-old scandal, retells it in juicy form—and thereby causes two of the principals to commit suicide, while the life of the daughter, about to be married, is nearly ruined.

*Cedric Hardwicke, who heads an English company in The Dreyfus Case.*

This staccato drama will make you forget for the moment the reason of tabloid journalism: that the old-fashioned newspapers had grown too staid, too smug, too rich, too far from their public. The tabloid brought new life to newspaperdom.

Mr. Robinson has contributed no better performance to films than the cold-blooded editor.

There is a thrill, too, in Marian Marsh's work as the daughter who is shadowed by her mother's past. I was no worshiper of Miss Marsh as Trilby, but she deserves superlatives in Five Star Final.

### ★ ★ THE DREYFUS CASE

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Dreyfus | Cedric Hardwicke |
| Colonel Picquart | Charles Carson |
| Zola | George Merritt |
| Labori | Sam Livesey |
| Lucie Dreyfus | Beatrix Thomson |
| Major Paty Du Clam | George Skillan |
| Colonel Henry | Henry Caine |
| Major Esterhazy | Garry Marsh |
| Clemenceau | Leonard Shepherd |
| General Mercier | Arthur Hardy |
| Mathieu Dreyfus | A. Sarner |

Directed by F. W. Kraemer.
Released by Columbia.

Back in the '90s the Dreyfus case shook international political circles.

The sale of military secrets was seemingly fixed upon an Alsatian Jew, Alfred Dreyfus, an artillery captain. He was sentenced to life imprisonment on Devil's Island. Through all the degradation his wife stood by him.

This film tells all this and presents

# *and* Penrod

Ona Munson in Five Star Final.

The two middle figures are Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan as Penrod and Sam in the play of that title.

Hardie Albright, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Thomas Meighan in Skyline.

the heroic fight, led by Zola and Clemenceau, for the vindication of the little Alsatian.

Naturally, such a real-life drama cannot help being interest-holding. It was made by an English company, with typical British attention to detail and baggy studio scenery. Still, the film is very well acted, particularly by Cedric Hardwicke as the famous victim of intrigue and military bullheadedness.

★ ★ PENROD AND SAM

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Penrod | Leon Janney |
| Sam | Junior Coghlan |
| Georgie | Billy Lord |
| Rodney | Nester Aber |
| Mrs. Schofield | Dorothy Peterson |
| Mr. Schofield | Matt Moore |
| Mrs. Bassett | Zasu Pitts |
| Mr. Bassett | Johnny Arthur |
| Marjorie | Margaret Marquis |
| Mr. Bitts | Charles Sellon |
| Mr. Williams | Wade Boteler |
| Verman | Robert Dandridge |
| Margaret Schofield | Helen Beaudine |
| Delia | Gertrude Howard |

Directed by William Beaudine.
Produced by Warner-First National.

Probably you read Booth Tarkington's superb boy stories presenting the adventures of Penrod Schofield, his pal, Sam Williams, and those two black satellites, Herman and Verman.

Here Penrod rules over the shack of the In-and-In Club, goes through the tragedy of his dog's death, annoys the boy pest, Georgie Bassett, and suffers agonies in schoolrooms and at dressed-up parties. All this is told mildly but quite humanly. Despite that, much of Tarkington's humorous insight into boyhood is somehow missing. However, Leon Janney makes a delightful Penrod.

★ SKYLINE

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Jim McClellan | Thomas Meighan |
| John Breen | Hardie Albright |
| Kathleen Kearny | Maureen O'Sullivan |
| Captain Breen | Stanley Fields |
| Mike Kearny | Jack Kennedy |
| Paula Lambert | Myrna Loy |
| Mrs. Kearny | Alice Ward |
| Judge West | Robert McWade |
| Rose Breen | Dorothy Peterson |

Directed by Sam Taylor.
Produced by Fox Films.

No matter how much you like Thomas Meighan, you will find this story of sin's retribution none too believable.

Jim McClellan, master builder of skyscrapers, befriends a poor boy and finds that the lad is his own son, born of a romance of years before. How McClellan sets out to win his own son's love is the story.

Originally a novel, East Side, West Side, by Felix Riesenberg, this turns out to be an artificial yarn, frequently straining the probabilities.

Meighan deserves better by the movie fates.

### *Do you know that—*

Fay Wray is now playing Nikki in a stage play based on Nikki and Her War Birds, written for Liberty by her husband, John Monk Saunders?

### *Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months*

★★★★—Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy, The Front Page.

★★★—The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss, Dishonored, The Last Parade, Pagliacci.

# To the

By

## PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

*linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia*

*(Reading time: 8 minutes 15 seconds.)*

"THE State of Iowa is famous for its hogs. The people of Iowa raise children also. If they worked as hard for child welfare as they work for hog welfare, Iowa would be famous for its humans, too."

Ishbel Pirie-Beyea, who told me that, has been crusading for the Iowa State Department of Health. Mrs. Pirie-Beyea is a remarkable woman. She goes adventure hunting all over the world, and public health—child health particularly—is her adventure. At Château-Thierry the boys called her "Mother Sunshine." Hoover sent her health crusading through Belgium and Germany after the armistice. Since then she has blazed a health trail for herself through Europe, Turkey, Russia, Asia Minor, and rural parts of these United States. Right now she's just back from a survey of official health programs abroad, including that of Soviet Russia.

Ishbel Pirie-Beyea

"In Moscow," she told me, "at a public show in the biggest movie theater, I saw a film exhibiting the facts of sex and childbirth in every physical detail. A free lesson on birth control was part of the picture.

"That performance opened my eyes to the educational methods pursued by the Soviet government. Whatever value such a film might have, I considered it worse than useless when shown, as it was, to a mixed audience of both sexes and all ages."

Mrs. Beyea and I found at least one faith in common. She has learned, she tells me, that there are times when a woman simply *has* to bully the men.

FORTY is the dangerous age for women with money to invest. Around forty we fall hardest for get-rich-quick schemes. That's when we put our financial faith in miracles more often than at any other age. And that is when ever so many of us go broke.

I learned this alarming news from W. P. Collis, manager of the investment department of the New York Better Business Bureau, a defense group formed to protect poor lambs against the wolves of Wall Street. Mr. Collis told me about some real-life cases. I had no idea that supposedly intelligent women could behave so childishly.

One optimistic lady handed over her lifelong savings after twenty minutes of conversation with a slick stock salesman. At $17 a share she bought $25,000 worth of stock in a Central American *emerald mine!*

"Maybe she knew her emeralds," said Mr. Collis, "but she knew nothing of mining stocks and, like most women, she undertook no research whatsoever before she spent her money."

Her shares were worth about fifty cents apiece, if anything. Of her $25,000, the emerald man left her about $1,000.

But heavens, what a hullabaloo we raise when we've been tricked!

"Women are bad losers," said Mr. Collis. "They are notorious as such. A good many brokers refuse to deal with women at all."

HERE'S a war story.

It concerns one of those two-family houses split down the middle instead of being divided into layers. On each side a family lives both upstairs and down and has half the front lawn, half the back yard.

Five long years the two families dwelt side by side in peace, but now war has broken out because of an unborn baby and an unplanted garden.

It started like this:

The Lady on the Left is going to have a baby next spring. Her first baby. Her doctor has told her that looking at pretty things like flowers may influence the nature of her child in a nice way. Prenatal influence. So she wants flower beds planted around the house. *All around* the house, because that's the way flower beds should be. So far so good. But she also insists that the Lady on the Right plant half the garden and take care of it.

That's where the battle lies.

The Lady on the Right works in an office. She declares she's too busy to attend to a garden. She doesn't care much for flowers, anyway—or prenatal influence either. She says she won't do it.

Both ladies are grim warriors. The baby woman vows she'll move right out of the house unless they have a garden around both sides.

The office woman swears *she'll* move if they plant a single solitary bulb on her side. Their fight has disturbed the whole neighborhood.

# Ladies!

Picture by
Delos Palmer

If there is anything in prenatal influence, I wonder what the fate of that coming baby will be. Will the child become a horticulturist—or a prize fighter?

JOHN BULL isn't keeping his place in our china shops. German china is said to be ousting the fine English ware, so long considered the best. Prices, of course, are responsible. English potters can't seem to meet the low prices of cheap attractive china from Germany and Czechoslovakia.

I've been looking at dinner services recently; and goodness, what a price range there is! All the way from $23.50 to $3,000 for sets of 103 pieces. That means *china*, of course—not earthenware. If the best I saw isn't good enough for you, you can have a set made to order with each piece signed by the artist who paints it. You can pay as high as $25,000 if you like—and worry your head off about breakage for the rest of your life!

After looking at hundreds of sets I find I am faithful to my affection for the old English patterns in rich dark blue and orange red. The type called stonemason ware is admirably reproduced today. To me no other china makes the dinner table look quite so inviting. For luncheon parties I admire some of the modernistic sets. One of the best new ones is decorated with lines of various bright colors, like rainbows, around the rims of the pieces.

AGE rested lightly on the shoulders of a bouncing little Irishman who marched, one day five years ago, into a Paris café where English-speaking people get together. With him he brought a great big placard which he put up conspicuously on the café wall. The sign announced:

TO CELEBRATE MY SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY I WILL STAND ON MY HEAD IN THIS ROOM AT THREE O'CLOCK TOMORROW AFTERNOON.

He kept his word. In he walked next day at the appointed hour. He was dressed very formally, as for a diplomatic function. Climbing solemnly upon a table, he stood on his head while crowds of Americans cheered. Then he climbed down, put on his top hat, twirled his cane, and walked solemnly out.

That was Frank Harris, Irish adventurer, Texas cowboy, renowned ladies' man, critic, editor, author of a forbidden book, My Life and Loves, biographer of Oscar Wilde, and reputed literary discoverer of George Bernard Shaw.

Last summer he died in France. His final work is a bitter book written to "show up" his old friend Shaw—who recently spent *his* seventy-fifth birthday in Moscow.

I WANT to echo the words of a Brooklyn letter carrier. He tells how often he is touched to the heart by the disappointment and sadness on the faces of those to whom he has to say, "No, I have nothing for you today."

There are so many excuses for *not* writing. To parents especially. We are too busy, we tell ourselves, to compose a "real letter." Or things are going badly with us, and we don't want to worry the folks back home; they have troubles enough of their own.

Just excuses. For there is *always* something worth writing about. The bare news that you are still alive and thinking of them is good news to those who care for you. Don't you believe that false old saying about no news being good news. It has broken more hearts than all the quarrels in the world.

If you *just hate* letter writing, keep a package of stamped post cards close at hand. Send them often. Absence may make the heart grow fonder, as it is said; but silence, we know, can make fond hearts desperately miserable.

AMONG our new styles for the coming winter the sports clothes are the most attractive I have seen so far. I like their slim straight silhouette, and the higher waistline gives them a very dashing youthful air. The new coats of dark brown corduroy, completely untrimmed, furless, offer a distinct relief from our rather fussy town coats which really look a good deal alike as a rule.

The best two-piece dress I have seen has a skirt of rough checked tweed in tones of brown, beige, and reddish purple. Buttoning down the center, the coat part is of plain crêpe wool in a lovely heather-blossom shade. A scarf of the skirt tweed completes this dress.

An amusing new scarf is cut shawlwise with very long tapering ends; the points are attached just between the shoulders, the ends crossed in front and tied behind in a knot just above the waist. This scarf gives a quaint "grandmotherly" touch—now very smart. I saw one of plaid silk—blue, yellow, and pink, worn with a blue dress.

MUSHROOM tartlets make a dainty entree to serve at a bridge luncheon. They are easy enough to prepare.

Bake the tart cases, using any short crust you prefer. Have ready 1 cup hot mushroom purée. To this add 3 egg yolks well beaten, salt, a pinch of grated nutmeg, a *tiny* pinch of Cayenne pepper. Beat two egg whites till stiff and fold into the purée. Fill the tart cases and bake ten minutes in a moderate oven.

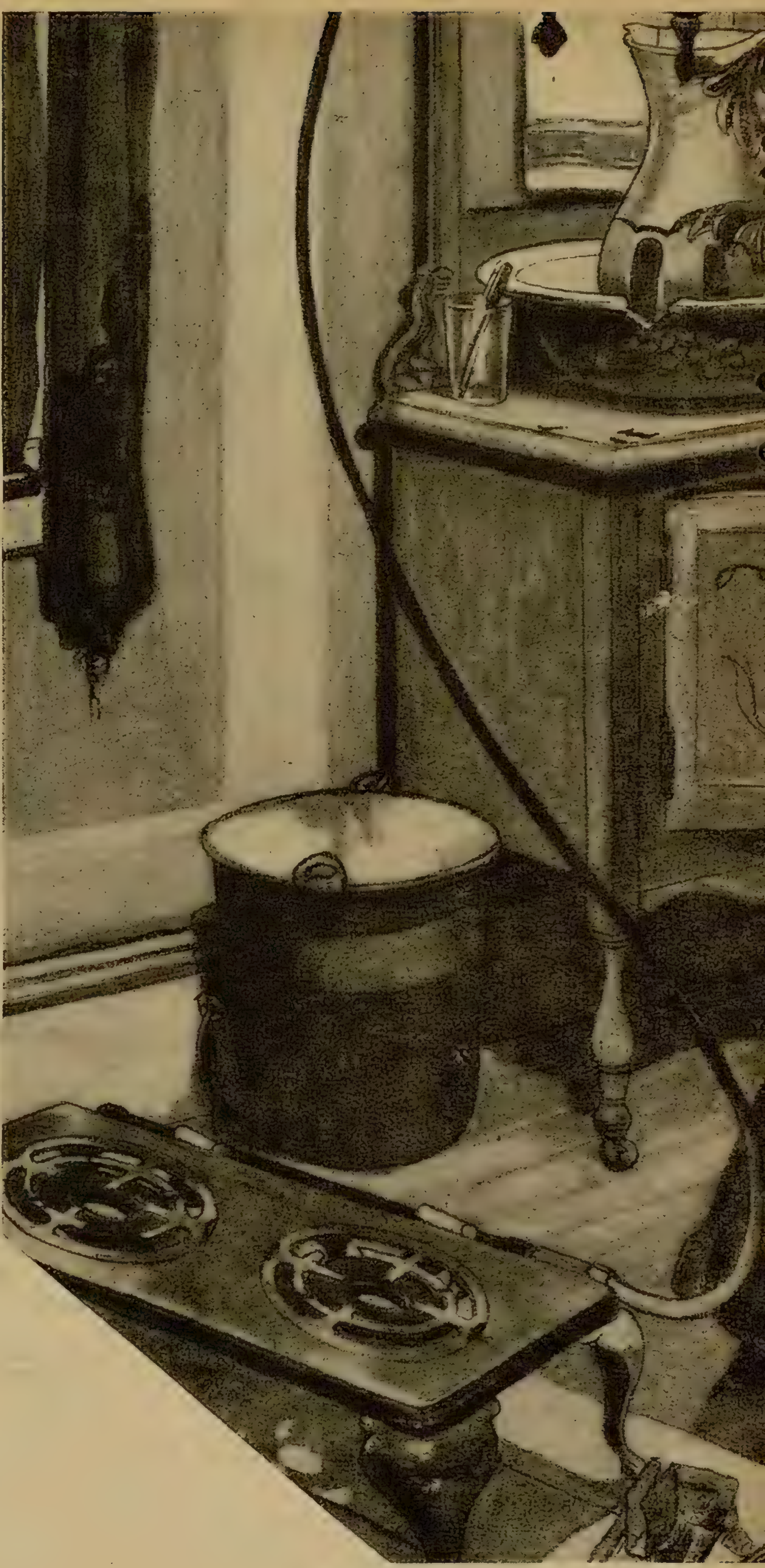
Made very small, these mushroom tartlets are often served with broiled chicken in France.

TWO books to read: A White Bird Flying, by Bess Streeter Aldrich (Appleton); and First Person Singular, short stories by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran).

# TIN FOIL

## *The Story of a Little Girl's Love*

*By*
## JAMES HOPPER



*(Reading time: 16 minutes 10 seconds.)*

ON the night that John Ransome received the Engineers and Inventors' gold medal, I sat with him long afterward before an open fire in the library of the club. We got to talking of the strange starts some great careers have had. The big room was empty and quiet, and after a while he told me of an incident of his own beginnings.

It had happened when he was still very young and obscure and poor. He was an automobile mechanic, and he had already a family, having married soon after leaving high school; he had a wife, Rose, and a little daughter, Myrtle. His friends agreed that he had married too early, but that this was not the real trouble with him. The real trouble, they said, was his "invention bug." He was a skilled workman, able to command constant occupation and good wages, but he would not stick.

Which was true. A day would come when he would begin to look dazed and to stumble over chairs at home as if he did not see them, and Rose, with a little tightening of the heart, recognized the signs and knew what was coming. It came. A few days later he announced at dinner that he had given up his job; the next morning he would be plunged to his ears in his new "invention." There began for Rose, then, another long period of tight struggle kept secret from a man suddenly gone blind and deaf to the facts that house, food, fire, raiment must be paid for and collectors met at the door.

This had happened several times since they had married, and now it was happening again. He had packed himself off, and the family, to an abandoned farm far from town, where they might live on little and stretch out to the utmost what little money they had. He had fitted an outhouse into a workshop, and there he toiled from morning to night, and often deep into the night, on his new invention, which had to do with gear shifting in automobiles, which was to make gear shifting possible at all speeds. The idea had come to him like thunder, and now he lived utterly in the daze of it, there in his shop from morning to night, absorbed to the point of madness.

Every morning, though, sometime before noon, there would come a little scratching at his door, as if a little cat were there. And no matter how deeply sunk he might be in his calculations, he would hear that small scratching.

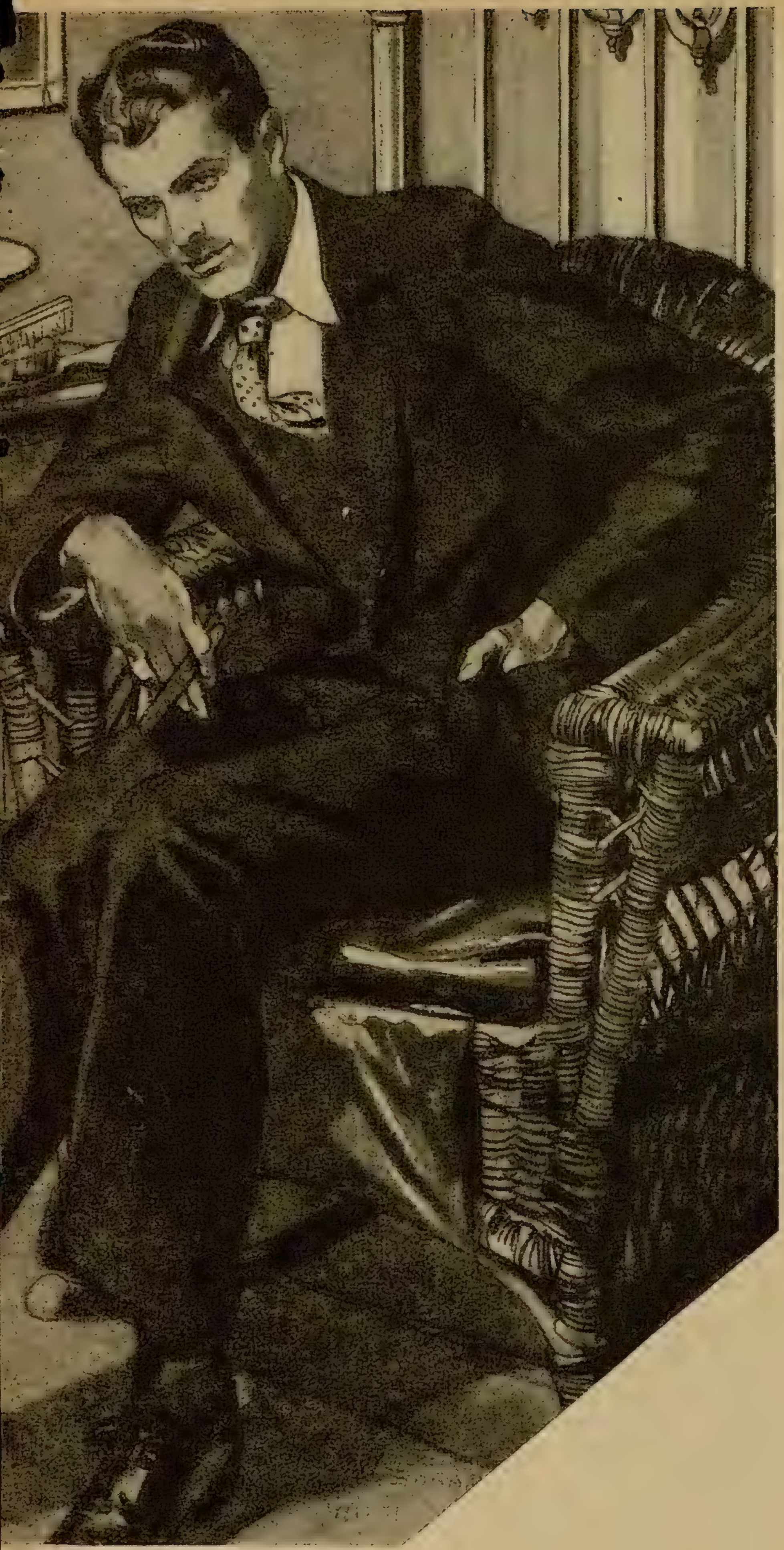
He dropped his work then. He sat up in his chair very quiet, listening and smiling. Scratch, scratch, scratch, went small fingers at the door.

Finally he got up and opened the door. It was a Dutch door, and he swung only the upper half. The top of a little blonde head appeared, just even with the lower half of the door. "Postman! Postman! Mail! Mail! Mail!" a little voice cried.

It would not be the postman at all; it would be his small daughter Myrtle.

She stood there very still for a while; then she passed up to him bits of paper and of rag, which were the mail. They both stood still for a while, and then he opened the lower half of the door and she came in.

He could see that she came only well warned and well



*He fumbled for his lighter, then suddenly halted in arrested motion. "Why did I do that?" he thought.*

*Pictures by* EDGAR McGRAW

schooled by her mother. She walked on the very tips of her toes; she held a finger to her lip.

The workshop was filled with drawing boards covered with formidable drawings of wheels full of teeth; there was a lathe in the corner. She tiptoed about, her finger on her lip, peering here, peering there, as he followed her with his eyes. Finally she stood before him shyly, head down, and whispered: "I want to see the little man."

HE kept for her, on a high shelf, a statuette of a squatting little Japanese man that waggled its head. If you touched the head and set it to swinging, it would nod and nod for some time. This was her "little man."

So he threw her up to his shoulder and stepped over to the high shelf, so that she was face to face with the little Japanese statue. He set the head to waggling. "How-dee-do," she said at the first nod, making her voice as little as the little Japanese man was little, and herself bowed deeply, up there on her father's shoulder.

"How-dee-do, how-dee-do, how-dee-do," she said in time to each nod, bowing up there on her father's shoulder.

After two minutes of this he set her down, and that was all for the day. Out she went, still on tiptoe, happy and satisfied; while he returned to the Ransome gears.

One morning, though, she failed to leave immediately as usual. Something on his big table was holding her fascinated. He looked. A bit of tin foil was gleaming on the table, between the papers. It was that which was holding her enchanted.

THE foil was a cigar wrapper which he had tossed there. He had a habit of smoking as he worked—one black cigar after the other. His conscience hurt him a bit over the expense involved, and last night in triumph he had found at the village store a brand of Manila cheroots which sold five for fifteen cents. They came wrapped in tin foil; it was one of those wrappings which now was holding the child so entranced.

He said, "What is it, Myrtle? Do you want it?"

She nodded a passionate yes. He took up the wrapping and gave it to her. She looked at it a moment in her fingers, then pressed it to her small heart and went out with the air of one who has received first communion.

There was no tinsel wrapper on the table the next day, but there was one which had lodged in a dusty corner of the room. She walked slowly toward it, then stood, her eyes hungry.

He said, "Go ahead. Pick it up."

She looked at him as though she could not quite believe her good fortune. He repeated, "Go ahead. You can have it."

She picked it up and, as she went out, raised to him an utterly radiant smile.

From then on he always bought the cigars that were wrapped in tin foil when he stocked up in the evening at the village store. They were really not very good; he swore often when bits of the badly rolled tobacco got on his tongue; but he kept on buying the cigars wrapped in tin foil. Whenever he took one up to smoke, he removed the wrapper carefully, smoothed it out, folded it, folded it again, then several times more till he had a little solid square of silver. The small squares collected in his pockets, on his tables, and every morning he dropped them into Myrtle's cupped hands in a rain of little silver stars.

One evening, at the house, he noticed that she was going about with one hand tight shut, and, when he forced it open playfully, found a penny within, which had been ensilvered to look like a dime.

Then he noticed that all her small ten-cent-store toys—the soldiers, the cows, the sheep—were gradually changing to silver. May Anne, the big blonde doll, relic of a past prosperous Christmas, shone like an idol from some barbaric temple.

The child went about with a box under her arm all the time. In the box were reserves of the foil—her hoarding, her shining treasure.

But little by little he was seeing less and less of this, and less and less of all things. After several false starts he had at last the gears on the way, and everything was vanishing about him. There came a morning, at length, when small Myrtle scratched at his door in vain.

She scratched and scratched; he did not hear her at all. She scratched and scratched; the door did not open. She called, "Postman! Postman!" but the door stayed shut. She ran weeping into her mother's skirts.

After that, whenever the time neared, Rose engaged the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

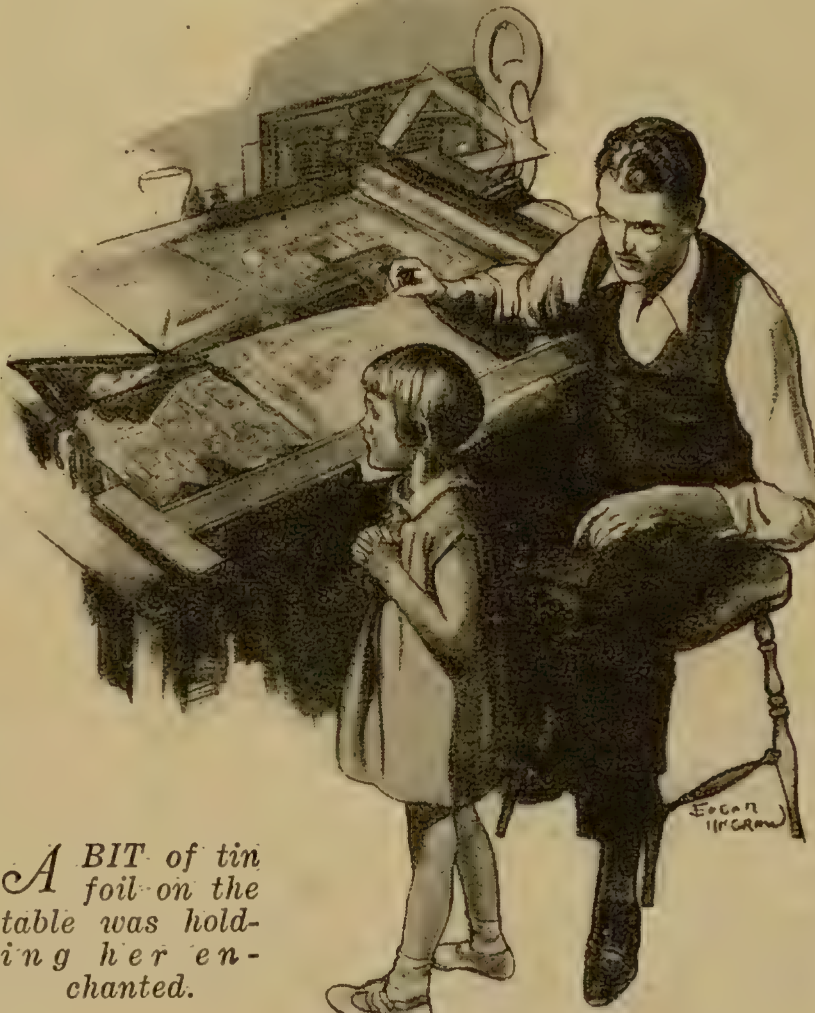
TIN FOIL
Continued from page forty-three

child in some game which might help her forget the old one. Children forget; little by little, Myrtle forgot the old game.

She ceased to scratch at John Ransome's door. But he, on his side, without knowing it, mechanically still bought cigars wrapped in tin foil.

He hardly ate, he hardly slept now, all at his work. There came a long final spurt, and at last the thing was done. He stood before the completed drawings of his perfect invention, and Rose thanked her gods. She thought that, as had happened before, he would now return to his wife and child—a bit dazed as if from a long voyage; that he would return to his easy, cheerful ways, as he always had done before. But this was different this time, so he explained. He really had something this time. This was but a beginning. He must now sell, exploit his invention. He must interest capital. He must go to New York where all money and power are gathered.

So he borrowed a little money, and in the cold dusk of a winter evening Rose and Myrtle stood with him on a station platform as he prepared to get aboard one of those long, glittering trains that go to big cities. Her heart hurt her; he had grown so gaunt and thin in the last months, and the suit which she had sponged and pressed, sponged and pressed, looked now so shabby before that shining train.



*A BIT of tin foil on the table was holding her enchanted.*

There was a patch in it, too. When she had put it in, she had fondly thought that it would not show. But as he sprang up the Pullman steps, putting on a jaunty air, she saw it all right. And when the train had departed, and she and Myrtle rolled through the darkness in the car of the friendly neighbor who had taken them to the station, all she could think, her throat all tight, was, "Those poor patched pants, those poor patched pants."

WELL, he landed in New York, as many have done, a little lone fellow in a roaring chaos. He had heard, he had read, how a man should act in such a case. The thing to do was to put on a front of calm success; to assume a prosperous air, stop at some impressive hotel. That is what he had meant to do. But he didn't. Almost at first sight of the great city, panic seized him. The little sum of money he had with him seemed suddenly absurdly inadequate. He stopped at no impressive hotel. He found, on the edge of Greenwich Village, a row of old wooden houses where rooms were rented; he took one of these rooms. It was ugly, it was brown, the furniture swayed, the carpet was worn to rope, the iron bed was sway-backed. A fly-specked chandelier depended from the high, moldy ceiling. One jet of it gave a ragged light; one other jet was stopped up with putty; the third jet had a rubber hose on, which went to the little gas stove where he heated his water when he shaved.

He sallied out bravely the next morning to market the Ransome gears. And came back in the evening weary and pricked with fear. He began to see that what he was about might take time, and time was exactly what he did not have. The money he had could not last long.

He began to rearrange his life the next day so as to make that money last as long as possible. From day to day he discovered cheaper and cheaper eating places, and also how little food will keep a man still standing. He bore down on himself in every way. He even tried to stop smoking.

But he couldn't do that entirely because so much of his time was spent in waiting. He would have gone crazy without the calming aid of the weed. His life was now a waiting. His purpose had brought him up against the Successful, the Fixed, the Unhurried. Why should a big promoter, with hundreds of irons in the fire, feel in need of haste when offered a new iron? Why should any member of his well fed, secure, salaried staff imagine that to anyone a few more days, a few more weeks, made any difference? Why even should an office boy think that, to that man sitting there outside the rail, come-again-next-week or he'll-be-back-after-the-holidays could sound almost like a sentence of death? They had time, all these people, and he didn't have any.

AND all he could do was hang on. Cut down expenses still more. Starve himself a little more. He did his own washing, secretly, in his room. He walked miles and miles to save carfare. But he could not hold time from passing, and as time passed his small reserves dwindled.

He didn't know that others like him have waited not months but years—sometimes whole lives

That fate he was spared at least. He had finally succeeded in leaving his blue prints in the engineering department of one of the larger automobile companies of those days; and when he called a week later, without much expectation of anything but the usual office-force evasions, suddenly found himself being ushered, heart beating, into the office of the chief engineer.

The chief engineer was seated at his desk as Ransome came in, and two piles of blue prints were arranged before him. Ransome, as he took a chair, saw that one of the piles was of his own drawings—the beautiful drawings of the Ransome gears. But there was that other pile. And now it was from that other pile the engineer was taking drawings and passing them silently to Ransome.

Ransome studied the prints thus handed to him. Not very long. He did not have to. Almost right away he saw what had happened.

Another inventor besides himself had interested himself in this problem of gears that could be changed at full speed. He also, like Ransome, had found a solution.

Only, this other solution, of that other inventor, was simpler and neater than Ransome's.

The more Ransome looked, the more he saw this. The other man's device was simpler. And it did the business.

It could be built cheaply. It lent itself to quantity production.

Ransome heard the engineer begin to speak. He was saying, "I am sorry, but I thought it best to be brutal. I thought you had better know that this exists." And he pointed to the blue prints in Ransome's hands—the *other* blue prints. "I thought it might save you a lot of needless trouble," he said.

The man was being kind; he was warning Ransome against wasting any more effort and time on his useless invention. Ransome thanked him as he went out.

But—so he told it to me that night years after—when he was once more on the street, he stood long and aimless, there on the sidewalk, before the building. He stood there, all loose and yielding, as the passing throngs buffeted him, shocked him, turned him about. He stood, loose and unanchored, while the crowds tossed him about, his mind and body empty of decision.

Then his legs got agoing, taking him back to his room, to his poor lair. And now he knew perfectly and clearly just what he was going to do. There must be entered here the fact of his exhaustion. He had worn himself out with month after month of fanatic toil before coming to New York, and since then with privation and devouring anxiety. Anyway, he knew now what he was going to do. From the time he had looked at those blue prints—so he told it to me—there had been no hope in him that anything had taken place except his utter doom. He was done for; there was in him not the slightest idea of any other alternative; he was altogether certain that he had come to his end.

He felt as if in a narrow corridor that had no openings but one door at the end. And as he coursed toward his room—hurrying now—there went with him none of those memories and pictures which so often have stayed men at such moments.

In fact, the determination he had taken was by the time so fixed that when he was once more in his miserable room, and sat in the creaking rocker in the center of the floor, he looked about him and began to laugh. He felt forced to laugh over the exceeding cleverness of the Fates. For see what they had done!

They had taken him, weeks ago, when first he had come to New York—already knowing, the Fates—to this room instead of any other. And this room had no electric lights.

It had no electricity; it had gas.

A corroded gas jet overhead; a gas stove at his feet. All he need do now was turn on two little spigots.

Turn on two little spigots. And then sit in this ugly old rocking-chair, which after all was not so uncomfortable, and then rock—and rock—and rock; in diminuendo rock—and rock—and rock. . . .

BUT now he laughed again. He had caught himself in a gesture. His nervous fingers had gone to his breast pocket; he now held a cigar in his hand.

Then he thought, amused, "Well, why not? Why not float off in full comfort, at full ease? Turn on the two little gas cocks, light a cigar. Then rock and smoke—and rock and smoke—and rock and smoke. . . ."

The cigar was silver-wrapped. He removed the wrapper. He smoothed it out on his knee. He folded it, then once again, then once more. It was now a metallic square, like a little silver star.

He slipped it into the side pocket of his coat.

But for some minutes now a part of him, detached, had become conscious of what the other part was doing. One part of him had been watching the other part.

He cut off the end of the cigar, fumbled for his lighter—then suddenly halted in arrested motion.

"Why did I do that?" he thought. "That queer thing? Why did I fold up that tin foil like that and put it in my pocket?"

And his hand went into the pocket for the little tin square.

But when it came out, it held not one but three.

"What the deuce!" he thought. "What are these?"

His hand went into his pocket again.

AND now he could feel in the trough along the bottom of the pocket a perfect litter of like little squares. There were small heaps of them in the corners. He started to take them out, one at a time, three at a time, many at a time, in pinches. Some were tarnished, some shining and new, some broken and torn. And when at the end he turned his pocket inside out, a puff of silvery dust shot into the air.

A memory, a dim recollection of past motions, now pulled him out of his chair and across the room to the lame old brown bureau. Still in a tracking down of movements but obscurely recalled, he drew open the small drawer between the two larger ones in the top tier.

More little silver squares lay there, in a heap, in a corner of the drawer. He looked at them stupidly. He thought, "It's a regular rat nest. I seem to have been collecting like a rat!"

And then, abruptly, he understood; he remembered.

A kittenlike scratching at his door. A small voice—"Postman! Postman! Mail! Mail! Mail!"

A small fist playfully pried open; a penny within, ensilvered to look like a dime.

Soldiers, little cows, little sheep, little asses, all wrapped in silver.

May Anne, the big blonde doll, glittering like an idol from some barbaric temple.

Little cupped hands raised to him for the daily rain of little silver stars. He saw what had happened. All this time, all this miserable time in New York, without knowing it, he had been saving tin foil for Myrtle.

. . . . .

When John Ransome, telling me of this incident of his beginnings, that night he got the Engineers and Inventors' gold medal, got to this point, he was silent for a moment. Then he looked at me sideways with a little smile.

"Well," he said, "I didn't die. And here I am."

THE END

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# It Depends on the Man

## *A Look Behind the Make-up of the Successful Spinster*

### By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

*(Reading time: 17 minutes 20 seconds.)*

NEXT to holding her job, the most serious problem for the business or professional woman today is marriage.

To marry or not to marry!

And the answer depends entirely upon the man on whom her matrimonial intentions are centered. Not so much on his emotional reactions to her charms as on his mental attitude toward the modern woman who is economically independent and the modern home whose mistress prefers to contribute to its support rather than to its management, and who will probably return to business at the end of their honeymoon.

Not every business woman wants to marry—or, more correctly speaking, admits her desire to marry.

If she is a failure, if she sees neither promotion nor salary increase in the immediate future, if she hates to get up in the morning and to work on schedule, the untrained girl usually falls back on marriage and disappears from the industrial world at an early age. If, however, she has a trade, or profession, or the training which makes her feel reasonably safe in her position, she is likely to weigh marriage against the prospects of advancement. Her inclination to marry decreases in about the same ratio as her salary increases.

Until she passes her fortieth birthday! Then, having decided that she should marry, she suddenly realizes that her path to the altar is hedged with thorns, most of which have been planted by her own competent hands.

The husband hunt is on! Where can she find a man who will love, honor, and understand her, with all her burden of earning capacity, efficiency, and self-sufficiency? How can she revive or assume the femininity which she has sacrificed all these years on the altar of progress and success?

To illustrate, let us consider the situation of Minna in this year of 1931.

Like thousands of her successful sisters, Minna arrived in New York and the position of buyer with a salary which runs into five figures, by a circuitous trail.

While clerking in the Five and Ten Cent store of a small Mid-Western city, she attracted the attention of a traveling salesman who had paused at her counter to buy an emergency tube of tooth paste. He returned on each successive visit to the town, until the store manager warned Minna against the wiles and deceptive nature of " drummers." But for once a traveling man's intentions were strictly honorable—and commercial. He had been impressed, not so much by Minna's rose-petal complexion and cornflower-blue eyes, as by her well groomed appearance, her alertness, and the meticulous care with which she arranged and rearranged her stock of cheap toilet articles.

A year later Minna was in Chicago, demonstrating cosmetics for the firm which the observing traveling man represented, and supplementing her elementary education at night school. Later she took a short course in pharmaceutics. When she arrived in New York she had a more substantial foundation on which to build her career than a lovely complexion with which to excite the envy and the hopes of her customers.

Not yet forty-five, Minna is recognized in New York and Paris as an expert in her line. But her business rating is perhaps less important to her future than her progress sartorially and socially.

Minna is incontestably smart. Semiyearly trips to Paris have developed style sense. If hats go brimless, Minna's forehead looms large on the fashion scene, and, happily, it's a good forehead to see. If big-brimmed hats come in, Minna's forehead disappears from view.

*The girl came home engaged to the vice president. One of the first questions he had asked her was: "Why haven't we met before at our office?"*

*Pictures by*
ADDISON BURBANK

She has an apartment in a much exploited residence district from which she walks briskly to her place of business daily. She owns a snappy roadster. She subscribes for two seats at the opera, from which she can study the fashionable women seated in the famous diamond horseshoe. She belongs to three clubs where she meets women well known in business, professional, and artistic circles. She reads sophisticated magazines, and week-ends assiduously. Thousands of women like Minna live in the big cities, from New York to San Francisco. Smart, successful—and single. Not a man in their lives!

Naturally Minna could have a man in her life—under certain conditions. Not one man, but several—especially the sort of men she meets on transatlantic steamers and in the ateliers of Paris. But though Minna has shed all of the habits and most of the traditions of the unlovely home from which she sprang, she cannot shake off the old-fashioned idea of chaste womanhood which was instilled in her receptive mind and heart during the dull and drab but receptive years of her girlhood.

ALL this came out one Sunday afternoon when Minna and I lounged on the balcony of a luxury hotel in The Hague. We had spent the afternoon strolling with the Sunday crowds—in the shopping district where shrewd merchants had left the shop windows uncurtained; in parks, woods, and palace grounds, thronged with quiet but contented-looking groups.

Suddenly Minna straightened up. "Did you notice anything funny about these Dutch people?"

"Yes," I replied. "They're against dieting. I didn't see a single woman who weighed less than one hundred fifty pounds!"

"Probably the Dutch men like them that way," Minna replied impatiently. "But what impressed me was the fact that every girl had a man. Afoot or on bicycles, they travel in twosomes. All married or headed for marriage. In love, and what of it? say they! Don't any of the women here work for their living? Or do they marry, work on weekdays, and pet on Sundays?"

Then, with a short, ironic laugh, she added:

"And can you see Riverside Drive this afternoon? All our slim, smartly dressed young business girls, with their up-to-the-minute rouge and lipstick, parading past stone walls fringed with young men who watch them with predatory eyes, murmuring comments from the corners of scornful mouths? On the busses, at the beaches, in the movie theaters, bunches of girls, bunches of men, but never the twain do meet! Or if a girl is with a man, you can bet the entire fifty-seven varieties of cheese that will be offered to us at dinner tonight she does not work for her living. What's the matter with us business women in America? Are the men afraid of us? Don't they trust us? Don't they like us?"

Minna was only thinking aloud, baring not only her own thoughts but those which are disturbing thousands of women in her class.

YES, one large group of men, numbering thousands upon thousands, is afraid of marriage with successful business women. Afraid of taking second place in the partnership of marriage, in the home where they want to come first. Afraid of being outclassed by their wives. Afraid of the knowledge of their sex which the gainfully employed woman has acquired in what was once man's exclusive domain. Afraid that women who have come in daily contact with men will see through the little subterfuges with which male creatures have always protected themselves and by which they maintain their attitude of superiority in the bosom of their families.

Look into the mind of John Doe, paying teller in the First National Bank, as he dallies with the thought of marrying Jane Smith, assistant buyer of lingerie in the Boston Store. John knows that, not being related to any of the great and influential on the bank's board, he will probably be a teller until he is pensioned or can retire on an annuity. Deep down in his heart he knows also that he is not the type of man to seize an opportunity in Wall Street. He is not the lucky sort.

On the other hand, Jane Smith is in line for advancement. The retirement of her chief has already been considered by the firm, which pensions its faithful employees. Jane is the logical successor, competent and popular. In a few years her salary, now the same as John Doe's, will be larger than his. He does not relish the idea of being married to a woman who will earn more than he can. Jane—perish the thought!—may want to be the head of their house!

Then John knows that his real influence in the bank is practically nil. He is merely a cog in the huge machine. But no man would have his wife know this. He wants to go home at nightfall and impress her with his importance, with the idea that officials in the mysterious private offices call him into serious consultations, not merely to ask him some routine question bearing on the cash balance of a party applying for a loan. But he could not put anything like this over on Jane. She would probably raise an amused eyebrow or hand him a knowing wink. Let him try to tell her what he said to the vice president who came nosing around his cage at a time when all well trained vice presidents are playing golf! Jane will know perfectly well that the most he said was a meek "Why, yes, sir. I'll look after it at once."

Then there's the question of a home.

How can Jane run an apartment and fill her exacting job? He couldn't do both. His mother made a business

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IT DEPENDS ON THE MAN
Continued from page forty-seven

of managing his father's house. (Pretty badly perhaps, but he has forgotten all that!) Yes, decidedly he wants a woman presiding over his home, however humble. Someone to wave cheerfully to him from the window when he starts off for the day; someone to meet him with a smile when he returns at night. Not a wife who will look at the clock, drop her toast, and call to the maid: "Fix up any dinner you like. I've an early conference this morning and can't stop." Or a wife who will greet him in the elevator of their apartment house with "Good Lord, what a day! Me for a bath, a book, and bed. No, I'm too done up to play bridge. I'll telephone the Greys to come another night."

What John Doe thinks he wants is a sweet little home maker with but a single thought—and that is to make him comfortable and happy. So he forgets that Jane, for all her day's hard work under a chief who swings painfully between indigestion and neuritis, always cheers him amazingly when they have an evening date; that she listens with interest to his tale of triumph or annoyance, soft-pedaling the recital of her own day's work; that she accepts his little gifts and attentions with the avidity of the proverbial clinging vine; and that the very touch of her hand on his arm sets his blood tingling. No, a man must play safe. He must protect his *amour propre.*

So John Doe goes to his home town for a vacation, marries the younger sister of an old flame—and lives a slave to her whims the rest of his life.

As a matter of fact, the institution of marriage is passing through a number of radical changes. In some respects both marriage and home life are better for the shaking up they are getting.

And women, being adaptable creatures, are adjusting themselves to these changes, while men, being conservative, are trying to be old-fashioned husbands in new-fashioned marital and domestic relations.

The clear-thinking business woman makes a mental survey of the modern home, its electrical equipment and labor-saving devices; today's facilities for feeding husbands, including tea rooms and country clubs; the dwindling family and the contracting apartment. She figures that a woman with any executive ability whatever can run her home on a three-hour day.

So, if she prefers to invest her spare hours in a whole or part-time job, she feels that she can help her matrimonial partner carry their common financial burden and still have time left to play with him after business hours like any of her golf- and bridge-playing sisters.

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

*this article's author, has herself had a successful career—which, however, did not preclude marriage or rearing four children. She is best known for writings on home problems and etiquette. By birth, she is an Ohioan.*

FURTHER, she has no illusions about the obligations of marriage. Probably her grandfather believed in large families. He felt a deep obligation to the woman who bore his children, six to sixteen of them. Grandmother's job was bearing and rearing the family which would carry on her husband's name and reflect glory on his manhood. But Jane Smith plans to have one or two children only. They will not be a burden. She will send them to a nursery school and enjoy them on Sundays and holidays. She will contribute to their support, and in time they will feel that they owe her as much as they owe their father.

Probably her grandfather selected his wife for one of two reasons: Either she excited his emotions and he could possess her only by marrying her; or, being beautiful, gifted, and gracious, she would advertise his success, or, in the vernacular of the hour, be good window dressing.

But Jane Smith does not consider that in giving herself body and soul to a husband she is placing him under obligations. If marriage and self-sacrifice were synonymous terms she would put marriage out of her mind. She expects the partnership to yield for her the same satisfactions her husband will enjoy. It is to be an even exchange of comradeship and happiness, not a mere barter and sale of her body, charms, and appeal. And if the exchange is not evenly balanced, if either one or the other is dissatisfied—well, there is Reno!

The modern woman, particularly the economically independent woman, has a new perspective on marriage. The man who shares this view may feel perfectly safe in marrying a woman, whether she decides to continue in business or to give up her work because she sees in marriage a more absorbing, a more satisfying vocation.

Idleness, leisure, and inherited means do not always develop livable wives. The worst nagger of my acquaintance is a woman who never earned a dollar in her life, who thinks that when she bore two children to her husband she placed him under obligations from which he can never escape. She never sympathizes with him in his business disappointments nor felicitates him on his successes. The theme of her conversation is, "Well, I've given up the best years of my life to Tom. And what I've endured for him no one will ever know."

THE right-thinking woman, whether gainfully employed or belonging in the leisure class, will make the right kind of wife. It is not a question of income but of outlook. Business may make a woman cautious and reticent, but it does not beat out the flame of affection, the desire to serve those she loves. This fact is proved every day of the year where women work for wages.

Against the advice of a certain young man's parents and intimates, he married a brilliant young woman who was a copy writer in his advertising agency. She quit work to enjoy making a home for him. Within three years he was terribly injured in an automobile accident. She immediately placed her baby in a nursery school, rented their smart little apartment furnished, took a room in a hotel near his hospital, and assumed the management of her husband's agency. She cheered the panic-stricken workers, fired those who would not cooperate with her, kept her husband informed, cuddled her baby over the week-ends, lost quite a few pounds of flesh, acquired a few lines in her face, but never lost her faith that everything would come out right. And it has.

The most brilliant drama of masculine prejudice overcome by a business woman was staged in the Middle West. This woman held a responsible position with a public utilities company. She had passed through the usual stages: ambition when she saw opportunities opening up before her, disappointment, almost despair, as she watched post after post for which she was eminently fitted being filled by men less able or men possessing influence. She voiced her dissatisfaction to an elderly relative. The latter looked over her caller with appraising eyes.

"Why don't you marry? You'd make an understanding, helpful wife for some man who really needs you!"

"Marry?" echoed the business woman. "Men don't marry the women they meet in business."

"Well, leave business—temporarily. Take three months off. Go to an honest-to-God summer resort. Leave your tailored suits at home. Fill your trunk with frilly clothes. Stop giving orders. Be feminine. Soften up. Something will happen."

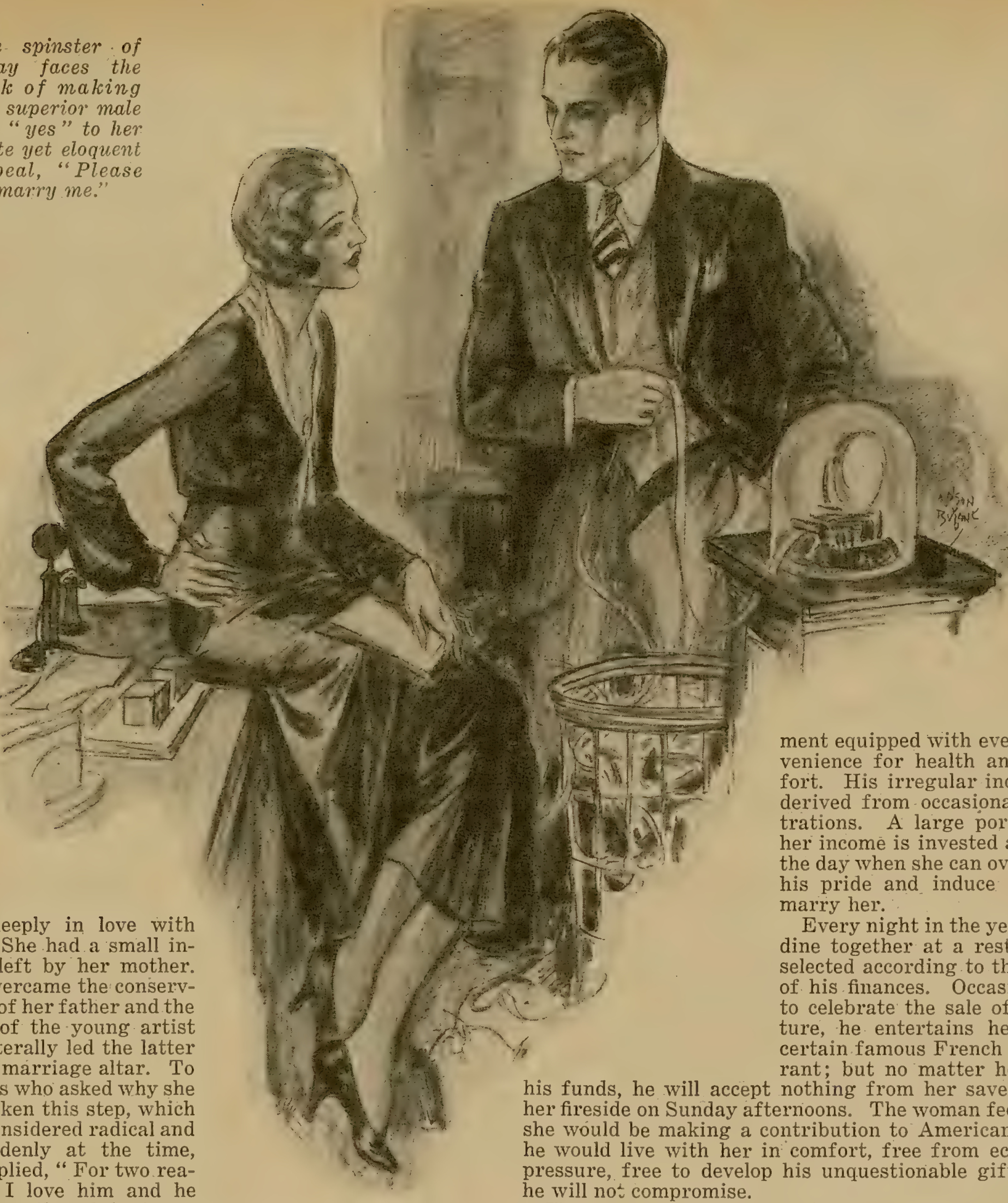
And it did.

The girl came home engaged to the vice president of the corporation for which she had worked. She told me that one of the first personal questions he asked her was: "Why haven't we met before at our office?"

And they had—but not when she was wearing clinging chiffons under an August moon.

She made him a fine wife. As his widow, she has protected the interests he founded. She has never been an outstanding success socially. Her tastes do not run in that direction. She prefers community leadership, social welfare, politics. She is vice chairman of a great political party in her state, and last year her daughter was presented at the court of St. James's.

Some years ago a young artist was on the verge of starvation. No one believed in his gift except a girl who



*The spinster of today faces the task of making the superior male say "yes" to her mute yet eloquent appeal, "Please marry me."*

was deeply in love with him. She had a small income left by her mother. She overcame the conservatism of her father and the pride of the young artist and literally led the latter to the marriage altar. To friends who asked why she had taken this step, which was considered radical and unmaidenly at the time, she replied, "For two reasons: I love him and he loves me, though he is too worried to know it, and because he has a wonderful gift and I have none. If I can preserve the life and sanity of a great artist, I will have done something for my country, and I will be happy while doing it."

Today the man is one of America's really great artists. His paintings hang in every good museum. Their married life is happy and there is no contention as to who should have credit for his success—the man with his talent and industry, or the woman who nourished both talent and industry with love, sympathy and understanding.

ON the other hand, a very different drama is being enacted day by day in that strange section of New York City known as the Village. Here again the man is an artist whose gifts are not yet recognized by so-called art patrons or the general public. He lives and works in a tiny studio, bitterly cold in winter, cruelly hot in summer, with nothing of the gracious atmosphere which would nourish his talent. He loves and is loved by a brilliantly successful woman whose abilities in scientific research command a large salary. She lives in an artistic apartment equipped with every convenience for health and comfort. His irregular income is derived from occasional illustrations. A large portion of her income is invested against the day when she can overcome his pride and induce him to marry her.

Every night in the year they dine together at a restaurant selected according to the state of his finances. Occasionally, to celebrate the sale of a picture, he entertains her at a certain famous French restaurant; but no matter how low his funds, he will accept nothing from her save tea at her fireside on Sunday afternoons. The woman feels that she would be making a contribution to American art if he would live with her in comfort, free from economic pressure, free to develop his unquestionable gifts; but he will not compromise.

Here, as in many other cases, the woman is helpless. The man must decide.

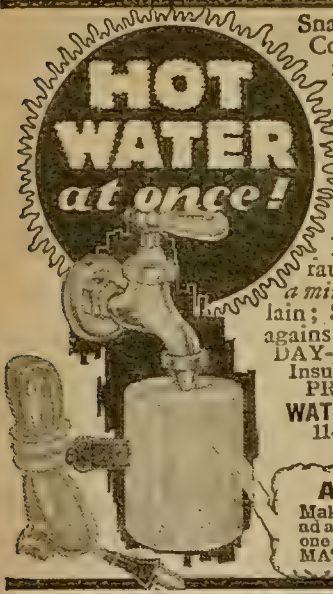
The upcoming generation of men may have different views on marriage and on the gainfully employed woman as a wife. Many of today's boys have been born of economically independent mothers, and have found them good mothers. Many more are studying in coeducational institutions where both boys and girls are taught that the ability to fill a job is as important for girls as for young men.

And men are becoming accustomed to the woman in business, finding her as flexible and as understanding—after business hours—as the home-staying girl.

These influences may gradually soften masculine pride, but they will not help the gainfully employed spinster of today.

She faces the delicate task of making the superior male say "yes" to her mute yet eloquent appeal, "Please marry me. With all my efficiency in business, I can and will live up to my marriage vow to love, honor—yes, and to obey my husband."

THE END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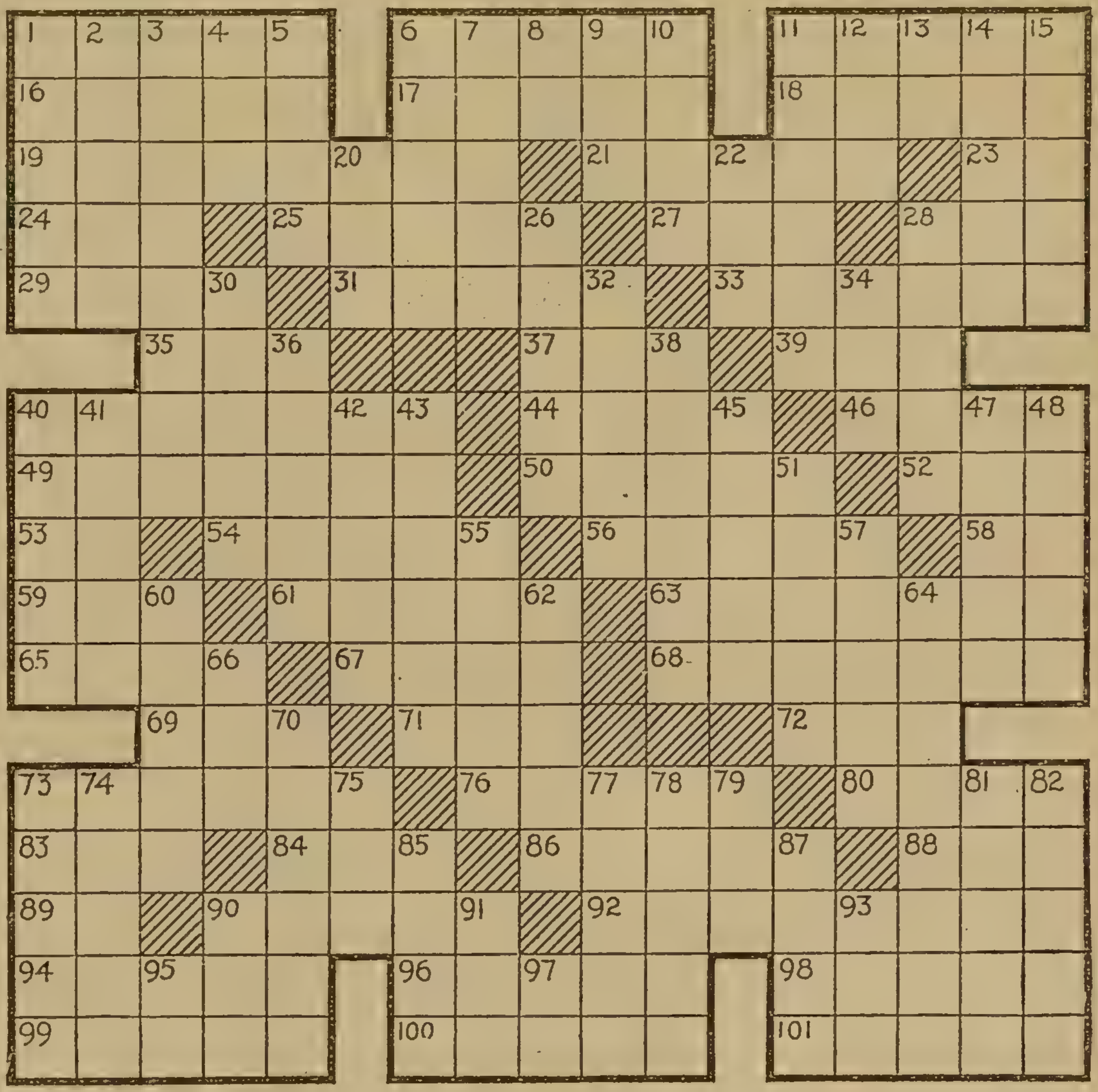
# *Two New Puzzles:*



### HORIZONTAL

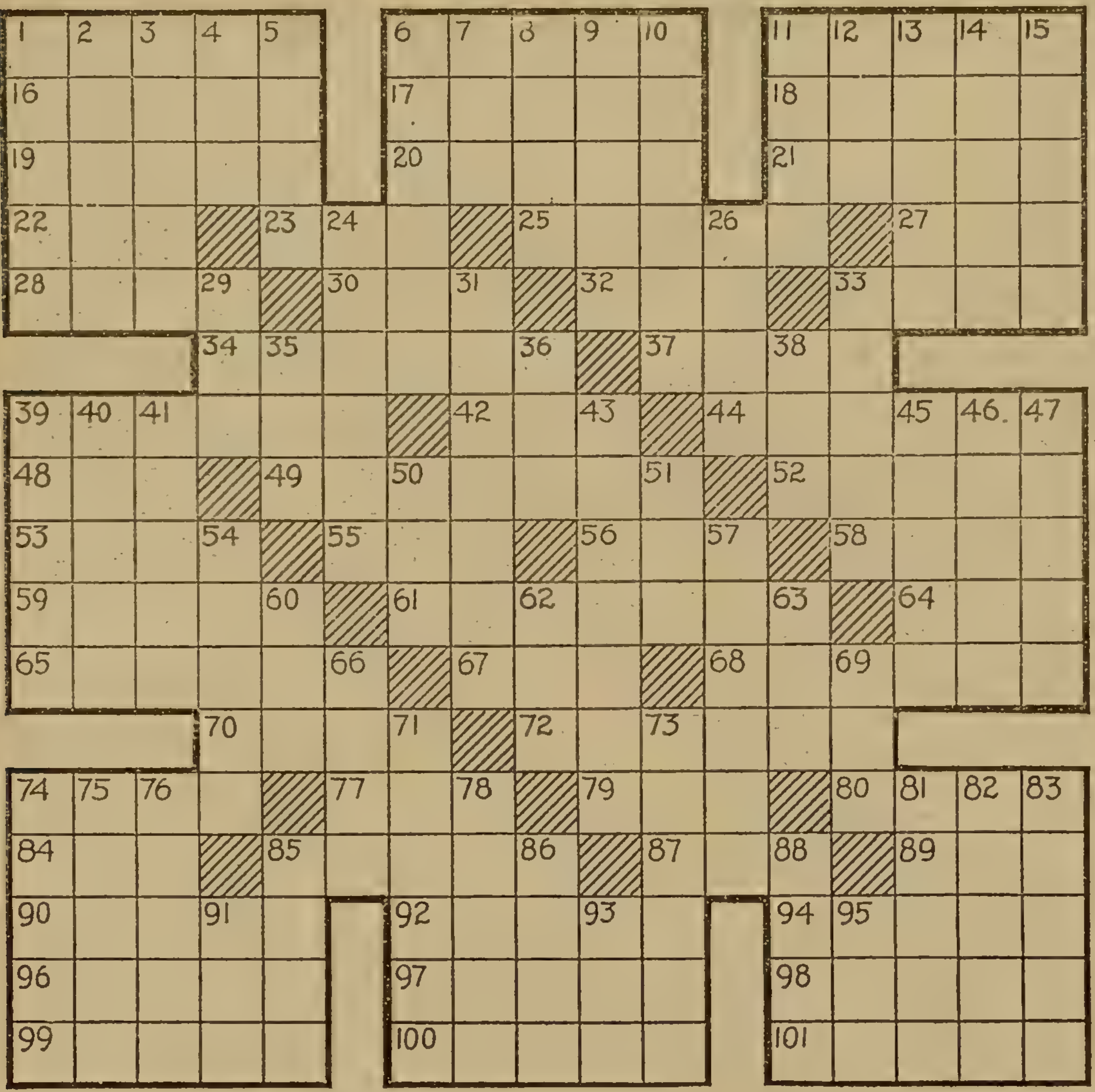
1 Tubes
6 Subject to the law of duty
11 Worn out by use or familiarity
16 Growing out
17 Elliptical
18 Of tonality
19 Healing
21 Penetrate
23 Note of the scale
24 Goddess of vengeance or destruction in Greek mythology
25 Perfume
27 Comprehend
28 Permit
29 Woman's name
31 City in Germany
33 Entice
35 Conducted
37 Drowse
39 Iniquity
40 Recluse
44 River in Germany
46 Overspreading mass
49 A king of Israel
50 Man's name
52 A deer
53 Letter of the Greek alphabet
54 A warm drink made from wine
56 Perspiration
58 The symbol for an element
59 A worm
61 Mother of Isaac
63 Diminished; lowered
65 Vend
67 A bristle
68 Obliteraters
69 Succor
71 Collection of articles belonging together
72 Japanese coin
73 Sweethearts
76 Word of frequent occurrence in the Psalms
80 Ornamental knob
83 Anger
84 Over
86 Small valleys
88 Compass point
89 Parent
90 To be in store for
92 Of the brain
94 Roman highways
96 Device for transmitting and modifying force
98 Loyal; faithful
99 Taut
100 Smallest
101 Veins of ore

### VERTICAL

1 A nut
2 Accustom to
3 Running side by side
4 Letter of the Greek alphabet
5 Places
6 Changes position
7 Part of a stove (plural)
8 Egyptian deity
9 Corroded
10 Part of a telescope
11 Makes obdurate
12 Rocky pinnacle
13 One indefinitely
14 More recent
15 Select class
20 To frost
22 Beverage
26 Import
28 Of the moon
30 A fruit
32 Complications
34 Rim; margin
36 Coins
38 Of sober or serious mien
40 Vassals
41 Awake from sleep
42 Loose garments
43 Habituates
45 More discourteous
47 Defeated contestant
48 Shows the way
51 Sweet beverages
55 Gluts
57 Artifices
60 Serf
62 Detested
64 Concentrated
66 The lay, as of land or country
70 Doze
73 To define
74 Declaim
75 Billow
77 Openwork fabric of fine threads (plural)
78 Watchful
79 Pronoun
81 Custom
82 Marks for omission
85 A very small brook; a rivulet
87 Deal in
90 Areas ten meters square
91 Small mound
93 Combining form meaning life
95 Printer's measure
97 A state (abbreviation)

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

# Take Your Choice



## HORIZONTAL

1 Pertaining to the Roman Catholic Church
6 Degrade
11 Shovellike implement
16 Residence
17 Cardinal number
18 Peeled
19 Stirs up
20 A cubic measure
21 Living
22 Feminine personal name
23 A demonstrative word
25 Forgive
27 A descendant
28 Native of a former European country
30 Craft
32 Parent
33 Boggy lands
34 A putting out of possession
37 An indefinite quantity or number
39 Rumor
42 Woman's nickname
44 Most recent
48 Eggs
49 Seiners
52 More dreadful
53 Charts
55 Born
56 Mire
58 A bird of the pigeon kind
59 One skilled or well versed in anything
61 To become emptied of a liquid
64 The domain of a bishop
65 A sea nymph
67 Letter of the primitive Greek alphabet
68 Bishop's headdress (plural)
70 Trim sail
72 One of the Gorgons
74 Close violently
77 Measures of area
79 Weight of India
80 Autocrat
84 Label
85 Put in position
87 Beverage
89 Make haste
90 Astonish
92 Woman's name
94 Portion
96 Riotous festivity
97 Silkworms
98 Jabbed
99 Minister to
100 Exhausted
101 Ovules

## VERTICAL

1 Genus of European herbs
2 Stay
3 Of the poles
4 American author
5 For fear that
6 Declare
7 Stake
8 State to be true
9 Became dry and withered
10 Injections
11 Gaiter
12 Companion
13 Ascend
14 River in Scotland
15 Paradises
24 Hurry
26 Object of worship
29 Exclamation
31 Canopy over a bed (plural)
33 Having an offensive smell
35 Jar
36 Regret
38 Rabid
39 A style of type
40 Avoid by artifice
41 Document
43 Fur-bearing animals
45 Worn away
46 Separate
47 Perennial plants
50 Man's nickname
51 Heavenly body
54 Waxy solid obtained from whale oil
57 Of sober mien
60 A bond
62 Old Dutch liquid measure
63 Roman underworld god
66 Distribute
69 A people dwelling on the shores of the Caspian Sea
71 Shapes; fashions
73 Hate
74 Initiate
75 More crippled
76 Genus of plants
78 Steep descent
81 Shiver
82 Ventilated
83 Bamboolike grasses
85 Skin of a beast
86 American Indian
88 Vipers
91 Genus of grasses
93 A form of John
95 Garden implement

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

HERE'S NEW VITALITY for the millions run down by *ACIDITY*

IF you are losing your old-time dash and fire, if gathering wrinkles threaten age, don't blame the years alone. Blame *acidity*, that excess acid condition affecting millions because of irregular living and eating habits.

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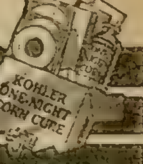

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# Vox

### Coming: Rocketeers

ST. LOUIS, MO.—"It is more than likely that we shall witness, within this generation, the start of a trip to Mars," says Rutherford MacMechen in his article, "Rockets—the New Monsters of Doom."

Shucks! Why couldn't the scientists have started fiddling around with rockets a hundred years ago, instead of now? Why aren't those interplanetary rockets ready to step into? There never was a time I needed to get off the earth as bad as I do now. I want a rocket.

THE MARTIAN
ALL ABOARD

With my creditors asking me for money I haven't got, with my salary cut in half, my stocks worth a quarter of what I paid for them, my friends broke, jobless, and asking me for hand-outs—

Aw, why go on? I'm telling you I need a rocket in the worst way. Gee, Mars must be a good place for a family man to live in!

Well, Mr. MacMechen, just let me know when the first rocket's ready, and even if I've got a long white beard by that time I'll hobble right into that contraption and say: "Good-by, you old son-of-a-gun of an earth!"—*A Man Who Wants to Go Somewhere.*

ROCKFORD, ILL.—Re Mr. MacMechen's rockets, please reserve one comfortable seat to Venus (not Mars) for the year 19310! Note that there are five figures in the date, Mr. Editor.

Very, very, very, *very* skeptically—*"Allie."*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Rutherford MacMechen's article, "Rockets—the New Monsters of Doom," was vividly told. Articles like this make your magazine worth reading.

Let's have more by the same author. —*Norm.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Hurrah for Rutherford MacMechen's rockets! Hurrah for Liberty! Hurrah for Baron Munchausen!—*A Pain in the Neck.*

FLORENCE, ALA.—Just bought a Liberty and read the article on rockets, by Rutherford MacMechen.

Am I a doubting Thomas if I dare to mention that the author advanced some rather far-fetched theories? Such an excellent writer, too. Maybe it's the depression.

Anyhow we'll all have to evolve physically into the shape of coiled springs or hydraulic shock absorbers, because none of us are in shape now to be shot fifty miles into the air in two minutes.

Speaking of fallen arches! My! My!—*Oscar D. Lewis.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—MacMechen's article on rockets was one of the best things Liberty's ever given us. Atta boy, Mr. MacMechen! Make 'em think! Make 'em sit up!—*Future Passenger on a Rocket.*

### Sandy Had Been Looking Down a Coal Hole

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Since when does Liberty advocate the predomination of the white race by the colored?

If the man in bed on the cat-and-mouse cover of your September 19 issue is not a Negro, then what is he? Yes, I ask you! *What is he?* If the lamp which is at his head has made a dark shadow over his face, why did it not have the same effect on the woman? The lamp had no effect on her left side, so I ask you, why? Yes? *Why* does the lamp have this effect on him?—*A Friend.*

### Perhaps They Will

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Just finished Otto Hillig's story on flying the Atlantic for pigs' feet and sauerkraut and am hoping Otto and Holger get a hankerin' for chow mein or chop suey and fly the Pacific and then write an article about it in Liberty again.

That boy Otto has a sense of humor that would put many of our up-to-date humorists to shame.—*Dwight W. Miller.*

### We Were Born Like That

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Liberty, O Liberty! What terrible liberties you are taking in your name! What nerve to fight a battle royal and hand a K. O. to old man tradition! And for what? The millions of common people who do nothing but read the stories.

Why should their little old nickel buy them any consideration? Don't you know that to consider their conveniences and wishes is not stylish among well bred weekly magazines? It just ain't done, don't you know?

Here you go and continue your stories on the next page and the next until they are finished. How untraditional, how radical, when we deserve nothing more than to be made to turn to page 113, to 169, to 204, etc.

Think of the mental and physical exercise you rob us of! And just think: you even tell us in advance the required time to read the story! My, oh my, it just ain't right.—*G. T. A.*

### Attention of Viña Delmar

ABILENE, TEX.—"A Year and Forever"—that's how long Viña Delmar could have waited to write that story—or did she write it?

I think she must have got sick and sent it on in unfinished for the rewrite man to conclude, as she had the characters in a predicament and didn't know what to do with them.—*William Greye.*

NEWTON, N. C.—As long as you continue to publish such stories as "A Year and Forever," by Viña Delmar, your magazine will never know this thing called depression.

I'll venture to say that every person, from the youngest to the oldest, who read this story felt some kind of emotion after reading it.

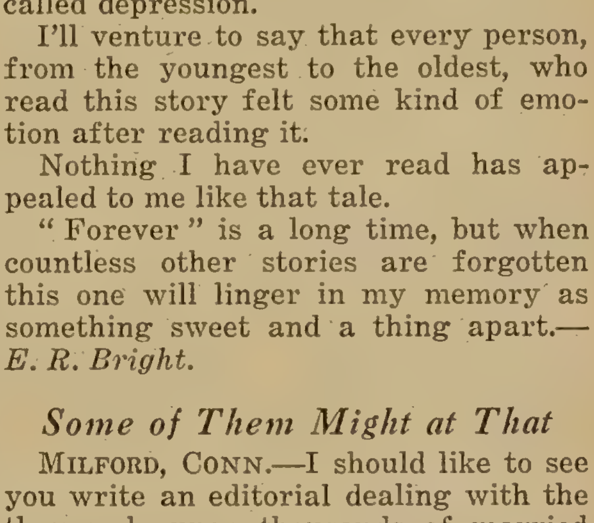
Nothing I have ever read has appealed to me like that tale.

"Forever" is a long time, but when countless other stories are forgotten this one will linger in my memory as something sweet and a thing apart.—*E. R. Bright.*

### Some of Them Might at That

MILFORD, CONN.—I should like to see you write an editorial dealing with the thousands upon thousands of married women whose husbands have good jobs, and young girls from comfortably situated families, who, without necessity, are keeping an equal number of people unemployed—people for whom work means food and clothing and some degree of comfort.

It is a fine and worthy thing that all women should have some business training so that in an emergency they could step in and know what it is all about; but it would be a splendid showing of unselfishness if they would, at a time like the present, yield their places to those who really must work in order to live.


QUIT YOUR JOB!
GO HOME!
Y-E-A-H?
HB

It is unlikely that an editorial on this subject would cause a stampede from jobs by those who really do not need to work, but if even a few left their jobs the editorial would be worth while.—*Harry L. Oviatt.*

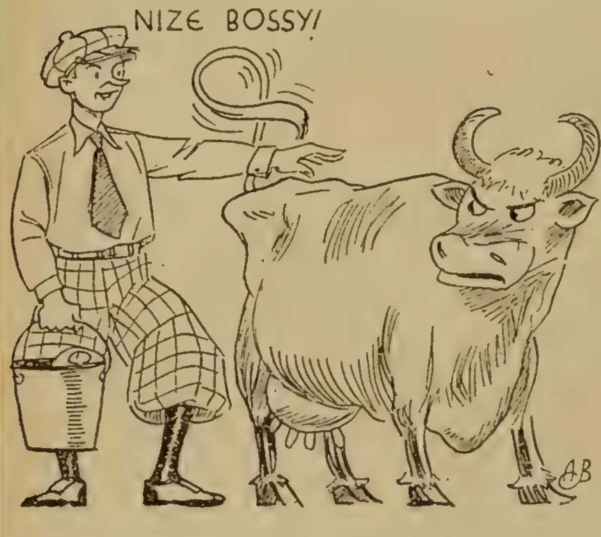
# Pop

### That Self-Feeding Idea

Kansas City, Kan.—This back-to-the-land idea of Liberty's is swell and all that, but have you ever seen a man straight from Broadway trying to get friendly with a cow?

Have you ever seen him trying to make chickens feel at home? Trying to put a pig at his ease?

Now, nobody likes laughter, in moderation, more than I do. But too many guffaws are weakening, and there're going to be a lot of weak farmers if the city folks start going back to the land. —*Just a Laugher.*



Somewhere in the Middle West—I have just read your recent editorials in which you advocate a back-to-the-land solution for the present hard times.

Last fall I became convinced that this year would be harder than last year and I planned a back-to-the-soil movement for myself—but not for my family.

I leased two acres of wild land which never had been under plow before. I built myself a neat little cottage of two rooms, and spaded up nearly one acre of the land. On this acre I have raised onions, corn, beets, lettuce, beans of several kinds, potatoes, cucumbers, etc., and am bringing in the produce each weekend. I am a paper hanger and painter by trade and have carried on my usual labors in addition to the gardening, and found it no hardship.

But to my friends it seems unbelievable. They are too tired after their day's work to do any more laboring.

I agree with you that thousands would be better off on the land than in the cities, but contentment and simple comfort are not what Americans want.

They want ease and luxury, and noise and chatter.—*A Reader.*

Memphis, Tenn.—Your recent editorials in Liberty advocating a plan for putting unemployed and distressed families back on the land were as sound as a gold dollar. Unfortunately, it would take a decade or two to accomplish such a mass movement of a considerable fraction of our population.

Ultimately, your plan must become an important part of a permanent agricultural program for America in the interest of a sound national economy.—*R. H. Bentley.*

### Souls for Sale

New York, N. Y.—You're right, Mr. Editor!—a thousand times right—when you say in your editorial, "Selling Our Souls," that the students in our universities must wake up and take an intelligent interest in politics. The older men have made pretty much of a failure of our government—particularly city government. It's time the younger men, with ideals, took a hand—*Dick.*

New Orleans, La.—Apropos of your editorial, "Selling Our Souls," and your statement that our "most important" citizens don't interest themselves in politics, consider lawmaking beneath them, and that many citizens think all politicians corrupt, there might be some point to your complaint if the present membership of the United States Senate did not consist largely of millionaires, and if the present Chief Executive and most of his cabinet were not possessors of fortunes running into millions.

The title of your editorial, however, was most happily chosen. "Selling Our Souls" is just what we've been doing these many years—permitting the agencies of government to be operated for private ends.

Give the average American a full belly and money in his pocket, and the grafters, big and little, millionaire and pauper, may steal all the money from the mints, sell oil reserves, gobble power sites, and even sell the dome of the Capitol, Mt. Vernon, and Monticello. He won't give a darn! Then, when it's too late, as now, he'll cuss the government!

Gold is our god and we've sold our souls for it.—*Samuel J. Stockard.*

### Is That Nice, Bill?

St. Joseph, Mo.—Speaking of the new golf ball, Princess Alexandra Kropotkin says, "Men golfers must have distance — vast distance — long, giant drives to show how strong they are. Women golfers demand less. Doesn't that prove once more the surpassing vanity of the male?"

Us men *are* a little vain. We *are* proud of our strength. But we don't run around half nude in zero weather just to show what bee-u-tiful skins we have!!—*Bill.*

### Fast Thinking

Odessa, Mo.—The other day I walked into a shop. Throwing a coin on the counter, and taking a Liberty, I started out. The clerk hollered, and said the coin was counterfeit. "What do you expect?" I came back at him. "So's your magazine!"—*B. Johnston.*

### Hooray for Treynor!

Tucson, Ariz.—For the luva Mike print some more stories by Albert M. Treynor if you have to steal 'em! "Caught in Shorts" was the best thing I ever read in Liberty. I need some laughs while I'm wondering where I'll get another nickel for next week's Liberty.—*Meryl Morgan.*

Wauchula, Fla. — "Caught in Shorts" was certainly long in laughs.

Tie Albert M. Treynor to a contract for the rest of a long life so we can laugh in spite of this present crazy world.—*A. C. Clavel.*

Glendale, Calif.—Say, if it wasn't for guys like Albert M. Treynor to write stories like "Caught in Shorts," and guys like me to read them and a magazine like Liberty to print them, what a hellafa world this would be.—*Dale W. Hushaw.*

### We Like Their Faces

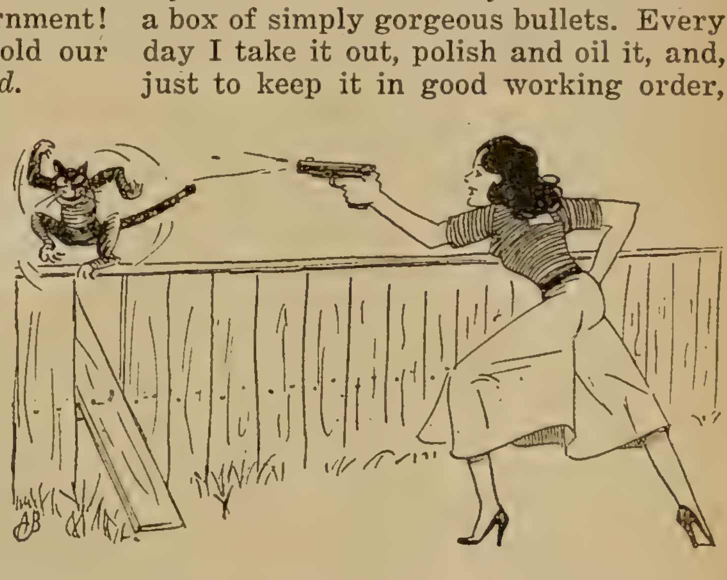
Perry, Okla.—Why in the name of a rooster's fourth foot do you insist on printing photographs of the authors of short short stories?

If a woman is the author and she writes in the first person, naturally one thinks she's talking about herself, and there's her picture to prove it. But is she? No! She's talking about some crook with a beard. And has she a beard? Not a whisker.

Oh, well, I don't like my women with beards anyway, but, for me, the stories are ruined by the photographs.—*Art. K.*

### You've a Long Life Before You

St. Paul, Minn.—I have just bought myself a nice new shiny revolver—also a box of simply gorgeous bullets. Every day I take it out, polish and oil it, and, just to keep it in good working order, take pot shots at the neighbor's cat, imagining, all the while, that the cat is some Vox Popper whose letter I've read and hated. As said cat has a very bad case of St. Vitus' dance, I can't possibly hit her. What I really want to tell you is that the day you stop printing Liberty I shall stop trying to hit the cat and shall shoot myself, because there would be absolutely nothing left to live for.—*Eva Tynan.*



# Scoring Touchdowns With Tears

## Some Emotional Tricks Used by Coaches to Bring Victory on the Gridiron

By

JOHN F. ("CHICK") MEEHAN

*who, as head coach of football at New York University since 1925, has consistently turned out successful teams. His own varsity playing and his earlier coaching were done at Syracuse University.*

*(Reading time: 14 minutes 5 seconds.)*

THAT preëminently masculine sport, football, has a facet which is not altogether he-mannish. You do not have to delve far to find that emotion is one of the greatest reliances of a football coach. It is his handmaiden. Properly employed, emotion will tear wide gaps in an opposing team's line, and it will score touchdowns.

The old heart-rending cartoon of a weary but athletic-looking man, tears streaming down his worried face as he appeals on bended knee to a collection of padded college boys, beseeching them to fight for dear old Guffaw, is a representation founded on fact. Some of the country's greatest coaches have shed tears in torrents, worked their eyes more fervently than Barrymore, and begged as suppliantly as a starving man, simply to send a team out on the field in the proper frame of mind for the game of the day.

The late Knute Rockne, most successful of all coaches, became an Edwin Booth in the dressing room before each game. Notre Dame players have been known to weep copiously as the tragedian before them gave his weekly pep talk; and the emotion that they felt is known to men from other colleges. There are times when a wrench at the heartstrings is vitally necessary—a fact of which most coaches are well aware.

Rockne never slept the night before a game. Often he sat up with intimate friends and discussed the possibilities for his pep talk the next day. Naturally, there was much levity, and the friends were lavish with suggestions; but Rockne was ever alert to a new idea. When he went before the squad, he made even the most fanciful stories sound realistic, and the friends who had sat up with him the night before, now hidden in the showers or behind lockers, could not restrain their own tears as they listened to Rockne's impassioned interpretation of the stories that had been uproariously funny only a few hours previously.

One of Rockne's famous talks was based on the theme that they didn't want the old coach back again at Notre Dame. If he happened to be in the East, he would tell the boys of an insidious plot by Eastern alumni. Another year the same story would be used in the South, and later in the West. It always had the desired effect. When this story wasn't working another was, and Rockne never sent a Notre Dame team into action without first making certain that it was fighting mad.

Tom Thorp, once coach at New York University and now a famous football official, was a great believer in tear-studded oratory. He had some harrowing speeches. Mopping away the mist from his eyes with a handkerchief, Thorp's voice cracked as he spoke in his captivating drawl.

"And back home, sitting in her rocking-chair, is my mother," he would say, "sitting and waiting to hear what her boy did with his team. I'll be ashamed to go home and face her if you fellows don't come through today."

It left a lasting impression on one player at least. As the squad entered the dressing room before one of its big games, the star of the team, having the interest of the college at heart, went up to Thorp and whispered:

"Say, Tom, give us that one you used before the Rutgers game last year. It was a beaut."

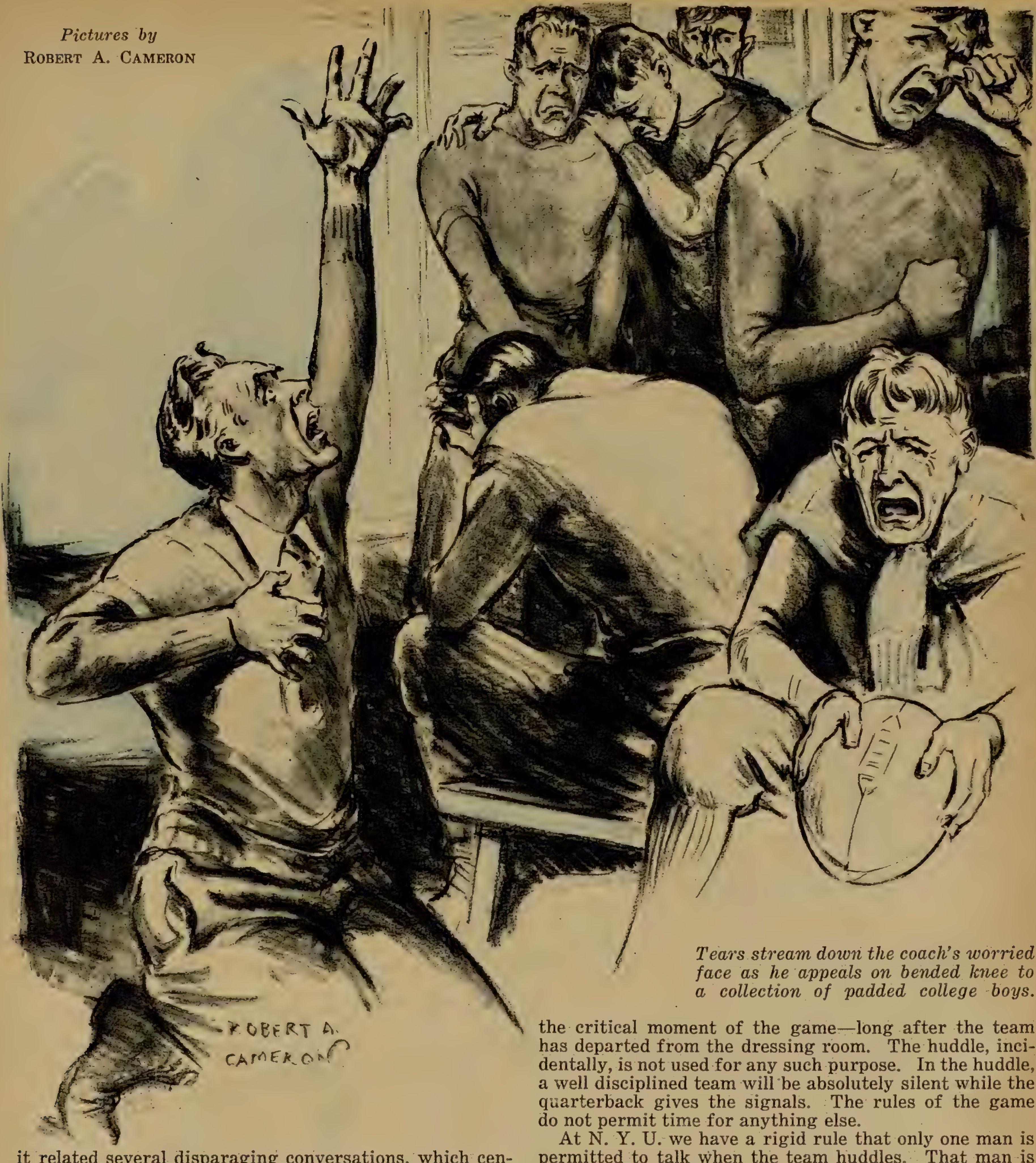
I use tears only when we need the game badly, and I find that on those occasions I have already worked myself up to such a degree of intense earnestness that the production of moisture is not necessarily a great histrionic effort. Oddly, the boys are completely conscious of the fact that this is mere stage stuff, but they succumb willingly.

As a general thing, there is much that is sincere in the coach's fight talk. Frequently, on the other hand, strange fictions are employed. But none that I have heard is more ironic than the one used by Dan McGugin to arouse a Vanderbilt University team some years back. Pointing toward the adjoining quarters, McGugin indignantly told of the acrimonious pep talk that most certainly was being made by Fielding Yost, the Michigan coach. McGugin completely revived the Civil War. There was Yost, he whispered, telling those Yankees how to fight the Dixie lads just as their granddads did. Yost's father was, blast it all, a captain in the Union army! It was a black past that McGugin painted for Yost—and Vanderbilt won. The truth of the matter was that Yost's father had fought with the Confederate army, while McGugin's forbears had been in the Union army.

AT times I have had to resort to rather complex trickery. When I came to New York University in 1925, my chief interest was in building up a stronger football tradition, and I employed numerous subterfuges to make the players fight relentlessly. One of the early games on our schedule was with Connecticut Aggies, coached by Sumner Dole. The important feature of that game, to my mind, was that Dole and I came from the same small town, Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts. Being a small-town boy, I dreaded the prospect of a defeat by a chap from the same place. The home folk would talk.

Jack Connor, who later became a popular choice for All-America quarterback, already had risen to stardom on our team, although we had played only two games. My aim was to inflame him. So I wrote a letter to myself. Ostensibly it had come from a friend of mine in Storrs, Connecticut, where the Aggies were situated, and

*Pictures by*
ROBERT A. CAMERON



*Tears stream down the coach's worried face as he appeals on bended knee to a collection of padded college boys.*

it related several disparaging conversations, which centered about Connor, in the grocery at Storrs. The Connecticut Aggies, the letter said, looked upon Connor as an overpublicized athlete, a New York bubble that the Aggies would burst, a guy who couldn't take it.

I took the letter to the field one day, and called aside Connor's chum, Bing Miller. I let Miller read the letter, but made him promise not to tell Connor or the others. There was no need to hurt their feelings. Miller did not fail me in this hour of need. He told them all, and for the remainder of the week I could see grim determination written on their faces.

WE won the game, 21 to 0, and Connor scored all the points. When the boys came off the field, they told me that every time Connor carried the ball for a gain of eight or ten yards he turned to his tackler and snorted: "Don't forget to tell them at the grocery store next week that Connor gets another first down."

In some cases I have contrived to infuriate a player at the critical moment of the game—long after the team has departed from the dressing room. The huddle, incidentally, is not used for any such purpose. In the huddle, a well disciplined team will be absolutely silent while the quarterback gives the signals. The rules of the game do not permit time for anything else.

At N. Y. U. we have a rigid rule that only one man is permitted to talk when the team huddles. That man is the quarterback. It is different, however, when time is taken out. There are two minutes at the team's disposal, and we have a set program for those two minutes. The first thirty seconds belong to the quarterback. When he is finished, the captain is entitled to thirty seconds. After that anyone who wants to talk may do so; but the quarterback takes control again in the last half minute, for he is head coach of the team on the afternoon of the game.

I have mentioned that sometimes we plot to enrage a player on the field. Such an opportunity was afforded in the case of Kenneth Strong, an All-America halfback of 1928 and one of the fastest men ever to step on a football field.

Before the game with Missouri that year, I learned that Strong was peevish because he hadn't been able to communicate with his girl for a few days. Cowboy Ed Hill, a great blocker, and Jinx O'Herin, the quarterback, were immediately called into conference, and we entered

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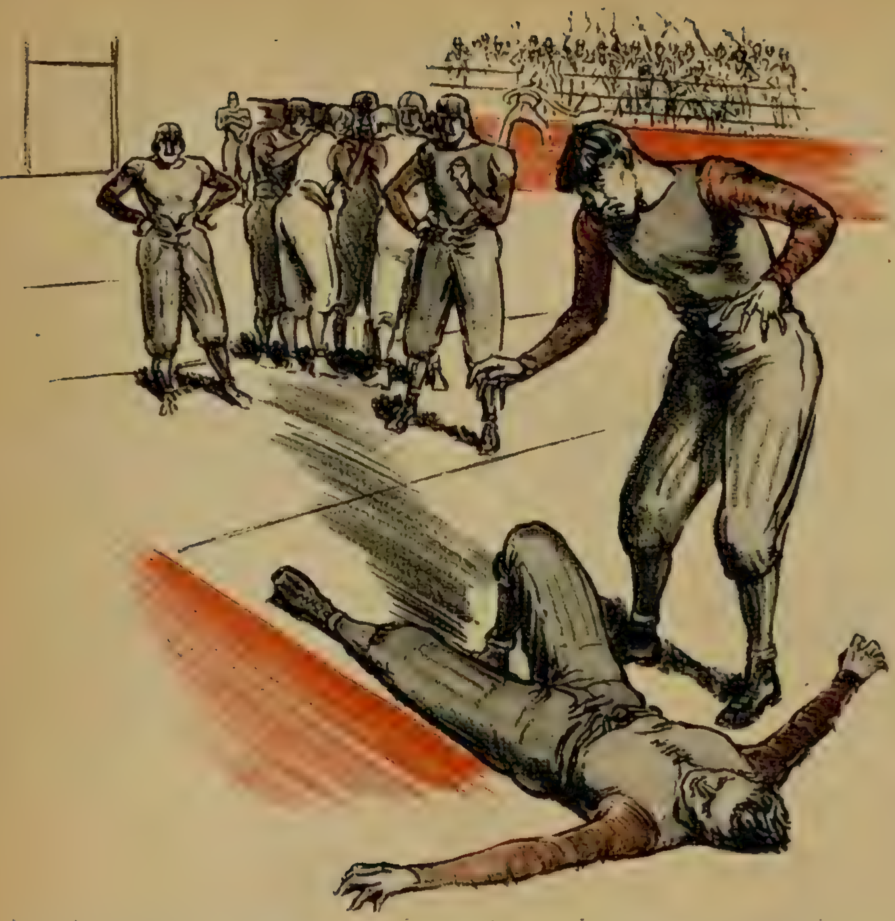


*He would not take anyone out of the fray unless it became his painful duty to replace a corpse.*

SCORING TOUCHDOWNS WITH TEARS
Continued from page fifty-five

into a conspiracy. The matter was placed entirely in the hands of the two players.

The right moment finally offered itself. After the teams had played for a long stretch at a bruising pace, with neither able to make much headway, O'Herin and Hill found themselves in a favorable position to strike. It was N. Y. U.'s ball, far over to the left side of the field, fairly deep in our territory. This was an ideal position from which to start Strong on an end run, as he was at his best when running to his right. Up to that time Strong had played a somewhat listless game.

In response to O'Herin's sign as the team went into place, Hill slipped over to Strong and casually remarked:

"Say, Ken, I understand your girl friend isn't here today. Forgot to tell you I saw her yesterday. She's sore. Says she hopes you play a rotten game and fall down every time you try to score."

Strong's eyes bulged. His teeth snapped together, he took a deep breath, and he turned to O'Herin.

"Give me that ball," he said, "and let me go around that end."

He got the ball, and, behind Hill's fine interference, set out for a touchdown on an end run of seventy-two yards that sent N. Y. U. on its way to victory. I have never seen the equal of that run before or since.

STRONG was an endless source of concern to me. He was a great runner, a great punter, and a great passer, but he never acquired sufficient confidence in himself until a late day in his college career. Despite his rare ability, he wondered incessantly whether he would be able to make the starting line-up in the next game. Except in his own mind, there never was any doubt about it. In his senior year, after a brilliant all-round performance against Carnegie Tech, he made this remark:

"Here I am at my last college game, and I found out only yesterday what the game really is. I wish I had known it three years ago."

Fortunately, his ability led him to an All-America place without the aid of supreme confidence. Since then, I might add, he has broken free of that awful inferiority complex. His achievements in professional football and baseball can be offered in evidence.

Incidents such as the one behind Strong's great run are rare. The eloquent pleas of the coach before the game and between halves are normally the only reins he has for guiding the fighting spirit of his men. Many masterpieces of rhetoric have been recited in the fifteen minutes between the first and second halves. At times the speeches are short but poignant.

Bob Zuppke, coach of the University of Illinois, had occasion to cut his speech down to the marrow not many years ago. It was between halves of a game involving Illinois and the University of Chicago, bitter rivals because of their close proximity to each other and mutual membership in the Western Conference. Illinois had a powerful team, which included several youths of Swedish extraction. Chicago placed all its hopes in one outstanding back, "Five-Yard" McCarthy, so called because he gained five yards almost every time he carried the ball.

The favorites could not stop McCarthy in the first half. To Zuppke's way of thinking, the lone explanation was that Illinois did not fight. When his entire squad had entered the dressing room, Zuppke stormed in after them. I herein take the liberty of using several Swedish names that probably are wrong. I don't recall the correct ones, but I must complete the story.

Looking scornfully into the eyes of his targets, Zuppke reeled off their names:

"Svenstromm, stand up!

"Andersen, stand up!

"Kjellstromm, stand up!

"Ljungren, Pedersen, Jensen, Olsen, all of you stand up!"

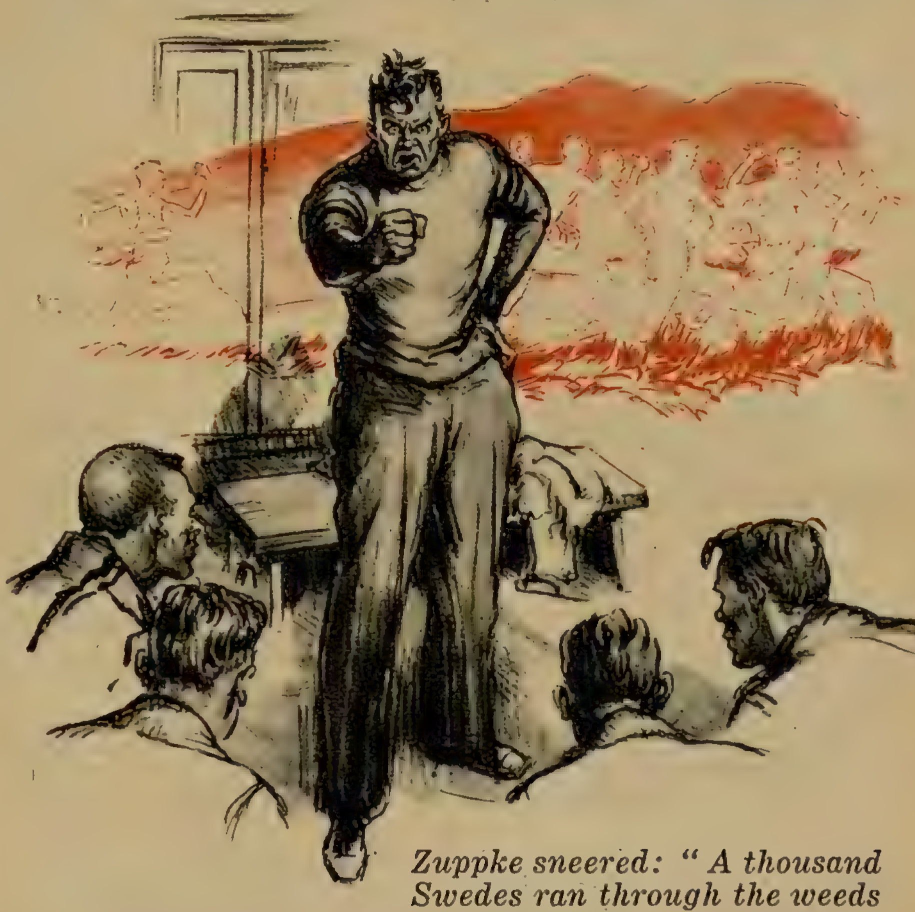
A brief silence. Finally, in a bitter, caustic voice, Zuppke added:

"A thousand Swedes ran through the weeds with a single Irishman behind them—McCarthy!"

ZUP barked the name "McCarthy" and sneered. Then he turned around, stamped out of the room, and slammed the door. Illinois won the game in the second half.

Slightly indirect methods may be used advantageously sometimes to impress the boys when straight talk might fail, but you have to be careful that your subtlety does not permit of misinterpretation. Zuppke gave a fight talk to a different squad before a game, and announced that he would not take anyone out of the fray unless it became his painful duty to replace a corpse. "No one will come out until he's dead!" Zup bellowed. He was simply trying to rile the boys.

Before the game had gone far, a man was injured and laid out for two minutes. From the side line it appeared serious, and Zuppke accordingly sent in a substitute. He was astonished to see the sub stand over the stricken player for a few moments and then jog back to the bench. Zup inquired anxiously what was wrong, and the substitute furnished the astounding information that the man who was injured had arisen and sent back the message there was no need for him to come out, as he was still alive!



*Zuppke sneered: "A thousand Swedes ran through the weeds with a single Irishman behind them—McCarthy!"*

After all, half of a coach's squad consists of callow youngsters, and it is hardly surprising that they should take many—too many, in fact—of his utterances seriously. In 1924, my last year of coaching at Syracuse, I was believed once too often. We were preparing for the game with Colgate, the annual renewal of one of the most intense rivalries in football. On Tuesday afternoon I lined up the scrub team, which we had dubbed " Colgate," and set them in a Colgate kick formation, with the player labeled " Eddie Tryon " in the kicker's position. Acting under orders, " Colgate " tried a play around the end. " Tryon " flanked the halfback and raced down the field along the side lines.

A Colgate play had fooled the boys, so I stopped the scrimmage and gave them a brief lecture. I made a point of emphasizing the play to the victimized halfback, Willis Clark, a sophomore, and concluded with the admonition that if this happened on Saturday he could keep right on running until he reached the gymnasium.

" It will save a lot of time," I added, " because I'll have a sub running in to replace you before the play is over."

That Saturday, four days later, the real Eddie Tryon crossed us up. He ran out of a kick formation from his own twelve-yard line, circled his right end, outflanked Clark, and raced forty-eight yards down the side line before being forced out of bounds. Clark tried to tackle, and missed. He jumped quickly to his feet and raced off toward the gymnasium. I sent for him in a hurry, and he was very much surprised that he was recalled. It took a measure of persuasive arguing with the officials to get him back into the game without a penalty. Sophomores, I learned, must be handled with care.

IT happens once in a while that fight talks, no matter when they are made, are too late to do any good. I have a clear recollection of a time when Pop Warner, now Stanford University coach, ruined an afternoon for me beyond hope of repair. Pop, I can assure you, is known as the Old Fox for more reasons than those purely affectionate.

When I was a beginner in coaching at Syracuse, I took my team down to Pittsburgh to play Warner's. We were creating quite a sensation. Pop even thought well enough of the Syracuse team to scout it personally the week before. Our forward passer, Moses, had completed twenty-three out of twenty-four passes attempted, and the situation was distinctly promising. Upon arriving in Pittsburgh, I was agreeably surprised to receive a personal welcome from Warner. He insisted upon taking me out for a bite to eat, and, to be sure, I accepted. Such attentions from the old master were not to be spurned.

Shortly after we were seated the talk turned to football, and Pop asked what I thought of my team.

" They're getting along well enough," I replied; " but then, they're all sophomores and you never can tell when they'll blow up. That's the only thing worrying me."

Hardly had the words come out of my mouth when Pop was overcome by an unexpected attack of fatigue. He was tired and thought he ought to go to bed. He left me in other hands—with apologies, of course—and departed.

The next day, as the two teams lined up after the opening kick-off, every man on the Pittsburgh team picked out a man on my team and let loose a barrage of invective that certainly was not culled from the classics. While this verbal screen was being laid down the ball was snapped, and Pittsburgh made forty-five yards on the first play. The invective continued. On the second play Pittsburgh got its touchdown. As the game wore on, we were snowed under by an avalanche of touchdowns and language.

Not until after the game did it occur to me that I had supplied Warner with the information and inspiration that he sought. So I was afraid the team was going to get rattled, was I? If that team was going to get rattled and lose its head, Warner was going to supervise the rattling! The following year we met Warner better prepared in phraseology, and we won by a small score.

A football coach must be a master of rhetoric in more ways than one.

THE END

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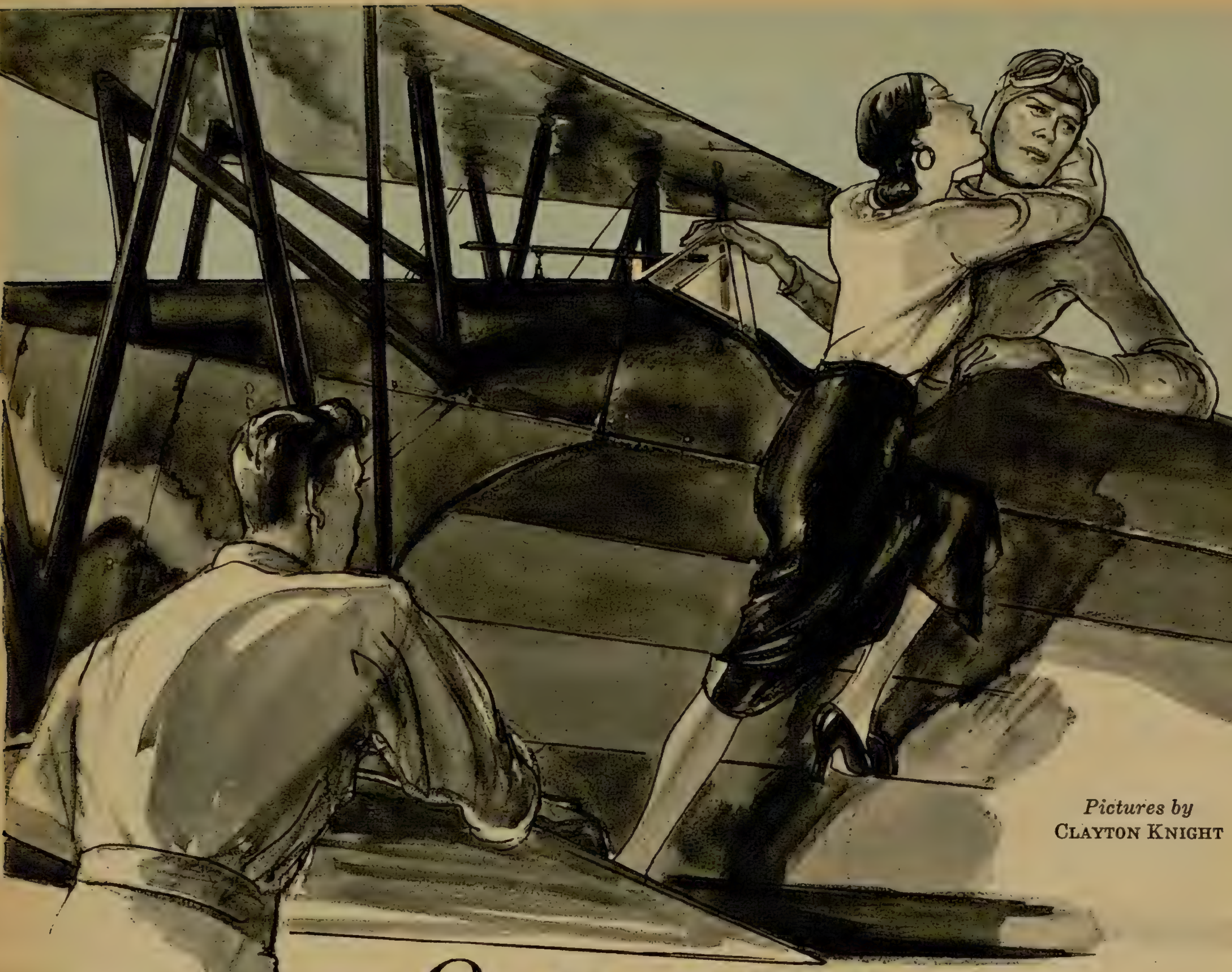


Pictures by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

# LOST SQUADRON

### By DICK GRACE

*(Reading time: 23 minutes 35 seconds.)*

*THIS is a story of adventure in the air as told by "Red," a member of a squadron of stunt flyers who worked for Epic Pictures. Red himself almost met his death when his plane's flippers unaccountably floated away. Light was thrown on this "accident" when he heard the star, Nena Follette, tell Gibson, captain of the squadron, that her director husband, de Forst, was a homicidal pervert. Later, Red saw Gibson stunt-flying to what promised to be certain doom.*

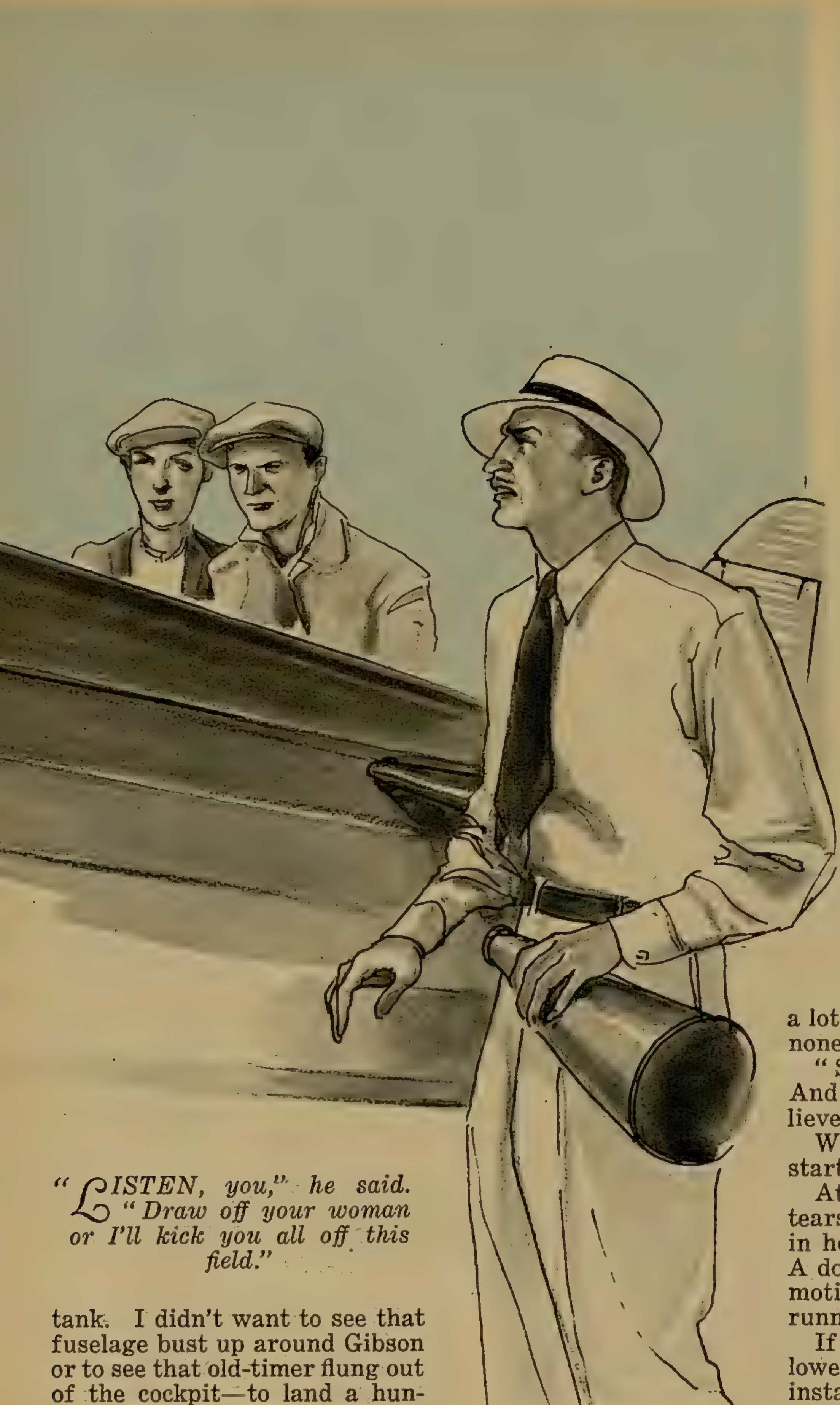
## PART THREE—THE BLACK WINS

SOMETIME in your life you've probably wounded a wild goose or duck or other game bird. And you watched it flutter down to the water almost out of your vision. Your regret was that you didn't kill it outright. There the poor thing was, working its wings as hard as it ever did in its life; yet it was losing a foot in altitude for every ten it flew forward. Nine times out of ten it hit the water out of control, pitched forward on its back, and floundered around helplessly until you potted it to end its misery. An airplane in a forced landing always reminds me of a wounded wild goose. It looks so out of place up there, so helpless, with the stick cold still. With all our superior brains, we often do just what that goose does. Glide down to a bad landing and flop over.

Gibson, but a few feet from the ground, in an inverted position! His prop so still you could almost read the trade-mark on it. Fritz and I running wildly from the hangar with fire extinguishers. It was only a gesture. There wasn't a chance that he'd live. All we wanted to do was to save ourselves the job of messing around in red-hot tubing pulling out an arm or a leg at a time.

The ship had passed almost from our sight. I wanted to close my eyes so I couldn't see that ripping, tearing explosion as the engine hit and pushed back into the gas

# A Story of Flying Death and a Thrill Builder's Finish



*"LISTEN, you," he said. "Draw off your woman or I'll kick you all off this field."*

tank. I didn't want to see that fuselage bust up around Gibson or to see that old-timer flung out of the cockpit—to land a hundred feet or so away, like a sack of sand. I didn't want to hear him groan; to see his body twitch and shiver. But I couldn't help it. I watched every movement, saw every foot the thing came nearer the ground. Picked the exact spot where the nose would hit.

"God help him," I murmured.

"Come on, sap." Fritz with his hippopotamuslike stride had overtaken me. I stopped altogether. The extinguisher dropped from my hands, began spraying in all directions. My eyes bulged more than ever out of my head. Weakly I sank to my knees.

THE nose of the inverted Boeing climbed. It was twenty-five feet from the ground. Had Gibson planned to make this crash a complete washout? If so, he couldn't have picked a more perfect spot for the cameras. He'd hit not fifty feet from them.

No. The wings started to revolve. They did revolve. A complete half-barrel, so close to the ground that the tips fanned the dust into a little whirlwind. Gibson had righted himself. I saw him yanking on the opposite aileron so the wing tips did not dig in. Then he hauled back on the stick and the old fannie of that ship plopped down so hard that the tail skid broke. It came to a sudden and complete stop in front of the cameras.

Gibson sat there. Coolly he lifted his goggles and then unbuckled the chin strap of his helmet. His face was black from burned motor oil.

"You idiot!" exploded Fritz. "Don't you know your carburetor is bound to run out of gas sometime?"

Gibson looked surprised.

"I didn't run out of gas," he said.

"Don't hand me that line—there wasn't even a pop left in her," argued Fritz.

"If I had I wouldn't have found time to cut the switch," retorted the captain. We pulled our necks out of our collars and looked at the instrument board. Our eyes stuck to the little handle that partially covered the word OFF.

"Well, I'll be—"

"NOTHING of the sort," answered Gibson. "You birds are getting too cocky when you take this baby up. You ought to learn how to fly her."

Right there I decided that I'd never make a real pilot. It's born in you, that's all there is to it. I've a few thousand hours myself and I know a lot of punks that have more logged time than I, but none of us will ever be able to handle a stick like that.

"Some day," said Phil, "I'll be able to do that too." And from the expression in the youngster's eyes I believed him.

With sheepish looks, Fritz, the kid, and myself started back to the hangar with the fire extinguishers.

At the edge of the crowd we passed the Pest. Huge tears were rolling down her cheeks. Fright was still in her eyes. We passed on without speaking to her. A dozen steps and we stopped. There was some commotion about the Boeing. We could see a woman running to the fuselage. Follette.

If Gibson saw her he was unprepared for what followed. She stuck her foot in the step. The next instant her arms were around his neck. She was massaging him with kisses. Yeh—she was crying, too, and I don't think it was an act.

Gibson fumbled with his belt. Finally got it unfastened. He stood up in the cockpit.

"Listen, you!" He shook his fist at de Forst. "Listen, you," he said. "Draw off your woman or I'll kick you all off this field."

The surprise of it must have penetrated the Great Lakes regions at the northern extremity of Follette's map, for she let go of his neck so suddenly that she fell to the ground.

---

Fritz was putting the final touches to the motor of 707. I was sitting in the swivel chair at the desk. Phil was still raving about upside-down flying and the old captain. His chatter got on my nerves. "Listen, punk, there's other stuff to do before we can lock these ships up—"

"Aw, let the kid rave," said Fritz. "You went through that stage yourself."

At that moment de Forst, Follette, and the rest of the troupe piled into the hangar.

"Where's Miss Follette's chair? Limey!" roared de Forst.

The props hunted around and finally found the chair.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page fifty-nine

The Pest was seated in it. “Get out!” he yelled at her. “You've no business ever in that, d'you understand?”

He yanked the chair almost from under her. But I couldn't say anything. I've learned that chairs in the motion-picture game are sacred. The bigger you are the finer the chair they give you.

As Follette folded herself, de Forst said, “All right, honey?” She leaned her head against his coat sleeve with fragile effectiveness—to show more plainly the strain which her artistic sensibilities had suffered by watching Gibson.

“Limey, the flask.”

“Yes, gov'nor,” answered the little yes man. He got a brandy container from his hip pocket and, using the cap for a cup, poured a slug for the femme. She took it and gulped it in a swallow. About that time Gibson came in the door, followed by a flock who had gathered to watch his exhibition.

I never knew anyone with as much guts as Fritz. The minute old cap came in the door he hollered:

“Phil, Red! A chair for Captain Gibson.”

Phil rushed madly over to the troupe, dumped the Limey out of a chair, and set it down by Gibson.

“Spread the gold carpet and dust off the throne,” continued Fritz.

“Yes, gov'nor,” mocked Phil, laying his scarf on the greasy cement and wiping the chair with a bandanna he usually wore under his helmet. Then he bowed—and pushed Gibson to the seat.

Follette, de Forst, and the Limey looked on spellbound. The audacity of the thing was something beyond their understanding.

“What's this all about?” frowned Gibson.

“It's a confounded conspiracy to keep me from finishing my picture tonight. That's what it is,” said de Forst.

Follette, who seemed greatly revived by the drink, arose and came to Gibson. She spoke very formally. “You must allow me to offer my congratulations, captain.”

And before he had time to answer her she turned to de Forst:

“I'm going to my car, Arthur—call for me as soon as you can.”

“I won't be long,” he said.

“King Arthur won't be long! King Arthur won't be long!” Phil and Fritz were doing a dancing act in front of the fuselage of 707. De Forst threw his script on the floor. “Quiet!” he screamed. “Gibson, get 'em out before I kill 'em.”

Fritz went back to the motor. Phil sat down and looked up innocently.

NENA FOLLETTE appeared in the doorway. “Who has charge of that man Apperson?” she demanded angrily.

“I have. Why?”—from Gibson.

“He's driven off with my roadster and my maid. I got to the parking space in time to see them go.”

“He'll be right back,” said Harding. “She asked him to drive her to the canteen for a cup of coffee.”

Follette turned to Gibson. “I should think your mechanic could find female society of his sort and leave my maid alone.”

“That's all right,” said Gibson. “He has my sympathy, too. He'll be back shortly because he's guarding the Spad.”

So Gibson had put Apperson to watching the ship that was to be used for the last shot, and he had left with Follette's maid. I wondered if there was any possible relation between this and the conversation which had taken place between de Forst and the Limey. I looked around for the cockney Englishman. He was nowhere in sight. It was then I was sure of two things. First, no one would fly that last shot but me; and second, I'd go over my controls very thoroughly just before I took off.

“The chauffeur can drive you in. I'll take your roadster. Got to see yesterday's rushes anyway before I go home,” said de Forst.

Follette left the hangar. Everyone felt relieved.

“All right, Harding! Do I have to stand around and waste the rest of the day, just because we can't get going?”

“Don't be childish. Everything is set.”

“Sure, everything is set. Between you, the captain, and Her Royal Highness, I'm just about to lose the greatest cloud effect of the picture.”

“You're losing light by talking too much,” said Harding.

“See here,” said de Forst. “You speak with respect to me. I do the hiring and firing on this picture.”

“I suppose I'm supposed to say ‘Yes, gov'nor,’ to a crack like that. Yes? Try to remember this, de Forst: You didn't hire me. My contract's with Epic Pictures.”

At that moment the field telephone rang and he answered it. He turned to the director. “It's your gilt-edged liability.”

“If you've anything to say, shoot it in English,” said de Forst, surprised at Harding's outburst.

“I mean your five-hundred-a-week assistant.”

A FEW minutes on the telephone and he turned to the flyers: “My cameras are set up. I'm going to O. K. the alignment. If you fellows aren't too frightened, try to pick someone to fly this last shot. But remember,” he said scornfully, “Miss Follette isn't here to give you any protection.” He walked from the hangar, followed by his yes men.

Harding shrugged his shoulders. “Snubbed, I guess.” He grinned at Gibson. “I'm not invited for the last O. K. Well, I'll trail along and join the gallery. Better be in your helmets, boys. He's on the warpath.”

“We're used to it now,” said Gibson in a tired voice. “And we don't mind doing our stuff if we're told intelligently what's wanted of us. So far all we know is that the sun is going down—the light's getting yellow—the clouds are beautiful and nobody's got any idea of why we're being held up.”

“Sorry,” said Harding. “De Forst forgot to explain the shot. I'd have been given a cursing of the first order if you hadn't asked me. Someone has to spin that Spad at the end of the line to within three hundred feet of the ground—before starting to come out.”

“I speak for it,” I said, jumping to my feet. “It's my stunt.”

“In your grandmother's little old lace panties,” the kid hollered.

Fritz, at the basin, had his face all covered with soap. “Battle—fight!” he said.

“Listen, cap. Red's hogged the whole show already today. I haven't had even one chance to do my stuff. You're out—both of you're out. It's mine.”

“He's right, Red,” the captain assented; “let the kid get a break.”

For once I wanted this shot. I knew the Spad like a book. Had spun it hundreds of times. I knew just how to ease it into the first turn without making it whip and how to bring it out quick without putting too much pressure on any part that might have been weakened. The last shot and we'd be through with this nightmare. One more flight and I wouldn't have to care about conversations that kept me guessing, of money being passed. I had to find a way to convince Gibson that I should do the thing. He did not suspect why I was so anxious. I didn't want to worry anyone who might have to do the stunt. “Break!” I exploded. “Didn't he shoot the last scene in the last picture? And you grabbed the finale in the one before that. Now you're going to let me sit here, after having the tough luck to lose a ship on my last flight? In your hat! You remember what they did in the army when a guy cracked up? Shoved him right in another crate so he wouldn't lose his guts. You wouldn't give me all night to think about that last dive I took, would you?”

“Scrap it out between yourselves,” said Gibson, sort of taken back by my explosion.

“It's mine. The little Spad comes to me if I breathe too hard,” argued Phil.

“See here. Don't be too long or I'll take it myself. You know de Forst.”

“I'll match you,” said Phil suddenly.

“Not on your life you won't”—remembering that the kid possessed the neatest set of double-faced nickels I ever saw.

“All right—checkers, then. Winner fly the shot.”

“We haven't time,” I said.

“Cold feet? The way I'll beat you we've got lots of time. They'll let us know when they're ready.”

He looked out the door. “Cameras aren't even set up yet.” He grabbed the board and set the pieces.

“What color?” Then, “Red for you—Bricktop!”

You can't turn down a kid like that. Anyway, I thought I could play rings around him. “O. K.” was all I said. “All set?”

“Have at you, me bucko.” And we were off.

“My move.”

“Shoot,” he said.

Several moves, a little strategy, some bantering.

“Going to be a battle of wits,” I taunted.

“Pretty brave of you, I calls it,” he said.

“What is?”

“Going into a battle without ammunition. So I take that man, and that—” And he grabbed a couple of reds.

“But not this, or this. Well—”

I rubbed my hands.

“There you are—or aren't you? You're cornered.”

“Son-of-a-gun if I'm not,” he said.

“I've got you licked.”

“Wait a minute”—thinking.

“I do the spin,” I said, grabbing for my helmet.

“Hey, come here, fathead. You think I'm sunk? How about that?”

“Gosh, didn't see it.”

“And that—and that,” he continued, running me down to a lousy man.

“WELL, can't move, I guess—” I said slowly.

“He wins all right.” Fritz at my elbow, towel in hand. “The kid's got you.”

Phil knocked over the board. “No argument from you, Irishman. Crawl in a hole.”

“Make it snappy, fella,” said Gibson. “After all, it's only a little spin and we can wrap 'em up.”

But you couldn't hold that kid. He grabbed his ukulele and started playing some fool song.

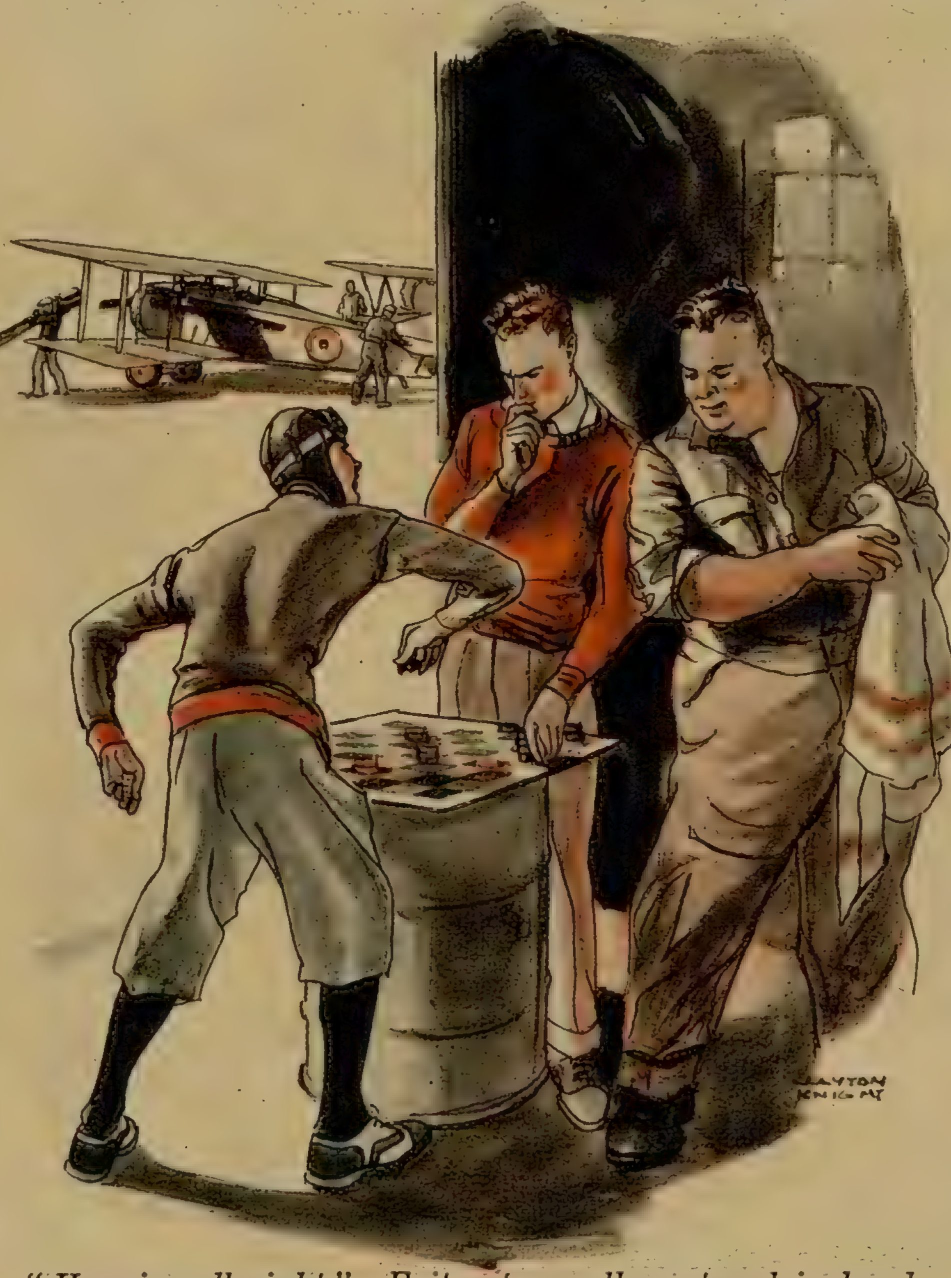
De Forst came to the doorway.

“For the last time, Gibson, get your flyer out here.” He noticed the uke in the kid's hand. “Or perhaps I've got to wait until your vaudeville show is over.”

“I'm all ready, King Arthur!”—and Phil ducked past him, on toward the little baby Spad at the end of the line.

“Can that punk fly this shot, Gibson?”

The cap stopped making the day's entries in the log book and said, “If you could direct half as good as he can fly we'd have a decent picture from you once in a while.”



*“He wins all right.” Fritz at my elbow, towel in hand. “The kid's got you.”*

“Pretty cocky, aren't you, Gibson? Well, this is the last shot—if I ever use you or your mutinous bunch again it'll be because I've lost my head.”

“As long as you don't include brains in that statement you're safe,” retorted the flyer.

De Forst was gone. Back to direct the youngster on his take-off. Back to give last orders. I looked at Gibson. There wasn't time, now, to tell him of my suspicions. Maybe they were all wrong anyway. In which case I'd be the ass of the squadron.

“Did you inspect the ship Phil's flying?” I asked.

“Sure,” he answered. “Looked over every control when I got out of the Boeing.”

I YAWNED. “Well, I'm going out and have a last look anyway,” I said and shambled over to the door. But once out I beat it up the line as fast as I could. The motor was already idling. Phil was just climbing over the cockpit. He sat down. From the downward position of his hand I knew he was fastening his belt.

“Phil!” I called. “Phil—wait. Gibson's orders!” I had to stop him until I'd gotten one close look at the wires—and the hinge pins. His helmet was strapped and his goggles in place when I got there. He had revved the motor its limit—had cleaned the valves of the oil that accumulated by idling.

The mechanics had pulled out the chocks.

“Wait a minute, old boy. I've got to have a look,” I said as calmly as I could, but breathing hard nevertheless.

“What's the matter, Red, old-timer? You can't fly this crate now, you know. The black won and I'm off.”

“I don't want to fly her, kid—I just want to see that everything's in tiptop shape for you to go,” I said. “Now one second—unfasten your belt and stand up.”

“What's the idea?”

“My flippers left me. I was over water. Ground's pretty well packed here, you know. No, they're O. K. as far as I can see. Every turnbuckle tight and cottered. Everything's O. K. at the seat. Now don't rush me. I'm going to follow them back to the tail unit.” Carefully I fingered the small pliable control wires on back. “I'll put up my hand when I'm through. Have you your last orders?”

He nodded. I continued to feel the wires to the point where they were locked in the posts.

Maybe I was disappointed. I think I was. I couldn't find a thing wrong. Up went my hand. Then I ducked. Ducked out of the prop stream, that was filled with dirt and pebbles, and watched the kid take off in a cloud of dust. I could see his wings now—he was rising above it. Just two knifelike edges in the blackening clouds ahead of him.

He almost disappeared from sight—was banking slow and carefully, perhaps five hundred up. He'd need six thousand.

God! Something stung the hand that had felt those wires. It was more than a sting. It was a burning pain.

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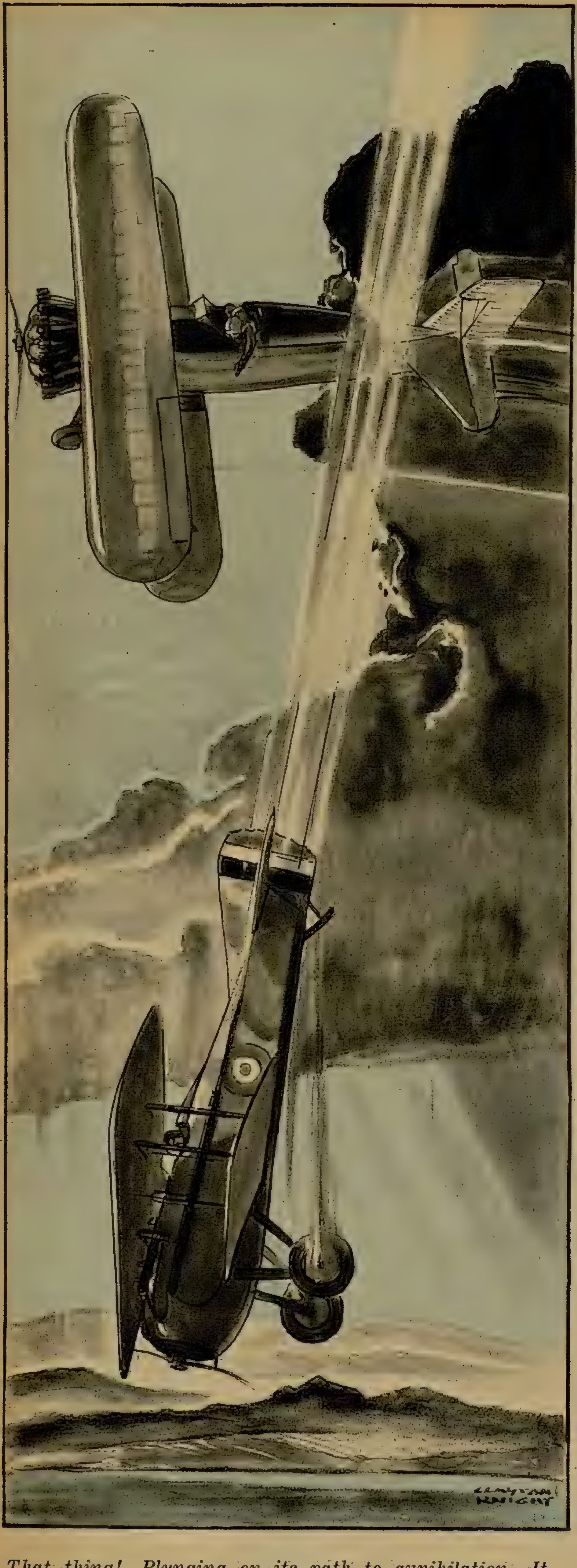


*That thing! Plunging on its path to annihilation. It carried life! Down headfirst.*

LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page sixty-one

At first I didn't know what it was all about. I thought I'd been bitten by something. I looked at the hand. The thumb, index, and second fingers were red. Were already spotted and inflamed. I rubbed and the skin came off. In just that few seconds.

A wild, half-human scream. I was off for the hangar. I must have looked insane as I broke into that old place. I'd lost my helmet, my hair was uncombed.

"Gibson!" I screamed. "They've got him. They've framed him. It's too late. He's done for!"

Gibson leaped as if shot. "Cut it out. Cut out the babbling. What's the matter with you?"

He slapped me on the face. "Damn you, quit your babbling. What's wrong with you?" he almost pleaded.

"They've got him," I cried. "Look! Look!!"

I held up my hand. Flesh was showing through the burned spots. There was no skin on the under part of the thumb.

"I went over his controls. Thought they'd try to use pliers—or take out the pins. It's acid! Acid on his cables!"

HIS eyes took on a sudden hunted look. His composure gave way a little. The great deep lines of his forehead and the smile lines around his mouth seemed to bite into the skull itself.

"I'll—I'll flag him. He knows the red flag. Maybe—"

"You can't. He won't see it from six thousand."

"I'll try—it's the only thing." He dashed out.

For a frightful second I stood there. Then my body was galvanized into action over which my brain had no control. I went to the captain's desk. Got out a little key that locked the more valuable of the old boy's possessions—and extracted what I wanted. I shoved a full clip of cartridges into the butt; yanked back and filled the chamber; removed the safety.

I took the receiver from the hook of the telephone and set it on the desk—ran with speed only one in a state of hysteria is capable of. Back to the parallels. I called to de Forst.

"Come here," I said. "Something's happened. The telephone, quick!"

"I can't leave this shot now."

"You've got to come. Automobile accident. Your chauffeur and Miss Follette—hit by another car at Wilshire and Fairfax."

He jumped from the platform, grabbed me by the shoulder. I continued to talk and I guess my own terrified state made it seem the more real to him: "Follette's hurt—chauffeur's on the wire now. Quick—don't waste time!"

He ran. I after him. Every step he took the gun in my pocket was aimed high on the left half of his back. The safety was off. The bullet was in the chamber. How he escaped death I don't know.

"If it crashes," I continued over and over, "if it crashes, you're gone too, de Forst. If it crashes!"—and we raced to the hangar. He to the phone—I to bolt the lock.

"Hello! Hello!" he yelled. "Hel—" He turned around and looked into the dark hole of an army automatic.

"Hurry—do what I tell you or I'll blow your filthy brains out! It's loaded—don't worry. See!" I shot a wild bullet by his feet. It ricocheted. Broke the mirror back of him.

"But—d—"

"Quick—and if he's killed—I'll come back and get you—so get on your knees for his life. In the Place—or I'll send you to—" He had already backed in, was cowering down. His hand was on the neck of the bottle of Black and White.

"Lay off." I pointed the gun straight at his forehead. Took out the key that fitted into the outside lock. "If you make any noise I'll get you. I'm standing right outside this door. Nobody'll save you at the first whimper."

The door slammed. I locked it, slipped the key in my pocket—tiptoed to the entrance and back to the line-up.

Gibson was amidfield, waving the flag wildly.

"The fool," I thought. "The fool!"

I shoved the gun in my pocket. Fled down the line until I was at the Boeing. The oil was warm—the tail skid broken. Those things I knew. I leaped into the seat. Turned on the starter—choked—babied and eased on the gas. It took! Just one cylinder. I took off the brakes. It hit again, missed. Then hit in a series of uneven explosions. I was rolling down the field. Off. Motor cold. Missing. If it would lift me up there to old Phil, what did I care? Then it caught on all nine and I roared on and up.

Two, three, four thousand. Searched the skies for a trace. Five! There he was, almost a thousand above. Pulled back on the stick. Leaned forward in my desperateness to get up—as if that would help.

Six thousand! I was over by his side. I wiggled my wings. Pointed down. Waved both hands. Signaled it was off. He waved back and then pulled right up on his back and started in a spin at the bottom of a loop. He had not gotten that last signal. He thought that I had come up to keep him company, or that I should follow him down in the shot.

I did. Rammed the stick to the instrument board. Almost caught him at two thousand, passed him a little at one. His hand came out in a semi-farewell gesture.

"Phil, for God's sake, draw out. Ease out!" I yelled. But my own voice was lost in the wild screeching of wires and the blatant backslap of the steel prop and overworked Wasp. My speed was 300. I had to draw out. A bare 700. As I did I saw him try to stop that spin. Saw the wings quiver slightly. Saw the ship roll over and stop twisting for a moment. Then he continued on—down.

I couldn't pick Gibson—didn't even want to try. I could vision him—standing there helpless. He'd be down on his knees, begging, pleading. He'd almost be on the spot where the kid would go in.

My eyes! They were bulging, popping from my head. It wasn't true. It wasn't life. That thing! Plunging, twisting on its path to annihilation. It carried life now! Down headfirst. It couldn't be that we'd fish him out busted and broken in a few moments.

*Was Phil plunging to his death, or was he to escape by a miracle? The next few seconds settled his fate. Next week you'll learn what those seconds held for him.*

## SEPT. 12 LIMERICK WINNERS

### $100 FIRST PRIZE

In his neo-impressionist way,
Moe Sculptor made whoopee with clay,
And you never would guess
What he labeled the mess—
YOU MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY!

Margarita Aguirre Los Angeles, Calif.

### $50 SECOND PRIZES

The "Bust" of Depression, we pray.
Edward M. Stockdell Richmond, Va.

Yes, We Have No Pyjamas Today.
Herbert W. Kretzmeier Portland, Ore.

### $25 THIRD PRIZES

The Birth of a Notion, I'd say.
H. E. Benedict Chicago, Ill.

"HIP-HIP" and I don't mean "HURRAY."
R. A. Long Middletown, Ohio

Just a lot of good "mud" gone astray.
Anne Highton Bellingham, Wash.

A Liberty Belle of Today.
V. A. Miller Shamokin, Pa.

### $10 PRIZES

N. C. Olson, Ashland, Wis.; G. E. Norris, Victoria, B. C., Canada; John Lindberg, Seattle, Wash.; Roger Bennett, Salem, Ore.; Mrs. E. H. Fuller, Portland, Ore.; A. J. Allen, Whittier, Calif.; Margaret Wilmarth, West Barrington, R. I.; R. E. White, South Bend, Ind.; Mary E. Saltzman, Washington, D. C.; Elisabeth Wittmann, Lincoln, Neb.; Bub Smith, Bay City, Tex.; George Huntington Clark, Birmingham, Ala.; Dorothy D. Menzies, Detroit, Mich.; W. E. Jarrett, Abilene, Tex.; Austin Dunstan, Allentown, Pa.; P. D. Lyman, Salt Lake City, Utah; Freda Blank, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Horace Parker, Taber, Alberta, Canada; Jay Davidson, Lafayette, La.; Roy Alexander, San Francisco, Calif.

# Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

### *Maternal Hunger*

While visiting a friend of mine at his home in a small suburban town recently, I noticed that the fox terrier belonging to the family had a new litter of puppies. I said to my friend's younger brother, "Well, Bobbie, I see that Mitzie has puppies." Bobbie promptly replied, "Yes, and it's her third helping, too!"—Joe M. Rogers, 1450 E. Washington St., Portland, Ore.

* * *

### *His Manners Survived*

Donald, seven, had just visited the dentist and had two baby teeth extracted. He felt very much abused indeed, but on leaving he turned to the nurse, tears rolling down his cheeks, and said: "Thank you, but I don't know what for."—Mrs. B. Gustafson, Third Avenue Drug Store, Third and Pine Sts., Spokane, Wash.

* * *

### *Another Side to the Story*

A friend of mine enrolled her little daughter in the first grade of a public school.

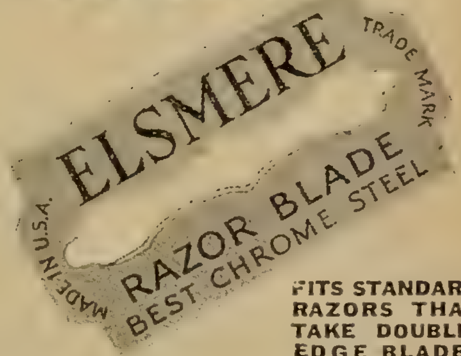
As they were leaving the building, she said:

"Wasn't she a sweet teacher?"

The youngster replied knowingly: "Oh, they're all that way when the mother is along."—Alice Hosko, 102 Elm Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

**Some of the men in this country may need a good five-cent cigar—but every man needs a good five-cent double-edge Razor Blade**

**—AND HERE IT IS!**



FITS STANDARD RAZORS THAT TAKE DOUBLE-EDGE BLADES

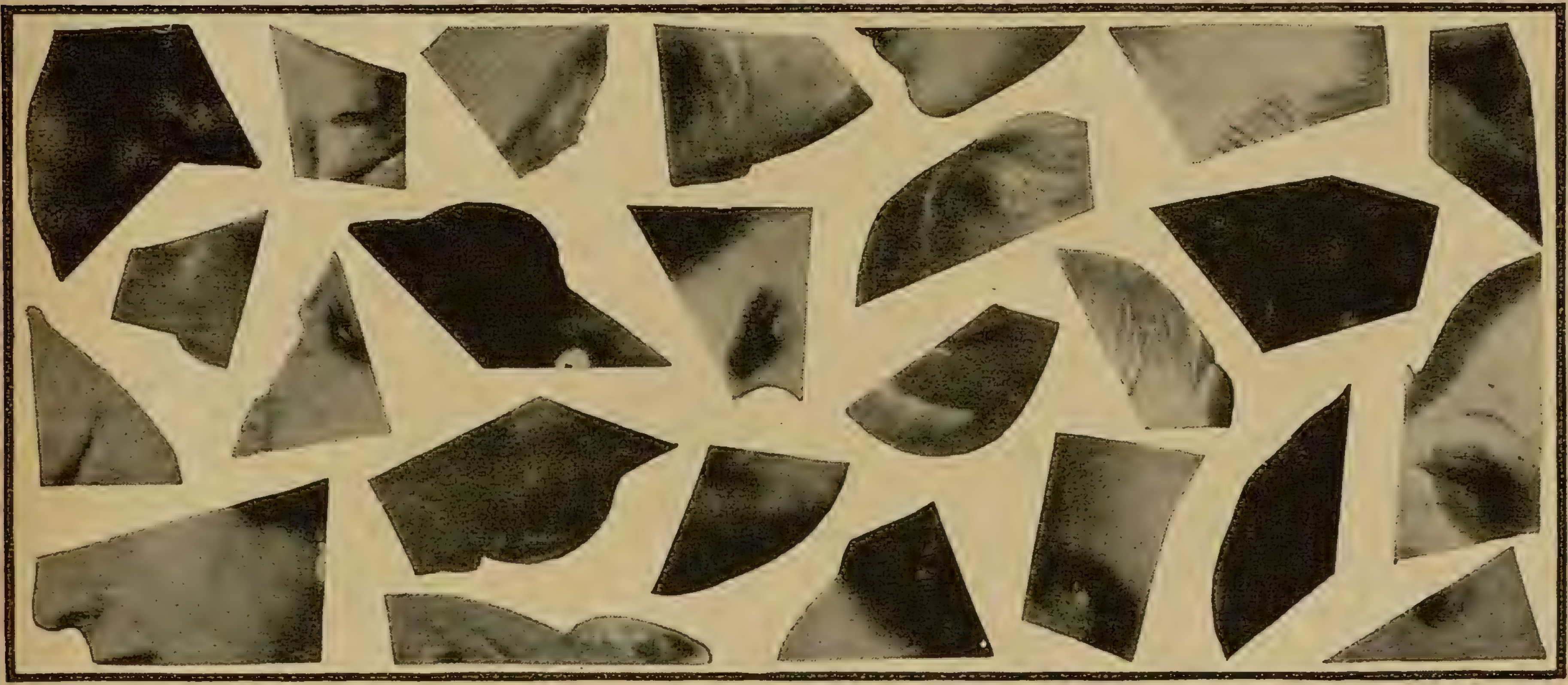
**.... a blade from which all the gamble has been extracted... smooth, quick, easy ... day after day ... box after box ... you may say, "there ain't no such animal," but you're in for a pleasant surprise ... just try one and smile as you shave!**

•

**ELSMERE**
**DOUBLE-EDGE**
**BLADE**

**5c** —ask for them wherever razor blades are sold

# *You Still Can Enter!*
# $5,000 *in* CASH PRIZES
# *You Still Can Win!*



COME on, folks. There's still plenty of time to get into Liberty's jig-saw game for the big money. Here is puzzle No. 5 and if you have not solved the first four of the series already, send a note to JIG-SAW, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and they will be sent you gratis by return mail. You owe it to yourself to get in on this. There's $5,000 on the line.

Liberty's readers are going to share it through competition in this entertaining contest. Play the game and file your claim. There will be ten puzzles to solve, three pictures to a puzzle. The rules tell you the rest.

Look at this week's puzzle closely. Perhaps, at a glance, you recognize a mouth or an eye or some other famous feature.

Get out the scissors, penknife, or razor blade, cut the puzzle apart and paste the pieces together in their proper places.

When you have finished three pictures, and it should not take so very long if you know what prominent people look like, you will be well on your way toward the golden goal, the $5,000 cash prize money. To help you we have included the three faces used in creating the above jig-saw puzzle among the six small photos at the bottom of this page.

## CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

| | |
|---|---|
| First Prize .................. | $1,000 |
| Second Prize.................. | 500 |
| Third Prize.................. | 100 |
| 8 Fourth Prizes, each $50, total | 400 |
| 300 Fifth Prizes, each $10, total | 3,000 |
| 311 Prizes ............. Total | $5,000 |

## *The* RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a jig-saw puzzle comprised of the pictures of people who have been, or now are, prominent in the news of the day and whose pictures are frequently seen in newspapers, magazines, and elsewhere.

2—Each week's puzzle when cut apart and correctly assembled will result in three separate and complete pictures.

3—Write plainly, or print, the name of the person it portrays below each picture.

4—Save all solutions until you have a complete set of thirty pictures identified.

5—Then write one letter of not more than seventy-five words, by which each entry must be accompanied, telling "What I most admire about the character of one of the persons I have identified in this contest."

6—You need not purchase Liberty nor cut out the printed puzzles in order to compete. You may trace the puzzles from the magazine and assemble your solutions from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

7—When you have your complete set of thirty pictures identified, attach your seventy-five-word letter and send by first-class mail to JIG-SAW, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

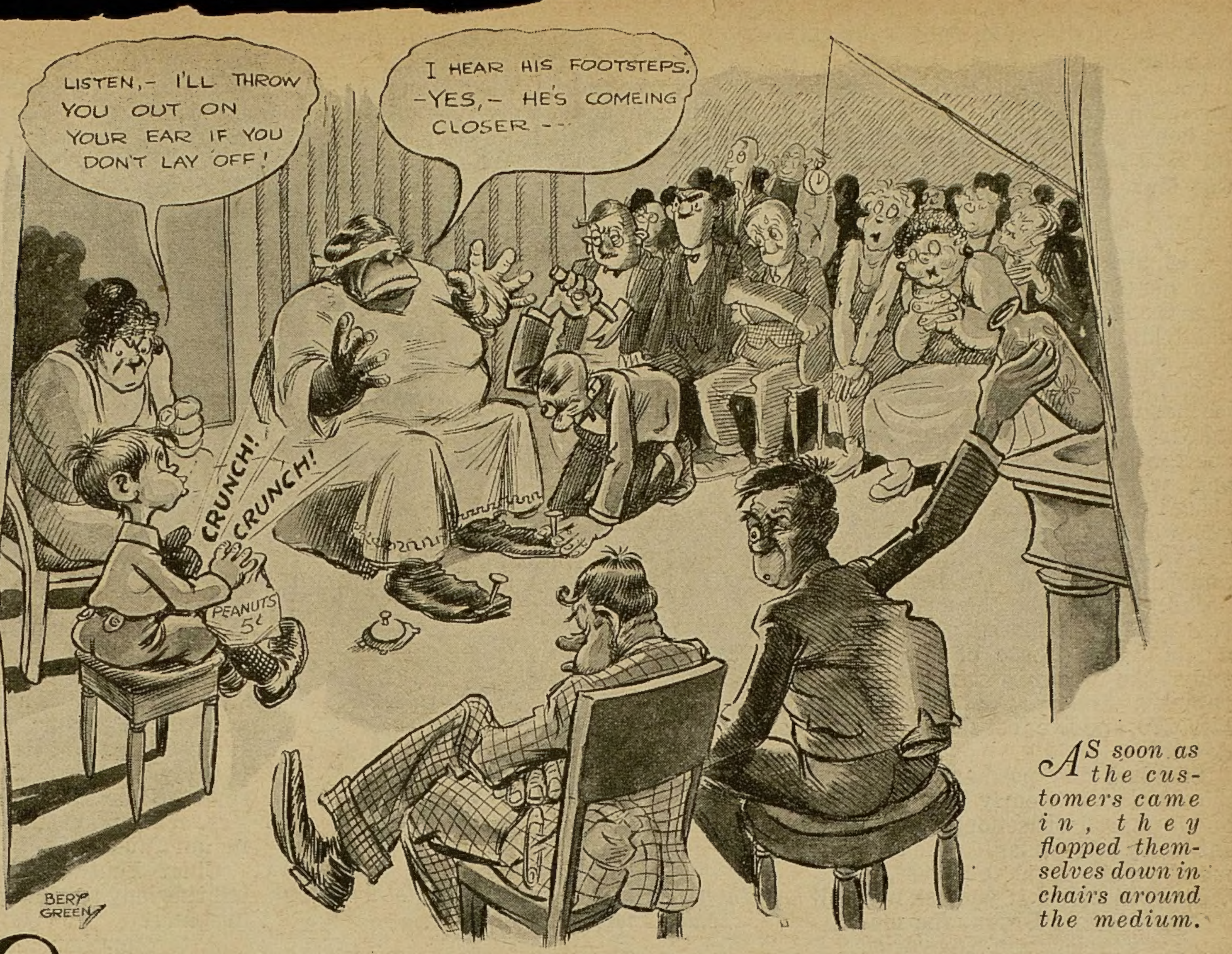
8—All entries must be received before the close of business Friday, November 27, 1931.

9—For the set of solutions most nearly correct accompanied by the best letter Liberty will award $1,000; for the next best, $500; for the next best, $100, etc., according to the accompanying cash prize schedule.

10—The judges will be appointed by Liberty Magazine. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries can be returned nor can we enter into any correspondence relative thereto. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

11—Announcement of awards will be made in the earliest issue of Liberty Magazine compatible with careful and accurate judging.

PUZZLE NO. 6 OF THIS JIG-SAW CONTEST APPEARS NEXT WEEK!


LISTEN,- I'LL THROW YOU OUT ON YOUR EAR IF YOU DON'T LAY OFF!
I HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS. -YES,- HE'S COMEING CLOSER --
CRUNCH!
CRUNCH!
PEANUTS 5¢
BERT GREEN

*As soon as the customers came in, they flopped themselves down in chairs around the medium.*

# Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

## *A Session with Spirits*

Words and Pictures by

### BERT GREEN

*(Reading time: 8 minutes.)*

*Back In New York.*

DEAR MARG,

Listen Kid, whats the use of me and you feuding like this? If you really want to be *Reno*vated and become a false alarm, hop to it but remember, youre never goin to find another swell husband like me. Yes,—an whats all this noise in your letter what says,—

Hereafter when you write, address your wise cracks to Mr. Murphy of Fishbaum Murphy and Fishbaum.

That's a yell. If Murphys *your* lawyer what chance has *he* got bein boxed in with a pair of chislers like them? By the time they get through with him he wont know a short order of corn beef and baggage from a herring stew? The trouble with you is, you listen to a flock of sappie dames rave about their goofy playboys what never earned an honest tit-bit in their lives. All those dames do is traipse around to bridge fights, siphon cocktails and put the neighbors in the lard. Hearts and clubs is all they think about, but just flash a handful of diamonds and they'll follow you with spades. Trump that!

If some of these HE ball and chains would take the *cards* away from the idle dollies and place a *broom* in their hands instead, the Limited to Renos Blastin Academy would be travelin light. Its dames like these that keep the husbies *detained on business!*

Didja ever go to a bridge party and watch the janes gunnin each other? Oh, they're wows. When they flash another femms clothes they clock everything she wears and how she got em. Theyve got an eye like a linx.

You get an earful of that kind of waa-waa and right away you begin givin *me* the air. You think just because some dizzy squaw gabs wise about her gowns, her rocks and her sport cars that *youre* treated punk! Honest, dont laugh me! Say, the dame that does the most braggin owes most dough-ray-me, and if you don't believe me, ask the milk man, he nose.

Take Mrs. Flannelmouth for instance. Theres a smart femme. She was so busy gadding to bridge fights she didn't know what was goin on in her *own* dump. She knew *everybodys* business *but her own.* Once upon a midnight when she returned home rather fatigued from too much giggle soup she found her household a wee bit upset. Her little boy Junior had chopped a George Washington in the near Mahogany living room set and down in the cellar the baby was having a merry time hurling a cocktail party to the neighborhood brats. This wasnt so bad, but when she read a note written in the dust on the grand piano she like to folded up,—it read—

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

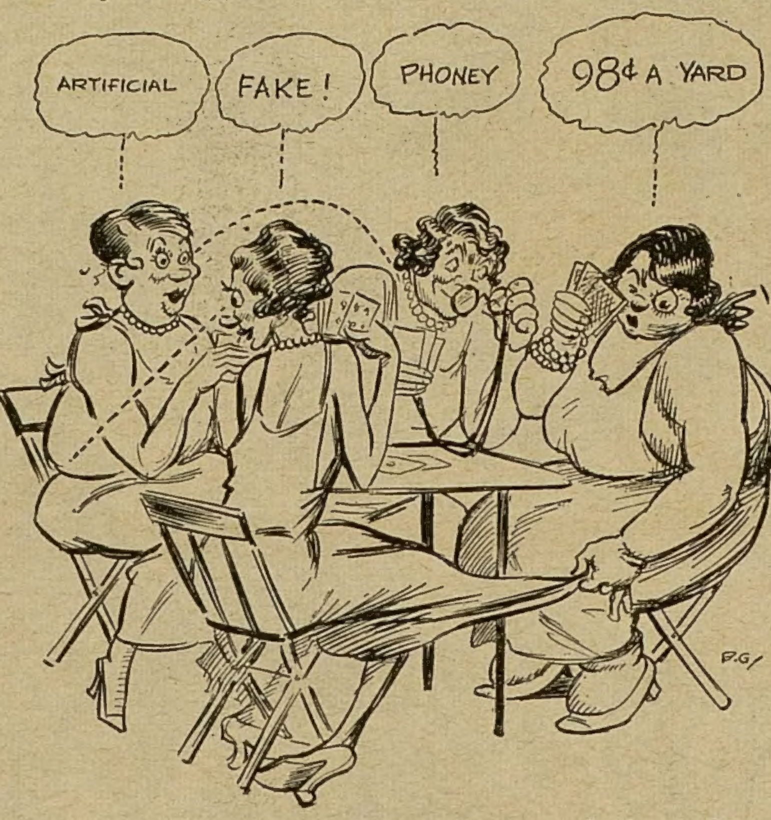
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

DEAR TUBBY,

I'm sick and tired of harnising my socks over my toes and eating out of bean cans. You better leave your picture around the house so the children will know you when you return. As for me, *I'm through* and taking an extended vacation where they know how to cook.

Your loving
HUSBAND.

Yes, and this same momma was always braggin about her possessions. Sure, every time the front door bell rang she didnt know whether an installment vulture wanted to Go West Young Man with the radio, the ice machine or the fliver. If you take my tip youll lay off that idle chatter and get some cents, yes and whats more you better slough them fortune tellers and goofs like them youre goin too.



*When they flash another femms clothes they clock everything she wears.*

I went to one the other day and heres some of the bunk I heard. First of all the medium was a jig,—a colored gal that musta had a sense of humor when she wasnt gettin spirit rumbles. She was a dainty little lass, 270, and five feet six sitting down.

She had the permanent removed from her curly locks and had it smered with enough bacon fat to fry an eggplant. She told me she came from the West,—West 49th Street if you ask me.

Mrs. Agatha Broun, the medium,—no relation of Haywards,—did her stuff in a brown stone dive in the Sixties. For half a buck she'd get your grandmother no matter how long she'd been planted.

THE spirit sank-torium was a back parlor in a ramshackle dump. Heavy port-tears hung over the windows and doors to keep the evil spirits from anklin in. On the mantle stood framed letters from spirits that had taken the elevator to the Poily Gates. One letter evidently came from a square head engineer on a boat. It read,—

DEAR MR. YONSON,

Before aye fall in the engine aye leave the walve stretcher with the yanitor. I'm sorry to quvit such goot yob. I guess aye been too full yin before aye fall in engine. OLLIE AXEL.

Another letter was addressed to Mrs. Downey—it said,—

DEAR ALICE,

Tell Grandma to lay off Boyle's booze—thats why I'm here now.
JACK.

Well, as soon as the customers came in, they flopped themselves down in chairs around the medium. As soon as everything was all set somebody doused the glims and the business began.

Another dinge at the other end of the room began playin hyms on a busted pieanna while the customers tried out their pipes. All durin the singin, a foreign voice could be heard in the darkness mumblin somethin like a spook what was caught in the washin machine. He kept comin closer and sayin waa-waa-waa-me-me-me-buzz-buzz-buzz. Honest, it sounded just like a foreign missionary getting ready to be stewed.

When the jig stopped playin on the horse teeth,—all was quiet, then Mrs. Broun, the medium says in a low bourbon voice—I get the name of Virginia,—does anybody here kno Virginia?

Just then the lady next to me started turnin on the water works—boo-hoo-hoo she goes off—thats my darling little baby— Hello Virginia, she says out loud.

Who are you? pipes up the medium.

I'm Mrs. Hamm sobs the woman—thats my daughter,—Virginia,—Virginia Hamm.

Honest Marg, it was so sad I nearly bust out in tears meself. But from the sound of Virginias voice I think she musta been out all night. Well, after the lady had a sea-ants with Virginia, Virginia checked out and we started to sing a hymm—Old Man River—I think it was. We no more than finished yodelin than some other woman in the room says to the medium—Can you tell me something about my husband, he left me four years ago and I aint never heard from him since?

FOR five minutes we sat there without making a sound—the room was as black as the inside of a cow. Then, all of a sudden we began to hear a funny noise. We listened. The noise got lowder. The medium says,—Someone is coming!—Yes, someone comes!—Its your indian guide.

Chief Featherwait, can you tell this lady anything about her husband?

After another long pause a voice from the other end of the room began spoutin something like he had his head stuck in the coffee pot.

Whats this again? asks the medium.

Once more the voice in the coffee grounds began grumblin somethin.

Ah, says the medium to the lady. The Indian guide says,—You'll get a telephone call from your husband between the 14th and 28th of the month.

Well Marg, I found out later that that poor woman tossed up the job she'd been holdin down for ten long years, so she could sit by the telephone.

For two solid weeks she slept with the thing and never left the shack.

Finally at midnight of the 28th the phone rang. She nearly did a Brodie answering it.

Some Polock on the other end said—Excuse it pleez—its the wrong number!!

After that call the woman put the spirits in moth balls and took up shootin crap instead.

Anyway, getting back to the Sea-ants room.—As soon as the Indian guide had gone back to his ectoplasm a little bell began to tingle.

Madame Broun says—Does anybody in this room know Adrian.

The bell began tinglin louder,—yes, says the medium,—I get the name of Adrian—hes coming closer—hes in this room—now I hear his footsteps.

Just then the fat dame on the other side of me roared to her freckled face brat—

Say Jimmy if you don't stop crackin them peanuts, I'll throw you out on your ear!!

Listen Kid, if this is the kind of hooey you believe in, you better take the rattler to Reno, thats the spot where the spirits get in your hair.

Wishin you the same,
MIKE SHEA.

*Another letter from Mike should be along in a couple of weeks.*

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**Answer to the puzzle on page 50**

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| R | I | L | E | S | | S | T | E | R | E | | A | L | I | V | E |
| I | D | A | ■ | T | H | E | ■ | R | E | M | I | T | ■ | S | O | N |
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| R | E | P | O | R | T | ■ | S | U | E | ■ | L | A | T | E | S | T |
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| M | A | P | S | ■ | N | E | E | ■ | M | U | D | ■ | D | O | V | E |
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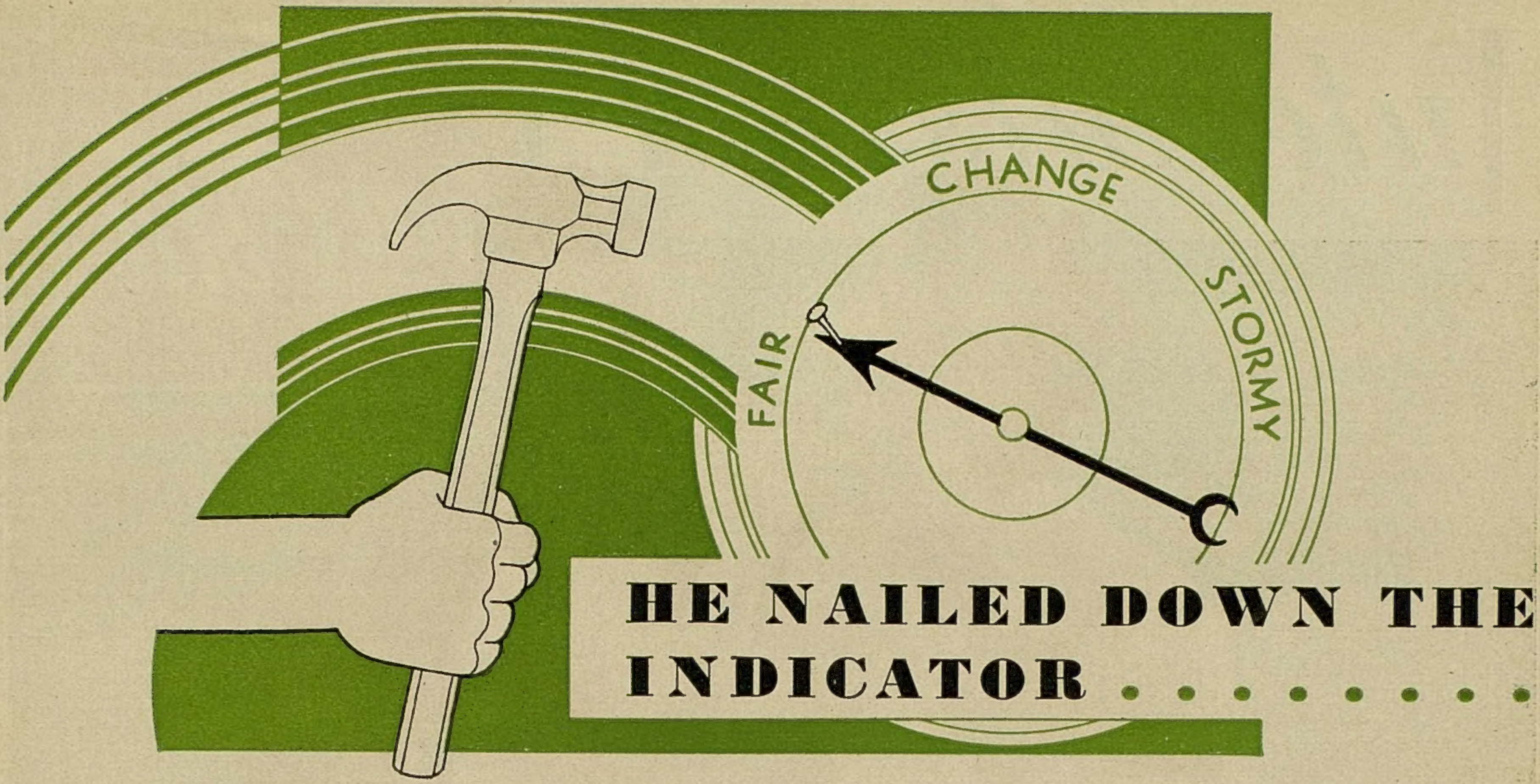
**Answer to the puzzle on page 51**



# HE NAILED DOWN THE INDICATOR . . . . . . . .

## *and the barometer couldn't warn him of squalls ahead!*

PA MILLER has just had his salary cut. Cecilia has lost her typist job. Rumors are floating about the bank at the corner.

The Millers are not in a buying mood.

These things may not all happen to the same family. But from time to time something does happen to some families—cutting the normal standards of living—depressing the family pocket book—*stifling the normal buying urge.*

A time comes when a thousand Millers are not in a buying mood. Right at that moment they are of no value to the advertiser. No matter how much money the advertiser spends at this particular time in trying to make a sale he will not succeed. And so, if he knew they had stopped buying, he would stop wasting money trying to sell them.

*But how is he to know?*

Magazine circulations are accepted as one indicator of prosperity. Do thirty-two homes in Centerville take magazines to Midvale's twenty-eight? Then Centerville has the higher standards of living.

Fluctuations in a particular magazine's circulation may mean only a rise or fall in editorial appeal or skilful circulation management. But, according to the theory, a rise or fall in magazine circulations *as a whole* should indicate a rise or fall in the nation's standards of living.

*It should. But how can it?*

Six months ago Pa Miller blew himself to a subscription to the National Mugwump.

For the last four years Thursday has found Cecilia stopping at the newsstand for her Weekly Spectator.

Pa still gets the Mugwump through the mails. Cecilia—with fewer loose coins burning her handbag—has given up the Spectator.

Is the static circulation of the Mugwump or the disappearing sale of the Spectator the true indicator of the Millers' value as advertising prospects?

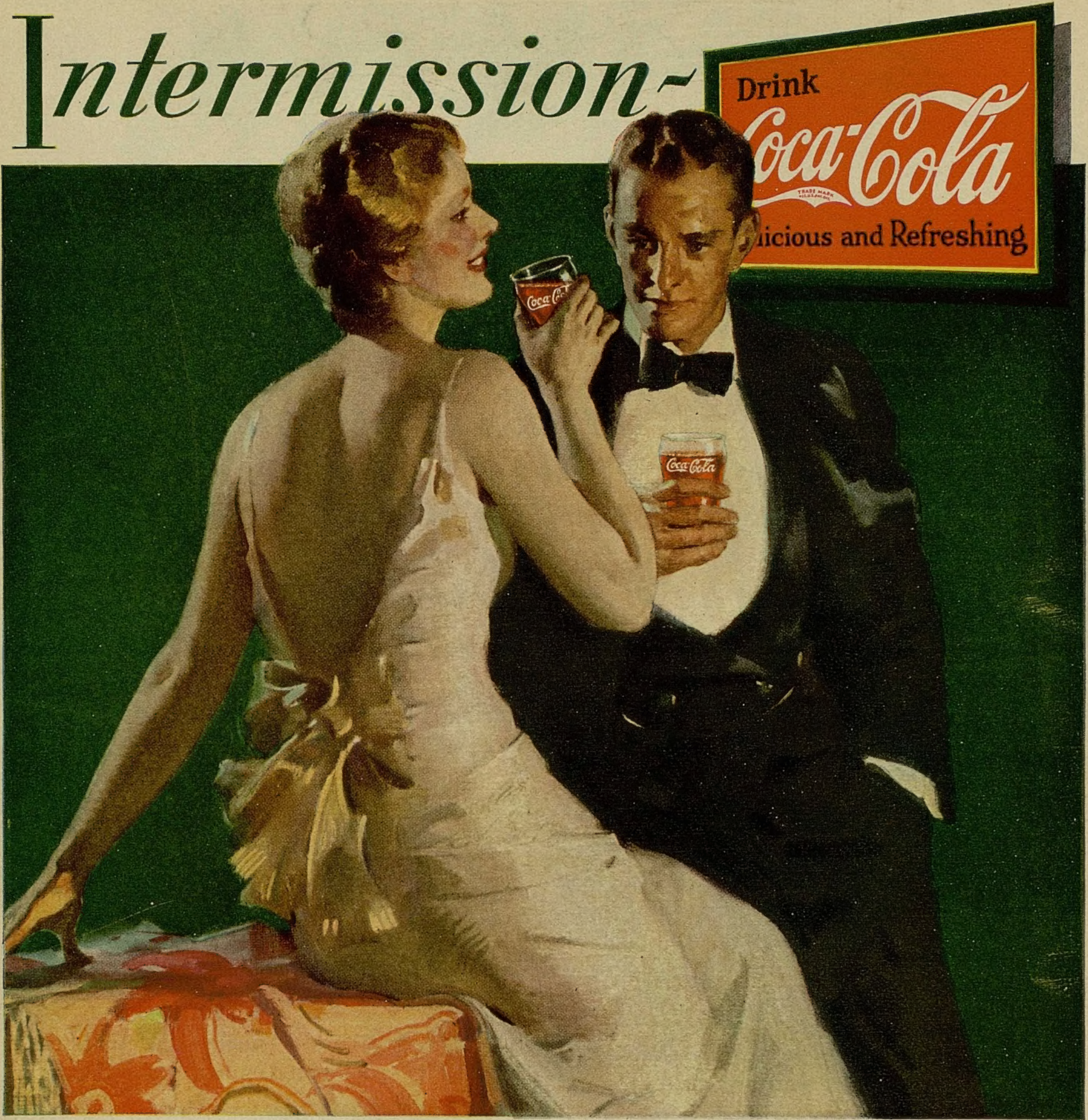
**WHEN SUBSCRIPTIONS NAIL DOWN THE INDICATOR, WHAT GOOD ARE MAGAZINE CIRCULATIONS AS A BAROMETER OF CHANGING TIMES?**

**LIBERTY**

***A Weekly for Everybody***

**99 PER CENT SINGLE COPY SALE**

# Intermission—



## It's just a pause . . . you can make it *the pause that refreshes*

Scenes like the picture above are always before you around theatres and at dances. So will you welcome ice-cold Coca-Cola on the happiest occasions—to make intermissions *the pause that refreshes.* This great drink gives you a tingling, delicious taste. It quenches thirst. It leaves a wholesome, cool after-sense of refreshment.

And remember this about Coca-Cola: It contributes to the busy day in stores, offices and workshops the same life and sparkle. Only a minute is long enough to enjoy it to the full. The minute is never lost. It means a fresh start, and you do more work and better work. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

**LISTEN IN**
Grantland Rice ~ Famous
Sports Champions ~
~ Coca-Cola Orchestra.
Every Wed. 10:30 p.m.
Eastern Standard Time
~ Coast-to-Coast
NBC Network

*OVER NINE MILLION A DAY , , ,* IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS